THE

GLEANER;

SERIES OF

PERIODICAL ESSAYS;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM

SCARCE OR NEGLECTED VOLUMES,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES,

BY

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——— apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum. Hor.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

During the composition of the " Essays on Periodical Literature," it became my duty accurately to read through nearly every work in this department which had been published for a century: it will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that in turning over so many volumes, although now neglected or forgotten, I should occasionally meet with papers of value, equal, or approaching to, those which constitute the pages of what may, not improperly, be termed our " Classical Essayists." These, indeed, proving more numerous than I had, at first, reason to expect, it occurred to me, that, by throwing them together, under the advantages of a proper arrangement, their merits, now lost and buried in the surrounding crude mass of materials, might be rendered conspicuous, and the tribute of applause, due to their respective authors, be at length adequately apportioned.

The Papers which, at present, form the " British Classical Essayists," consist of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian; the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler; the World, Connoisseur,

and Mirror; the Lounger, Observer, and Looker-On. These, it may be said, display the literary harvest of this province of English composition; while the volumes now presented to the public may, not unaptly, be considered as gleanings; which, though, when scattered widely over the ground, they attracted but little comparative attention, will now, it is hoped, when collected and put in order, form a sheaf not less rich in quality, or beautiful in appearance, than the more immediate product of the field. To the similitude, indeed, existing between the occupation of gleaning, and that of gathering together the far separated leaves of this collection, is to be attributed the choice of the name which distinguishes its title-page.*

Of the four volumes composing the Gleaner, the first and second are constructed of papers which were published from the year 1713 to the close of the Idler in 1760; and the third and fourth, of those which have appeared between the last period and the year 1797, when the

* The title of Gleaner has not hitherto been applied, I believe, to any periodical paper, on the Addisonian model, published in Great Britain. In the Eastern and Western world, however, two papers, under this appellation, have already been printed; one, if I recollect aright, at Bombay; and the other, of which I possess a copy, at Boston, in 1798, in three vols. 12mo.

Looker-On had received from its author a last revision and a more enlarged form.

Though from the year 1709 to the termination of the year 1760, one hundred and twenty-two periodical papers have been published, independent of eight, which are now honoured with the appellation of classical, I have been under the necessity of limiting my attention, while forming the first two volumes, to only nineteen of the number. This is to be attributed, in some degree, to the political aspect of several of these works; politics, for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon, being excluded from my design; but more especially is it attributable to the imbecility which pervades so large a portion of these hasty, and, too frequently, inelegant productions. Even from the volumes to which I have had recourse for this part of the selection, and which extend to thirty-five, it will excite no surprise that I have been able to construct but two; when it is known that the sole object of the undertaking is, the juxtaposition of what either amounts to excellence, or, at least, rises above the limit of mediocrity. Of the papers which have been laid under contribution for the first and second volumes of the Gleaner, the following is a list: namely, the Englishman, 1713; the Lay Monastery, 1713; the Censor,

1715; the Freethinker, 1718; the Plain Dealer, 1724: the Universal Spectator, 1728; Memoirs of the Society of Grub-street, 1730; Fog's Journal, 1732; Common Sense, 1737; the Champion, 1739; the Female Spectator, 1744; the Parrot, 1746; the Student, 1750; the Inspector, 1751; the Covent-Garden Journal, 1752; the Grays-Inn-Journal, 1752; the Old Maid, 1755; the Prater, 1756, and the Visitor, 1760.*

To the task of selection, it became necessary, for the interest of the work, to add that of arrangement; for, had the papers followed each other merely in the order of time, a want of pleasing and perspicuous distribution, with regard to the nature of the subjects chosen, would have been inevitably felt. I have, therefore, intermingled the grave and the gay, the didactic and the narrative, in such a manner, as, I flatter myself, will sufficiently arrest and relieve the attention of the reader, and, at the same time, harmonize with the best models of periodical composition.

That the Gleaner might possess all the advantages which are now annexed to the best editions

* For characters of these papers, and, indeed, of every other which has been written for a century back, I must refer my reader to the Essays on Periodical Literature, lately published in five vols. foolscap 8vo.

of our Classical Essayists, I have given translations of all the mottoes, and added tables of contents and indices. For the sake of uniformity, also, I have prefixed mottoes to those papers which originally did not exhibit such an ornament; and I have, likewise, occasionally substituted a new motto, where the old one appeared to me not sufficiently pleasing or apposite.

As the essays united in these volumes are, for the sake of exciting universal interest, of a nature as general as possible, the necessity for notes has, consequently, not been frequent; these are, therefore, rather critical, than explanatory; or so far illustrative, as parallel passages, or subsequent discoveries and narratives, might furnish materials. It may be observed, that the number or page of the original work, which has been selected, is carefully noted at the close of each paper of the collection.

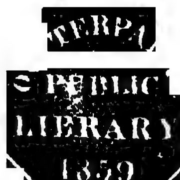
Not only has strict attention been paid to avoid any thing which might militate, in the smallest degree, against the great truths of religion and morality; but care has also been taken, that nothing should appear which could offend the most delicate mind, and that the whole should subserve the best interests of virtue.

To conclude: it is my wish, that the Gleaner

should form a valuable accompaniment to the Classical Essayists; to which, I trust, it will establish a claim, by condensing into a convenient compass, and with a suitable arrangement, the best essays of the best periodical papers which, independent of the standard works already mentioned, have been published in this country to the year 1797.*

Hadleigh, Suffolk, Dec. 1810.

* The Works from which the Essays, forming the Third and Fourth Volumes of the Gleaner, are taken, will be found enumerated in an Advertisement prefixed to Volume the Third.



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VOL. I.

THE

GLEANER.

No. I.

Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsum.

VIRGIL.

Tracing the course which he before had run.

DRYDEN.

UNDER the title of this paper,* I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in her majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life, so uncommon, that its doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the

* The Englishman.

man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing-clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a bible and other books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart

yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provision for the sustenance of life, but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief, by finding shell fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous, when he wanted every thing; for the supports of his body were easily attained; but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence; till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months

he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now, taking delight in every thing, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chace equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that, during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; their dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears: but, upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing and breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them; but at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in

himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable: for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them, but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself; and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles, with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him,

that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat; with which under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship, which brought him off the island, came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said,

with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him: familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example, that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

THE ENGLISHMAN, No. 26, Dec. 3, 1713.

Though the story of Alexander Selkirk was originally published in the Voyage of Woodes Rogers, some doubt has been lately entertained as to the authenticity of the fact; and it has consequently been asserted, that the interesting adventures of Robinson Crusoe are entirely the creation of Defoe. This paper, by Steele, however, now nearly forgotten, not only sufficiently proves the existence of Selkirk, but that his misfortunes most undoubtedly furnished the outline of the above-mentioned popular romance.

No. II.

Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.
CATULLUS,

Such as, once smelt to, thou shalt say,
" Make me all nose, ye gods, I pray ! "
NOTT.

THOSE who set up for critics in poetry, and are met with in ordinary conversation, may be reduced to two classes; such as judge by rule, or such as judge by nature. The first are men of little or no taste, who having read over the mechanical rules, and learned a few terms of art, are able to point out palpable faults or beauties in an author, and thereby gain a reputation for learning. The others are generally talkers, of glittering fancies and hurried imaginations, who despise art and method, who admire what was never said before, and affect the character of wits. It is pleasant to see the men of judgment start at a turn or a metaphor; and the men of taste, as they call themselves, yawn at a plain and noble description. A natural critic looks upon a regular as a dunce; and the regular thinks the natural little better

than a coxcomb. If you ask the one his opinion of a tragedy, he will repeat a rant with rapture, and dwell with delight on a simile; the other will applaud the strictness of the unities, and discover that the action hath a beginning, a middle, and an end. Jack Lively, who pities the ancients, insults his adversary, Sam Scruple, very often with Waller and Cowley. Last night he repeated, in a tone of triumph,

> The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
> And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
> Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
> Touch'd by that hand, who would not do so too?

Scruple shook his head; and having harangued upon strength and simplicity of thought, retorted the following lines upon him out of the same author, with an action solemn and theatrical:

> Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
> That happy island where huge lemons grow!

To conclude this comparison: the cautious critics are like the subjects of an arbitrary prince; the licentious are in a state of barbarous anarchy: but the free critic, like a free Briton, is governed by the laws which he himself votes for; whose liberty is checked by the

restraints of truth, and the monarchy of right reason.

A man who trusts entirely to his natural talents, is often governed by caprice, and can give no reason why he is pleased. Thus a fanciful fellow, who amuses himself with the woods and mountains which he discovers in the clouds, is angry if his friends are not charmed with the airy landskip. On the contrary, a critic who tastes just according to law, deceives his own heart, and talks of beauties celebrated by others, which he cannot see himself; like good-natured travellers, who own they perceive objects at a distance, out of pure compliance to the master of the company: but a true judge of writing is like a painter or a statuary, who doth not content himself with shewing fine images of nature, unless he likewise informs the spectators wherein the beauties consist; whence arises the propriety of colouring, and justness of symmetry.

To a good natural discernment, art must therefore be joined, to finish a critick. Without a natural talent, all the acquirements of learning are vain; but nature, unassisted, will go no great lengths. The soul of man indeed loves truth alone; but is easily led to mistake appearances for realities, if judgment, which is built upon

experience, doth not direct penetration. Life, being short, will not give us time to gather a necessary stock of experience ourselves; for which reason we must borrow from our ancestors, as they borrowed from those who went before them. By their writings we can trace the several arts back to their originals, and learn in an hour, what by tedious and gradual deductions was the work perhaps of several ages. A natural critic will readily own that he formed his judgment by degrees, that he grew wiser and wiser by experience; one who joins art to nature doth the same thing, but doth it more effectually; he throws himself back into ancient time, lives a thousand years of criticism in a month, and, without stirring out of his closet, is a Greek, a Roman, a Frenchman, and a Briton.

A moderate search into antiquity will teach us, that nature is not cramped, but assisted, by artful authors; who complain of such restraint, are like clowns under the discipline of the dancing-master; whereas the well-bred know, that a graceful motion is the most easy, and art is only the unlearning of what is unnatural. In ancient Greece and Rome, rhetoric was therefore the foundation of their polite learning. Their children were instructed early in the rules of method, and the propriety of thought

and style. Having imbibed in their youth these unerring maxims of good sense, we find their most trifling compositions at least uniform; and whether they write in the dramatic, lyric, or epic manner, they seldom fail to keep up to the several characteristics which distinguish those various kinds from one another. An heroic poet assumes a character manifestly distinct from a writer of pastoral; a complainer in elegy is under a different inspiration from that which breaks out in an ode. The same man, under these various denominations, is in effect so many persons. If he speaks, if he thinks, in one kind as he doth in the others, he confounds two or three characters. It is not the muse, the lover, the swain, or the god, but Bavius at hard labour in his study.

A nice and subtle judgment in poetry hath, in all polite nations, ancient and modern, been happily compared to the delicacy of taste. Now a taste cannot be fine, if it only distinguishes sweet from bitter, or pleasant from nauseous. No gentleman that drinks his bottle, pretends to a tolerable palate, unless he can distinguish the wines of France from those of Portugal; and if he is perfectly nice, he will tell you, with his eyes shut, what province, what mountain,

supplied the liquor. Every man born healthful is indeed naturally capable of distinguishing one juice from another; but if he hath debauched himself with sophisticated mixtures, it is odds that he will prefer the bad to the good; that he will swallow with transport what was squeezed from the sloe, and make faces at the Burgundian grape.

Since the pleasure arising from the polite arts is infinitely beyond the most refined sensations, he cannot be esteemed an useless man to his country, who endeavours to direct mankind in the choice of the most exquisite and elegant satisfaction. It is yet further an encouragement to men of fine spirits and beautiful imaginations, to have their works exhibited advantageously to the world, and rescued from ignorance or envy. There is not, perhaps, so much vigour of mind and vivacity required in a critick as in an author; but delicacy alone can discover delicacy. An ordinary spectator is able to describe the fine mouth of Cleora; the full eye, the open forehead of Chloe; but who shall explain why Amoret is agreeable? what that air is, which is not to be accounted for in any one or other feature, but results from the union of all? Who can tell what is the contexture and shape of those particles which pro-

duce an idea of a grateful taste to the palate? and what beau knows the philosophy of the perfume which emboldens him to appear among the ladies? Much more difficult is the task to explain the perplexed delicacies of poetry, to present its beauties to the eye, to make the majesty of it familiar, and account for its glorious confusion.

ENGLISHMAN, No. 7, Oct. 20, 1713.

Of the few works of Steele which have not lately been republished, I believe THE ENGLISHMAN to be one. It contains, however, notwithstanding its political origin, a large portion of miscellaneous matter, of merit little, if at all, inferior to his contributions in the Guardian. I have, therefore, thought that it would not be unacceptable to my readers, should I present them with a couple of specimens from this production. As the other minor periodical works of Steele and Addison have within these few years revisited the Press, I have, on that account, forborne to select from their pages.

No. III.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque, Thessala, rides?
HORATIUS.

Say can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell?
FRANCIS.

THERE seem to be a certain set of unhappy prepossessions peculiar to the lower part of mankind, which being drawn in with their milk, and conveyed to them sooner than their letters, never forsake them even till they bend upon the stick, and pore through spectacles. Such are the notions of fairies, demons, spectres, the powers of natural magick, and the terrors of witchcraft; all which they entertain with a positive confidence of their being true; and, what is worse, make them a part of religion itself; so that a wise man would find it a matter of no small difficulty to cut off this branch of superstition from their minds, without doing an injury to the stock they graft it upon, and removing the best principle of happiness at the same time with the worst and most fruitful of miseries. Neither can we say that this evil is

confined to the under and less polite part of the world; it has spread from the cottage to the farm, from the farm to the squire's hall; and, like the imaginary tortures it represents, though it most frequents the scenes of ruin and spots of darkness, yet it sometimes glares in open day, and haunts the better breasts of learning and education. It is matter for our wonder that people of sense should indulge the garrulity of nurses and servants, which are the vessels this spirit resides most powerfully in, and suffer them to convey these ridiculous horrors to their children, which often take such firm possession of their younger heads, that no future powers of reason and religion are able to banish them; but, like some hereditary distempers in the blood, they may be indeed abated by wholesome prescriptions, but can never be eradicated; and will certainly break forth anew, when they are most dangerous, at the decline of age.

I fancy every man may find a bigot of this kind within the circle of his acquaintance; and, for my own part, I know too many, to be unconcerned at the growth of a folly, which creates so much uneasiness in the soul, and fills it with legions of foreign fears which have no foundation in nature or reason. Should a stran-

ger of sound sense, or one who had no notion of the prevalence of this evil, be presented with a faithful catalogue of all the believers in spirits and incantations, within the kingdom of Great Britain, he might be inclined to suspect that the greater part of the nation were yet unconverted to Christianity, and under the tyranny of a pagan priesthood. To give only a few instances of what has fallen within the compass of my own observation.

I have frequently had twenty vouchers at one time for the real cause of the fairies' ring in a country meadow, who have actually seen those diminutive beings tripping in their circular dance, and would for my conviction have taken their oaths of it before a justice of the peace. I own, that I could not allow myself to accept of this way of proof; but they, good people, interpreted that only as if I had been ashamed to recant.

I remember a poor country girl at my friend 'Squire Gosling's, who suffered under the persecution of these little demons for not cleaning her dairy, as much as Sir John Falstaff did by their substitutes in Windsor Park. The marks were so visible, and the truth so undisputed, that I had like to have affronted the whole family,

only by saying that I thought the impression a little too large for the hand of a fairy.

There is a very grave gentleman of my acquaintance who has seen some hundreds of spirits; the man seems to be in his right senses, and, like the madman mentioned by Horace, performs every office of life with decency; but when you touch upon this subject, he runs riot, and cannot bear the least contradiction. He is naturally phlegmatic; and when I once asked him with a grave face, after much attention to his stories, at what time they generally appeared to him, his reply was, "I see them most commonly after the drinking of brandy." This was enough for me, and I beg my reader not to think it a pun, for it is really a fact.

The worthy Acasto, who has the true spirit of religion and good sense, has often related to me his successes in attacking this superstitious humour among his neighbours in the country. There was, it seems, a devil, or at least a spirit or two, who had taken possession of some of his tenants' houses for many years; where they took the privilege of disturbing the family with all manner of noises, rattling of chains, clattering of pewter; and, in short, flinging the house out of window, as we say, whenever they

pleased. They sometimes made excursions into the adjacent common, and kept their revels by a ditch side, or under an old oak; and were demons of such considerable figure and standing, that they were thought too hard for either minister or conjuror. However, my friend, pitying the miserable credulity of his neighbours, first dispossessed them of the houses, then pursued them to the common, and at last beat them quite out of the parish: though the people will not be persuaded but that they are lodged in a great wood, about a mile and half distance from Acasto's seat; and that they will begin their incursions as soon as he leaves the country. However, my friend intends to begin his attack upon the old wood the first favourable moonshine night, and does not question but he shall complete his triumph before the summer is over. His method was, to take the pains to convince them by watching himself at the pretended seasons of disturbance; and his presence so effectually awed their imaginations, that they started no Mormos while he was with them; and, by often repeating the trial, and reasoning kindly with them upon the subject, he worked to the bottom of the delusion, and delivered them from all the monsters of their own formation.

I was led into these reflections, by reading a very ridiculous book lately published: the title of it is, Mr. Lilly's History of his Life and Times; where that notorious impostor has put together all the idle fancies of whimsical or cunning people, under the notion of an art or science.

The fellow relates the cheats of his profession with the formality of truth; and I don't question but that they will pass for such upon the vulgar, since they fall in with their natural prejudices. And therefore when he says, that Sarah Skelborn, the Speculatrix, had the best eyes for second sight that ever he saw, he will certainly be believed; because it is a received maxim with the ignorant, that every one has not the faculty of discerning spirits and future contingencies. I should not have taken notice of this silly book, had not I found that the tricks of judicial astrology are practised with great advantage to their professors; that many ladies have as high an opinion of the Dumb Doctor as of the great Meade; and that Partridge is daily preferred to the immortal Sir Isaac Newton.

CENSOR, No. 11, May 4, 1715.

The superstitions alluded to in this paper, and which had previously attracted the notice of Addison, are now seldom

to be found, even among the lowest orders, as articles of popular belief. They still serve, however, to decorate the regions of poetry and romance, and are still capable, through their metaphysical possibility, of exciting, under the direction of genius, very powerful and grateful emotions; while, at the same time, from the progress of every branch of science, their impression cannot now be such as to warp, in any injurious degree, the powers of ratiocination.

No. IV.

——— Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula. Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti?

JUVENAL.

Mark by man how little understood
Is the true path of evil or of good:
Error's deep shade o'erhangs our hopes and fears,
And prosperous fools repent their plans in tears.

HODGSON.

THERE was a country-woman, who, upon her intimacy with a fairy, desired her to come and assist at her labour. The good woman was delivered of a daughter; when the fairy (taking the infant in her arms) said to the mother, make your choice; the child, if you have a mind, shall be exquisitely handsome, excel in wit even more than in beauty, and be queen of a mighty empire; but, with all, unhappy: or, if you had rather, she shall be an ordinary, ugly, country creature, like yourself; but contented with her condition. The mother immediately chose wit and beauty for her daughter, at the hazard of any misfortunes.

As the child grew, new beauties opened daily in her face, till, in a few years, she surpassed all the rural lasses that the oldest people had ever seen. Her turn of wit was gentle, polite, and insinuating; she was of a ready apprehension, and soon learned every thing, so as to excel her teachers. Every holiday she danced upon the green, with a superior grace to any of her companions. Her voice was sweeter than any shepherd's pipe, and she made the songs she used to sing.

For some time she was not apprised of her own charms; when, diverting herself with her play-fellows on the green flowery border of a fountain, she was surprised with the reflection of her face; she observed how different her features and her complexion seemed from the rest of the company, and admired herself. The country flocking from day to day to obtain a sight of her, made her yet more sensible of her beauty. Her mother, who relied on the predictions of the fairy, began already to treat her as a queen, and spoiled her by flatteries. The young damsel would neither sew, nor spin, nor look after the sheep; her whole amusement was to gather flowers, to dress her hair with them, to sing and to dance in the shade.

The king of the country was a very powerful

king, and he had but one son, whose name was Florio; for which reason his father was impatient to have him married. The young prince could never bear the mentioning any of the princesses of the neighbouring nations; because a fairy had told him, that he should find a shepherdess more beautiful and more accomplished than all the princesses in the world. Therefore the king gave orders to assemble all the village nymphs of his realm who were under the age of eighteen, to make a choice of her who should appear most worthy of so great an honour. In pursuance of the order, when they came to be sorted, a vast number of virgins, whose beauty was not very extraordinary, were refused admittance; and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpassed all others. These thirty virgins were ranged in a great hall, in the figure of a half moon, that the king and his son might have a distinct view of them together. Florella (our young damsel) appeared in the midst of her competitors, like a lily amongst marygolds; or as an orange tree in blossom shews, amongst the mountain shrubs. The king immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his crown; and Florio thought himself happy in the possession of Florella.

Our shepherdess was instantly desired to cast off her country weeds, and to accept a habit

richly embroidered with gold. In a few minutes she saw herself covered with pearls and diamonds, and a troop of ladies was appointed to serve her.

Every one was attentive to prevent her desires before she spoke, and she was lodged within the palace, in a magnificent apartment, where, instead of tapestry, there were large pannels of looking-glass from the floor to the cieling, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the prince might admire her wherever he cast his eyes. Florio in a few days quitted the chace, and all the manly exercises in which before he delighted, that he might be perpetually with his mistress. The nuptials were concluded, and, soon after, the old king died. Thereupon Florella becoming queen, all the councils and the affairs of state were directed by her wisdom.

The queen-mother (whose name was Invidessa) grew jealous of her daughter-in-law. She was an artful, perverse, cruel woman; and age had so much aggravated her natural deformity, that she seemed a fury. The youth and beauty of Florella made her appear yet more frightful: she could not bear the sight of so fine a creature; she likewise dreaded her wit and understanding, and gave herself up to all the rage of envy.

"You want the soul of a prince (would she often say to her son), or you could not have married this mean cottager. How can you be so abject as to make an idol of her? Then she is as haughty, as if she had been born in the palace where she lives. You should have followed the example of the king your father; when he thought of taking a wife, he preferred me, because I was the daughter of a monarch equal to himself. Send away this insignificant shepherdess to her hamlet, and take to your bed and throne some young princess whose birth is answerable to your own." Florio continued deaf to the instances of his mother; but, one morning, Invidessa got a billet into her hands, which Florella had written to the king; this she gave to a young courtier, who, by her instructions, shewed it to the king, pretending to have received it from his queen, with such marks of affection as were due only to his majesty. Florio (blinded by his jealousy, and the malignant insinuations of his mother) immediately ordered Florella to be imprisoned for life, in a high tower* built upon the point of a rock that stood in the sea. There she wept night and day, not knowing for what supposed crime she was so severely treated by the king, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no person but an old woman,

to whom Invidessa had intrusted her, and whose business it was to insult her upon all occasions.

Now Florella called to mind the village, the cottage, the sweet privacy, and the rural pleasures she had quitted. One day, as she sat in a pensive posture, overwhelmed with grief, and to herself accused the folly of her mother, who chose rather to have her a beautiful unfortunate queen, than an ugly contented shepherdess, the old woman who was her tormentor came to acquaint her that the king had sent an executioner to take off her head, and that she must prepare to die. Florella replied, that she was ready to receive the stroke. Accordingly, the executioner (sent by the king's order at the persuasions of Invidessa) appeared with a drawn sabre in his hand, ready to perform his commission; when a woman stept in, who said she came from the queen-mother, to speak a word or two in private to Florella before she was put to death. The old woman, imagining her to be one of the ladies of the court, suffered her to deliver the message; but it was the fairy who had foretold the misfortunes of Florella at her birth, and now assumed the likeness of one of Invidessa's attendants.

She desired the company to retire a while, and then spoke thus to Florella in secret: "Are

you willing to renounce that beauty which has proved so fatal to you? are you willing to quit the title of queen, to put on your former habit, and to return to your village?" Florella was transported at the offer. Thereupon the fairy applied an enchanted vizard to her face: her features instantly became deformed, all the symmetry vanished, and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this change it was not possible to know her, and she passed without difficulty through the company who came to see her execution. In vain did they search the tower; Florella was not to be found. The news of this escape was soon brought to the king and to Invidessa, who commanded diligent search to be made after her throughout the kingdom; but to no purpose.

The fairy by this time had restored Florella to her mother, who would never have been able to recollect her altered looks, had she not been let into the circumstances of her story. Our shepherdess was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown creature, in the village, where she tended sheep. She frequently heard people relate and lament over her adventures; songs were made upon them, which drew tears from all eyes. She often took a pleasure in singing these songs with her companions, and would

often weep with the rest; but still she thought herself happy with her little flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her acquaintance.

FREE-THINKER, No. 80, Dec. 26, 1718.

This narrative is the first of a series of Fairy and Oriental Tales, written for the Free-Thinker; and which display a considerable share of imagination, and an undeviating attention to rectitude of precept.

No. V.

Ut pictura poësis.
HORATIUS.

Poems and Pictures are adjudged alike.
COLMAN.

DR. Lacon, Mr. Johnson, and myself, were taking a walk one evening last summer, when on a sudden a dark and thick cloud gathered in the east, which was adorned with a beautiful rainbow. This prospect gave me occasion to mention Sir I. Newton's Principles. How justly has that great philosopher asserted the original distinction of those colours, the confluence of which produces this bright composition which we call light. "You see," said I, "in this instance, that the beams of the sun being intercepted, modified, and refracted by the black surface of the cloud, can no longer keep their complication entire; but the coalition is dissolved, and the parts are actually disunited. Here we plainly discern the threads of this shining aggregate unravelled, and displayed in their native colours."—"Your observation (said Dr. Lacon) is instructive and delightful; and the sight of this curious arch, drawn by one look of

the sun, has awakened in my mind a thought concerning nature's skill in painting. What a surprising representation is this of that bright body, imbibed and dissipated in a mirror of obscure vapours! Yet if we extend our observation further, we shall find an infinite variety of objects of this kind, which excite equal admiration and pleasure. With what wonderful success has nature painted all the scenes of this theatre, the world! How masterly are her designs, how strong and bold her draughts, how delicate her touches, and how rich and beautiful is her colouring! It is with inimitable skill that she manages and proportions her lights and shades, and mixes and works in her colours: the gardens smile with her fruits of different dye; and the verdure of the fields is beautifully varied by different flowers: what pencil can express the glowing blushes of the rose, the glossy white of the lily, or the rich crimson of the amaranth? what master can delineate the changeable colours in the neck of the dove, and in the tail of the peacock, arising from the rays of light glancing and playing among the feathers?" Here Dr. Lacon pausing, Mr. Johnson said, " Nature, no doubt, is an inimitable painter; but when I reflect upon the beauty, variety, and harmony of the universe, I am apt to consider that as a fine poem, which

you look on as a finished picture." This started a new subject of discourse; and gave us occasion to consider the various instances in which these two arts, Painting and Poetry, resemble each other, till our conversation was broken off by a servant that called us to supper. The next morning I recollected the heads of our discourse, and formed them into the following essay.

Though the melody of the voice, and that of musical instruments, bear a great resemblance to the charms of Poetry, as they are expressed in harmonious numbers, and a pleasing cadence of words; yet the affinity between Poetry and Painting must be allowed to be much greater. 'Tis an universal observation, that there is a great similitude between these sister arts; but the parallel between them not having yet been drawn at length, I will give an imperfect sketch of some features and properties in which they agree, that have not, as I remember, been touched before.

It is obvious at first view, that the distinguishing difference of these arts from others consists in an imitation of nature; and that the more excellent and perfect they are, the nearer they approach to an entire resemblance of it. As moral truth is the conformity between our thoughts and assertions; so the truth of Painting

is founded in the similitude between the picture and the exemplar in the mind of the artist, where it is first imagined, and has an ideal existence previous to that on the canvass: but though a picture may be true in this agreement with its original in the painter's fancy, yet if that original is wrong conceived, and has a manifest difformity to nature, the picture is justly said to be false and ill conceived; and in this respect, Poetry exactly resembles her sister Painting.

The painter is a poet to the eye, and a poet a painter to the ear. One gives us pleasure by silent eloquence, the other by vocal imagery. One shews the art of drawing and colouring by the pen, the other with equal elegance expresses a poetical spirit by the pencil. When a poet has formed an admirable description of a palace, a river, or a grove, the reader in transport cries, what fine painting is this!

Painting is divided into various kinds, according to the variety of the objects it represents, and the different manner of representing them. Grotesque Painting, in which the Dutch excel, sometimes exhibits an assemblage of country drolls at a fair or a wedding, and sometimes the humours of a sot, or a hen-pecked blockhead: this species therefore has a great likeness to the low poets, who write humorous ballads,

farces, and burlesque verse, the end of both being to move laughter.

Another species of painters delineate landskips, and convey to the eye pleasant prospects; they abbreviate space, contract a country, and grace the apartments of a city palace with a variety of rural scenes: groves spread their branches, rivers flow, fountains weep, and shepherds tend their flocks, in rooms of state; and sometimes the spectators are entertained with the views of solitary deserts, harmless monsters, and unfrightful terrors. And this sort may be justly compared to the writers of pastorals, whose province it is to exhibit to the imagination the same objects.

The face-painters, or limners of portraits, who express only the eyes, features, and air of the countenance, the posture of the body, and impassionate life, are not allied to any distinct species of poets; but they resemble those that describe a graceful or a deformed man. But they are more aptly compared to those poets, who, to celebrate the praises of the fair-one by whose beauty they are captivated, delineate her face, and describe the charms of her person: so is Lesbia drawn by Horace, and Laura by Petrarch.

But the similitude between Heroic and

Tragic Poetry, and Painting of History, the two most excellent kinds of imitating nature, is the most conspicuous. As the epick and tragic poets, by the warm ideas they convey, touch all the springs and movements of our minds, and take possession of our hearts, by propagating their own passions and transmitting their very souls into our bosoms; so the masters of the great manner in painting history, who express in their pieces great design, generous sentiments, and the dignity of the sublime style, animate their canvass with the most lively and active passions: all the emotions of the heart appear in the faces of their figures with the utmost spirit and vivacity; the whole soul is collected and exerted in the eyes, which sometimes flash with fury, and sometimes are transported with joy, or up-lifted with admiration: in one piece they are filled with horror and consternation, and in another they melt with tender affection.

What poetical design and description, what an epic imagination does Raphael shew in his celebrated piece of Constantine and Maxentius! and what masterly and admirable painting does Virgil express, when he describes the battle of the Latins and the Trojans!

LAY-MONASTERY, No. 31, Jan. 25, 1713.

The parallel between Poetry and Painting, which occupies this and the succeeding number, is written with a warmth of style, and beauty of imagery, by no means common in the productions of Sir Richard Blackmore, to whom there is every reason to suppose it must be ascribed.

The following passage, from the opening of M. Du Fresnoy's poem, De Arte Graphica, as translated by Mason, forms an admirable expansion of the mottos which Blackmore has selected from Horace on this occasion :—

True Poetry the painter's power displays;
True Painting emulates the poet's lays:
The rival sisters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name;
Bid silent Poetry the canvass warm,
The tuneful page with speaking picture charm.
What to the ear sublimer rapture brings,
That strain alone the genuine poet sings;
That form alone where glows peculiar grace,
The genuine painter condescends to trace:
No sordid theme will verse or paint admit,
Unworthy colours if unworthy wit.
From you, blest Pair! Religion deigns to claim
Her sacred honours:—at her awful name,
High o'er the stars you take your soaring flight,
And rove the regions of supernal light;
Attend to lays that flow from tongues divine,
Undazzled gaze where charms seraphic shine;
Trace beauty's beam to its eternal spring,
And pure to man the fire celestial bring.
Then round this globe on joint pursuit ye stray,
Time's ample annals studiously survey;
And from the eddies of oblivion's stream
Propitious snatch each memorable theme.
Thus to each form, in heaven, and earth, and sea,
That wins with grace, or awes with dignity,
To each exalted deed, which dares to claim
The glorious meed of an immortal fame,
That meed ye grant. Hence, to remotest age,
The hero's soul darts from the poet's page;

Hence, from the canvass, still, with wonted state,
He lives, he breathes, he braves the frown of fate.
Such powers, such praises, heaven-born Pair! belong
To magic colouring, and creative song.

The version of Fresnoy by Mason is one of the very few translations which can boast of excelling the original.

No. VI.

(A continuation of the Parallel between Poetry and Painting.)

Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
HORATIUS.

Poets and Painters ever were allowed
Some daring flight above the vulgar crowd.
COLMAN.

THE masters of the pencil often take their ideas, and borrow the passions they would exhibit, from the writings of the poet; while the painter is himself but the copyist, and the poet the original. 'Tis observed of Raphael, the most famous in his art, that he formed the Jupiter in his Psyche, by the admirable description of that deity in Virgil, when Venus addressed her petition to him. Nor is the poet, in his turn, less obliged to the great pieces of the painter, who often sits to the poet, while he forms his ideas; and, inspired by the lively and passionate figures expressed in colours, translates the painter, and turns the picture into verse.

The sister arts, to heighten their images, and strike our minds with greater force, agree to represent human qualities as persons, and to

endow them with their peculiar properties. They describe virtues in the form of goddesses, and vices in that of furies, and give to each their emblematical distinctions. Thus Justice holds her sword in one hand, and her balance in the other; while Fame is provided with wings and a silver trumpet. And thus the portraits of Sin and Death, as animated beings, are admirably drawn by Spenser, and afterwards by Milton, to move detestation and terror.

The heroic pen and pencil equally conspire to preserve to men the memory of their illustrious progenitors, to record their great deeds, to rescue their names from oblivion, and, in spite of mortality and the tomb, to continue the existence of heroes and heroines: they annihilate intervening time, and make past ages in a manner present, that the living and the dead may converse together, and that the virtues and achievements of ancestors may inspire their sons with generous resolutions to imitate their great example. To be thus transmitted to posterity as objects of praise and admiration, is that alluring idea of immortality, by the impulse of which so many great spirits have in all ages been animated and pushed on to the most hazardous enterprizes.

As it is the property of heroic pieces of paint-

ing, as well as of epic poems, to excite pleasure and admiration, by setting before us the important actions of illustrious persons; so they agree in this, that in each distinct work of this kind of Painting and Poetry, there is but one principal agent, and but one chief action, to which all the other real or imaginary characters in a regular subordination must be referred. If this relation and connection of the characters and the under actions is not preserved, that is, if they do not conspire to carry on and influence the main design, the unity in each is broken.

It is the end of each of these species, not only to move the passions, but to inspire generous sentiments, and convey to the mind moral and divine instruction. Besides the admirable pieces of devotion which are frequent in foreign countries, who can view in our own the cartoons of Raphael, and see Ananias struck dead in an instant by the breath of an apostle, and not receive awful impressions of divine vengeance, and of indignation at the guilt of perjury? If any man cannot find enough in Elymas the sorcerer, deprived in a moment of his sight, and groping for his way at noon-day, to reverence the power and justice of the Supreme Being, he must himself be another miracle of intellectual blindness. Is it possible to observe the silent

eloquence, earnest aspect, and devout air of St. Paul preaching, or to contemplate the various shapes and characters of attention, contrition, shame, confusion, admiration, and complacency, so perfectly expressed in the several faces of the audience, and not be touched with the like passions?

I shall dismiss this head, when I have observed that the painter and the poet have many peculiar advantages to make men wiser and better, by conveying excellent sentiments, and exciting generous passions; yet the spectators of one, and the readers of the other, are for the most part so entirely taken up with the art and beauty of the pieces, that they seldom attend to the moral instruction; whence it comes to pass, that these masters have many admirers, and but few converts.

The pieces of great artists, by the improvements they receive from time, are heightened in their value; and many painters have been admired and applauded in after-ages, who were neglected and decried while they lived. Corregio's pictures are now celebrated among the most excellent works of that art; yet in his life-time they were so little regarded, that the author wanted bread, with one of the best pencils of Europe in his hand.

Mr. Dryden, in his verses to Sir Godfrey Kneller, has beautifully expressed the advantages that good pictures receive from age:—

For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand,
Mellow the colours, and imbrown the teint,
Add ev'ry grace that Time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

This last observation indeed cannot be exactly applied to poetry, since time often obscures rather than beautifies the diction of the poet: yet the other part of the parallel holds; and it is a common remark, that many eminent poets are less valued by their contemporaries than by posterity. There cannot be a more evident demonstration of this, than the fate of our great Milton, whose poem, which is justly now acknowledged to be the most admirable production of British genius, lay many years, to the great dishonour of that age, unread, and little respected. After ages, who are free from the delusions of faction, envy, and personal dislike, will impartially judge of poems, and decree them the esteem due to that merit, which the passions of the times in which the authors lived would not suffer contemporaries

to discern, or to acknowledge. When disinterested posterity holds the balance of justice to weigh the real worth of a poem, it will first refine and purify it from all the allay cast in by malevolence and detraction; as, on the other hand, it will efface all ungenuine and adventitious beauty imparted to it by the indulgence of friends, or the zeal of a designing party; and when the merit of such a writing, being freed from unnatural mixtures, shall be reduced to a standard fineness, and put into equal scales, it will pass like the coins of princes in foreign countries, only by intrinsic weight and purity. Posterity will infallibly assert their liberty of judging for themselves, and 'tis certain their determination will be impartial; which, if the passions of human nature are considered, is impracticable before.

The painter sometimes debases the dignity of his art, shocks the modest spectator by the immorality of his pieces, and transmits by the eye, which is the most warm and immediate manner of conveyance, impure ideas to the mind. 'Tis surprising to observe in some collections that adorn our rooms, the ranging and order of the pictures: here you behold a devout martyr in the agonies of death, and next to it a lascivious Jupiter; in one place a penitent Magdalene dissolved in tears, and not far off a naked Venus:

which is just as if one should see in a lady's closet, an obscene author and a prayer-book lying together; or, which is frequent among us, poems of devotion and wanton sonnets, hymns to the Supreme Being and praises to Cupid, huddled together in the same inconsistent volume.

The comic writers, and the petulant versifiers, often prostitute their genius no less than the painter; and, to court the favour of those who espouse the interest of vice and impiety, break through the restraints of good sense and decency, and often entertain the audience at the expence of religion, virtue, and innocence.

LAY-MONASTERY, No. 32, Jan. 27, 1713.

No. VII.

Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat.
HORATIUS.

If so "is" prais'd each ancient poet's song,
That nothing is compared, much less preferr'd,
Such judgment is erroneous and absurd.
BOSCAWEN.

THERE are no parts in a poem which strike the generality of readers with so much pleasure as descriptions; and there are none in which poets of an ordinary rank are more frequently betrayed into faults. A judicious description is like a face which is beautiful without art; an injudicious one is like a painted complexion, which often discovers itself by affecting more gaite yof colour than is natural.

The reason why descriptions make livelier impressions on common readers than any other parts of a poem, is because they are formed of ideas drawn from the senses, which is sometimes too called imaging, and are thus in a manner, like pictures, made objects of the sight: whereas, moral thoughts and discourses, consisting of ideas abstracted from sense, operate slower

and with less vivacity. Every one immediately perceives the resemblance of nature in the description of a tempest, a palace, or a garden; but the beauty of proper sentiments in the speeches of a prince, a general, or a counsellor, is more remote, and discerned by a kind of second thought or reflection.

As descriptions are all drawn from objects of the senses, and the likeness or unlikeness of them are easily perceived; so there is a general similitude in all true descriptions of the same objects drawn by several hands, like that in a picture of the same person done by several artists. And yet the degrees of likeness, and the different manner of expressing it, by those several artists, make a very distinguishable and entertaining variety. The famous description of a horse in the sixth book of Homer's Iliad, that in the fragment of Ennius, and that in the eleventh book of the Æneis, are indeed the same, the two latter being only copies of the first. But the description of the horse in Homer, and that in the book of Job, are very different, yet both are extremely natural and beautiful.

There is no particular description which the writers of heroic poetry seem to have laboured to vary so much, as that of the morning. This

is a topic on which they have drawn out all the copiousness, and even the luxury, of their fancies. The chastest and most correct writers seem to indulge themselves on this occasion in a greater sport of imagination, and I had almost said extravagance, than on any other subject whatever; as if it were a trial of skill among them, who should paint the morning the most beautifully. I once amused myself with drawing together out of the best poets a variety of these descriptions, which methought appeared like so many fine skies differently coloured, and interspersed with clouds, by the best masters in landscape. And I imagine it will not be an unacceptable entertainment to the reader, if I here present him with some few out of this collection of morning pieces.

The morning is most frequently figured as a goddess or divine person, flying in the air, unbarring the gates of light, and opening the day. She is drawn by Homer in a saffron garment, and with rosy hands, (which is the epithet he almost constantly bestows on her,) sprinkling light through the earth. She arises out of the waves of the sea, leaves the bed of Tithon her lover, ascends the heavens, appears to gods and to men, and gives notice of the sun-rising. She is placed, by this father of the poets, sometimes

on a throne of gold; now in a chariot drawn by swift horses, and bearing along with her the day; and at other times she is ushered in by the star which is her harbinger, and which gives the signal of the morning's approach.

On this, as a ground, the poets following Homer have run their divisions of fancy: this will appear by the following instances out of Virgil, which I shall present to the reader in Mr. Dryden's translation:—

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread.

The Morn began from Ida to display
Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day.

And now the rosy Morn began to rise,
And waved her saffron streamer through the skies.

Now rose the ruddy Morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
Nor long the Sun his daily course with-held,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.

The Morn ensuing from the mountain's height
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.

I have not room here to multiply examples out of the ancient poets, but shall shew how the same images have been copied or diversified by

the moderns. The following description is Tasso's, as it is very closely traced in the old translation of Mr. Fairfax:

The purple Morning left her crimson bed,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gather'd new.

And our own Spenser, who excels in all kinds of imagery, following the same originals, represents the morning after the like manner:

Now when the rosy-fingered Morning fair,
 Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robes through dewy air,
 And the high hills Titan discovered;
 The royal virgin shook off drowsy-head,
And rising forth out of her baser bower,
Look'd for her knight ——.

—— The Day, forth dawning from the east,
 Night's humid curtains from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
 Commanded them their daily works renew.

But of all descriptions of the Morning as a person, it is impossible to find a more beautiful one than that of Shakspeare:

Look where the Morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

The same author has in another place embellished his subject thus:

> Look what streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
> Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

The two following descriptions likewise, by the same hand, are very poetical:

> The glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

> The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day,
> Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about,
> Dapples the drowsy East with spots of grey.

In Milton's Paradise Lost, the descriptions of the Morning are drawn with exquisite beauty: yet some of them retain (though in a Christian poem) a mixture of the same mythology:

> Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
> Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

> ——— The Morn,
> Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
> Unbarr'd the gates of light ———.

> ——— And now went forth the Morn,
> Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
> Empyreal: from before her vanish'd Night,
> Shot through with orient beams ——.

——— Mean while,
To resalute the world with sacred light,
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd
The earth ———.

——— Now sacred Light began to dawn
In Eden, on the humid flowers that breath'd
Their morning incense; when all things that breathe
From the earth's high altar, send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell ——.

In some of these poetical pictures which I have here set before the reader, the heavens only are shewn, and the first springing of light there; in others, the earth is taken into the prospect, with her flowers wet with dew, and her rising vapours; and sometimes the occupations of living creatures proper to the season are represented, and afford a yet greater diversity of amusing images. Such is that admirable description in Otway's Orphan:

Wish'd Morning's come; and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their humble huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.

The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking tow'rds the neighb'ring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

I shall conclude this paper with a remark, which, I believe, will be allowed by all impartial critics; that whoever will take the pains to look into the several descriptions of this kind, which may be found in the works of ancient and modern writers, will find that the English poets have described the Morning with at least as much elegance of fancy as any others have done, and with more variety.

LAY-MONASTERY, No. 39, Feb. 12, 1713.

As the juxta-position of descriptions thus beautiful forms an elegant entertainment to the lovers of poetry, I shall beg leave to enlarge the list of parallelisms by the adduction of a few more passages:

Primum Aurora novo quam spargit lumine terras,
Et variæ volucres, nemora avia per volitantes
Aëra per tenerum, liquidis loca vocibus obplent;
Quam subito soleat Sol ortus tempore tali
Convestire suâ perfundens omnia luce,
Omnibus in promptu manifestumque esse videmus.

LUCRETIUS.

When first Aurora o'er the dewy earth
Spreads her soft light, and through the pathless grove

A thousand songsters ope their liquid throats,
All ether charming—sudden we survey
Th' effusive Sun, as with a garment, deck
With his own radiance all created things;
Instant in speed, unbounded in his blaze.
GOOD.

——— Sæpe videmus,
Aurea quam primum, gemmanteis rore, per herbas
Matutina rubent radiati lumina Solis;
Exhalantque lacus nebulam, fluvieique perennes:
Ipsaque et interdum tellus fumare videtur:
Omnia quæ, sursum quam conciliantur in alto,
Corpore concreto, subtexunt nubila cœlum.
LUCRETIUS.

——— Full oft we view,
When, at the dawn, the golden-tressed sun
Flames o'er the meadows rich with rory gems,
And from the mountains, lakes, and teeming glebes,
Draws many a vapour, which when once aloft
By the chill air condens'd, to clouds concretes,
And with its filmy drap'ry veils the heavens.
GOOD.

——— observant of approaching Day,
The meek ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews;
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away with quicken'd step;
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;

And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the Morn.

THOMSON.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

GRAY.

No. VIII.

Infert se septus nebulâ, mirabile dictu!
Per medios, miscetque viris; neque cernitur ulli.
VIRGILIUS.

— strange to tell! he mingled with the crowds,
And past unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.
PITT.

THERE was a king, whose name was Alfarute; feared by all his neighbours, and loved by all his subjects; he was wise, good, just, valiant, and deficient in no quality requisite in a great prince. A fairy came to him one day, and told him that he would soon find himself plunged into great difficulties, if he did not make use of the ring which she then put on his finger. When he turned the stone of the ring to the inside of his hand, he became invisible; and when he turned the diamond outward, he became visible again.

He was mightily pleased with this present, and soon grew sensible of the inestimable value of it. When he suspected any one of his subjects, he went into that man's house and closet, with his diamond turned inward, and heard and saw all the secrets of the family, without being perceived. When he mistrusted the designs of

any neighbouring potentate, he would take a long journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private councils, and learn every thing, without the fear of being discovered. By this means, he easily prevented every intention to his prejudice; he frustrated several conspiracies formed against his person, and disconcerted all the measures of his enemies for his overthrow.

Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with this ring; and he requested of the fairy the power of conveying himself from one country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready use of the enchanted ring. The fairy replied, "You ask too much; let me conjure you not to covet a power, which I foresee will one day be the cause of your misery; though the particular manner thereof be concealed from me." The king would not listen to her entreaties, but still urged his request. "Since then you will have it so (said she), I must necessarily grant you a favour, of which you will dearly repent." Hereupon, she chafed his shoulders with a fragrant liquor; when immediately he perceived little wings shooting at his back. These little wings were not discernible under his habit; and when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through

the air swifter than an eagle. When he had no further occasion for his wings, with a touch they shrunk again to so small a size, as to lie concealed under his garment.

By this magic, Alfarute was able to translate himself, in a few moments, wherever he pleased. He knew every thing; and no man could conceive how he came by his intelligence: for he would often retire into his closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole day, with strict orders not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible with his ring, he would enlarge his wings with a touch, and traverse vast countries. By this power, he entered into very extraordinary wars, and never failed to triumph. But, as he continually saw the secrets of men, he discovered so much wickedness and dissimulation, that he could no longer place confidence in any man. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found that even they to whom he had been most bountiful, had no gratitude nor affection toward him.

In this disconsolate condition, he resolved to search through the wide world, till he found a woman complete in beauty and all good qualities, willing to be his wife; one who should love him, and study to make him happy. Long

did he search in vain: and as he saw all without being seen, he discovered the most hidden wiles and failings of the sex. He visited all the courts; where he found the ladies insincere, fond of admirers; and so enamoured with their own persons, that their hearts were not capable of entertaining any true love for a husband. He went likewise into all the private families: he found one was of an inconstant volatile disposition; another was cunning and artful; a third, haughty; a fourth, capricious; almost all faithless, vain, and full of idolatry to their own charms.

Under these disappointments, he resolved to carry his inquiry through the lowest conditions of life. Whereupon, at last he found the daughter of a poor labourer, fair as the brightest morning, but simple and ingenuous: her beauty she disregarded; and which, in reality, was the least of her perfections; for she had an understanding and a virtue which outshone all the graces of her person. All the youth of the neighbourhood were impatient to see her; and more impatient, after they had seen her, to obtain her in marriage; none doubting of being completely happy with such a wife.

King Alfarute beheld her, and he loved her. He demanded her of the father, who was trans-

ported with the thought of his daughter becoming a great queen. Clarinda (so was she called) went from her father's hut into a magnificent palace, where she was received by a numerous court. She was not dazzled nor disconcerted at the sudden change: she preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue; and forgot not the place of her birth when she was in the height of her glory. The king's affections for her increased daily; and he believed he should at last arrive at perfect happiness; neither was he already far from it, so much did he begin to confide in the goodness of his queen. He often rendered himself invisible to observe her, and to surprise her; but he never discovered any thing in her that was not worthy of his admiration: so that now there was but a very small remainder of jealousy and distrust blended with his love.

The fairy, who had foretold the fatal consequences of his last request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her importunity troublesome; therefore he gave orders that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and enjoined the queen not to receive her visits for the future. The queen promised to obey his commands, but not without much unwillingness, because she loved this good fairy.

It happened one day, when the king was upon a progress, that the fairy, desirous to instruct the queen in futurity, entered her apartment in the appearance of a young officer, and immediately declared in a whisper who she was, whereupon the queen embraced her with tenderness. The king, who was then invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with jealousy. He drew his sword and pierced the queen, who fell expiring into his arms. In that moment the fairy resumed her true shape; whereupon the king knew her, and was convinced of the queen's innocence: then would he have killed himself, but the fairy withheld his hand, and strove to comfort him: when the queen, breathing out her last words, said, "Though I die by your hand, I die wholly yours."

Too late, now Alfarute cursed his folly, that put him upon wresting a boon from the fairy, which proved his misery.

He returned the ring, and desired his wings might be taken from him. The remaining days of his life he passed in bitterness and grief, knowing no other consolation but to weep perpetually over Clarinda's tomb.

FREE-THINKER, No. 84, Jan. 9, 1718.

No. IX.

Potentiæ paucorum decus atque libertatem suam gratificari. SALLUST.

They sacrificed virtue and their liberty at the shrine of rank and power.

I SHALL entertain the public this day with a short account of the civilities and ceremonies of politeness in use amongst the Romans; leaving to my readers the satisfaction of running the parallel between the modern customs, and those which were fashionable at so great an interval of time; as likewise the pleasure of observing, how like one wealthy luxurious nation is to another, notwithstanding the distance of ages and climates.

The great men, who, in the infancy of Rome, were no otherwise distinguished from the lesser people, than as they owned them for their protectors, and who were respected by them only from a principle of gratitude, towards the declension of the republic, became lords over a multitude of voluntary slaves, consisting of avaricious citizens and self-interested clients. At which time the servility of the dependents, and

the haughtiness of the patrons, conspired to carry ceremony to a great excess.

The man who purposed to make his court effectually, was obliged to go every morning to the levees of those persons of distinction whom he pitched upon for his patrons. The citizen, and often the magistrate himself, went about from door to door to pay his morning compliments to a great man; who in his turn went out to tender the same homage to another, greater than himself. In bidding good-morrow, the usual gesture was to lay the hand upon the mouth, in advancing towards the person they saluted: in which manner too they paid their adoration to the gods; but with this difference, that it was not necessary to be uncovered to the deities, whereas the grandees expected you should stand always bare-headed before them.

It was likewise a mark of respect to kiss the hand of him you waited on. The military men performed their salute by bowing their weapons, when they were armed. But it does not appear that the usual salutation was accompanied with any inclination of the body, or bending of the knee: these kinds of submission were not introduced till long after the overthrow of the commonwealth.

Those who were levee-hunters, went always

dressed out in their habit of ceremony, which was a white garment. The porch (which answers to our hall) was the place where the clients interchanged civilities one with another, till the patron was in the humour to be seen, or till they received notice that his honour had made his escape from their compliments at a back-door. But if this man of importance thought it proper to give them fair play, and go out at his porch in a public manner, his court of clients pressed about his chair. Some signalized their zeal in keeping off the crowd; others distinguished themselves by endeavouring to get as near as possible to his person, as well to see him, as to be seen by him. Generally speaking, an inferior failed not to stand up, when a great man came into the places of public assembly; to remain uncovered in his presence, and to place him in the middle; to give him the right-hand in walking with him; to stop short, if he happened to pass by; to leave him a free passage, and the rising part of the pavement, if he chanced to meet him in the street.

In paying a visit, the visitor was obliged to notify himself by a set form; after which he was admitted into the apartment by an officer, in the nature of an introductor. Neither was any one exempt from this formality, but by the free-

dom of a great familiarity, or by the privilege of certain public days, such as the first of January, or the birth-day of the patron; for then he gave himself up to receive the compliments of all that came. Their feasts and entertainments had likewise their settled laws and regulations, which are sufficiently known, and would be too tedious to enumerate. When any one had the honour of treating a grandee, the choice of the guests was always left to him; and they were invited by the host, in his name. On the other hand, if you were invited to his table, you came in your habit of ceremony. The rule of civility consisted, not in offering to take the lowest place, but in going to the seat allotted for you by the master of the house. There was a carver always to cut up the dishes, and to help the guests, which was often performed to the sound of instruments.

There was no coming at employments, but by the suffrages of the people; which made the ambitious great men very affable. They who stood for places, were obliged to caress the meanest citizen. The candidates, when they had first received with smiles all who came to compliment them in the morning, went through the city to canvass votes, dressed in white, and attended by their relations, their friends, and

their clients. The principal magistrates who interested themselves for a candidate, went his rounds with him, and recommended him to the people; while he (with a prompter at his elbow) saluted every one by his name, and embraced those he happened to meet in his walks.

In the public places of rendezvous, the citizens practised upon each other the civility of embracing and kissing; and generally meant as little as we do by those cordialities. This method of caressing, which was the ordinary manner of salutation, grew to be such a nuisance, through the number of unsavoury hearty fellows who disgusted the fine gentlemen with a close hug, that Tiberius was at last obliged, in defence of the beaux, to abolish it by an edict: but in all probability it was not long observed, since Martial complains of this polite grievance.

Notwithstanding what has been said, I must observe, to the honour of the Romans, that they gave the same respect to age as they paid to quality, and never refused a due reverence to grey hairs. Their modesty likewise with regard to their nearest relations was so great, that a father, or father-in-law, was never seen to bathe with a son, or a son-in-law.

From this general view of the civilities and ceremonies practised in a very populous city,

near two thousand years ago, my readers will see, that if a degenerate polite Roman were to rise and appear in London, his behaviour would not seem awkward to us; and that he might, without inquiring into our customs, either get a place at court, or make as good an interest to serve in parliament for London or Westminster, as any of the present representatives. What I have to observe farther to my worthy countrymen (as a moral to the whole) is, that this brave people, who, while they preserved their home-bred simplicity, gave laws to mankind, did not long maintain their greatness, their virtue, nor their liberties, after they became so excessively complaisant and well-bred.

FREE-THINKER, No. 25, June 16, 1718.

No. X.

Pasces in cruce corvos.
HORAT.

——— You expose
His carcase as a food for crows.

I HAVE as just a veneration as any man living for the laws of my native country: they are generous, mild, and gentle, built on equal foundations of justice and mercy; and, to say all in a word, they are such as every freeman would wish to be governed by. I am so far from denying them the reverence they deserve, that I have always read with pleasure the most elaborate and strained encomiums, with which the gentlemen of the robe fill their writings on this subject.

But since it is the most desirable, among all the advantages of liberty, to think and speak freely; it cannot, I hope, be offensive, if I declare myself not well satisfied with any arguments I have yet heard in defence of capital punishment for certain crimes, which are low and frequent, and which carry, methinks, no proportion, in comparison with others of a much blacker complexion; to which, notwith-

standing, they seem paralleled by the equality of their sentence.

The life of a man is so infinitely of more value than his beast or his moveable, that whenever I see the sufferings of pinched and hunger-starved wretches under the agonies of an execution, for having robbed perhaps to avoid famishing; I find myself oppressed by a grief, which nothing mitigates but this reflection —that their lives were exposed to such extremities of want and misery, that their death should be a comfort. And yet, the long-protracted gazings, the paleness, the tremblings, and the ghastly distorted faces, of the poor departing strugglers (who die with strong reluctance, and linger and lengthen out their last painful moment), make it evident to the beholders, that, unfriendly as the world was to them, they are not willing to forsake it.

I am convinced that if it were possible to see, on some such plain as that of Salisbury, under one assembled prospect, the whole number of men and women who have been executed for theft only, in all the counties of this kingdom, within the memory of any person of but a moderate advance in years; such a dreadful demonstration of the waste which is made by this sweep of the sword of justice, would be a

startling inducement to those, whose province it is known to be to weigh with pity and deliberation, whether punishments more adequate, and more politic too, than death, might not easily be appropriated to a number of petty crimes, which ever were, and ever must be, unavoidably frequent in all peopled places; being the necessary consequences, either of the wants, or the depravity, of the lowest part of the human species.

One evening, very lately, all my neighbourhood, in Barbican, were in an uproar on a sudden; and I was disturbed in my meditations by the shrieking of a woman, the mixed cries of children, and a growing hum of concourse, that seemed close under my window.—I threw aside my pipe, and hastening to look out, saw the street entirely filled by a group of dismal faces, that had gathered themselves into a tumult about a house directly opposite, and appeared to be touched, as strongly as common natures are capable, with a mixture of surprise and sorrow. It seems, the husband of a laborious poor creature, who was mistress of this house, had been condemned at the county assizes, in one of the late circuits, for stealing a horse; and a letter had just now been delivered to

his wife, which the criminal himself had written the very morning he was executed.

His relations and acquaintance had depended on a reprieve; for the man was universally beloved among his neighbours; and, though always very poor, and unfortunate in his dealings, had been remarkable for his industry, of a sober disposition, and never known before to have been guilty of the least dishonesty. He had six children alive, and the eldest but eight years old. His mother, who lived in the same little house, had been disabled by sickness for several months past: so that, perceiving it beyond his power to subsist his family any longer, and not daring to stay in town by reason of some debts he had contracted, he went down to try his friends, who lived in good circumstances in the country. But, instead of meeting with assistance, he only spent in this journey all the little he had carried with him; and not being able to support the thoughts of returning without bread to a family in such want of it, he rode away with a horse which he found tied to a gate; and being pursued and overtaken, was tried, condemned,* and hanged for it.

This history was loudly given me by the good

women in the street; after which, I had the curiosity to press in among the crowd; and was struck at my first entrance by the most moving scene of sorrow that I ever remember to have met with. The widow had broken open her husband's letter, in transport, concluding that it brought her the confirmation of a reprieve, which a former had given her hopes of. But she was so shocked and overwhelmed by the sudden reverse of passion, that her grief was a kind of madness. She sat on the floor without headclothes, and had an infant cross her knees, that was crying with great impatience for the breast it had been thrown from. Another slept in the cradle, close by a little bed, in which the grandmother sat weeping, bending forward in strong agony, and wringing her hands in silence. The four eldest children were gathered into a knot, and clung about the neck of their miserable mother, stamping, screaming, and kissing her, in a storm of distracted tenderness!—The poor woman herself was in a condition past describing!—She pressed the letter of her dead husband to her eyes!—her lips!—her bosom!—She raved, and talked, and questioned him as if he had been present!—And, at every little interval, dried her tears with his letter; and cast a look upon the company, so wild, and so full of horror,

that it cannot be conceived but by those who were witnesses of it.

As soon as she saw me there, she stretched out her hand, and made signs that I should read the letter; which I received from her accordingly; and going back to my lodging, with a resolution to send over some fitter person than myself to assist in the distresses of so disconsolate a family, I sat down and took a copy of it, because it moved me exceedingly.

"Dear loving Betty,

"It is now nine o'clock; and I must be fetched out by and by, and go to die before eleven. I shall see my poor Bess no more in this world; but, if we meet one another again in the next, as I hope in God we shall, we may never part afterwards. Methinks, if I could but only once more look upon my good Betty before I die, though it should be but for a minute, and say a kind word to my fatherless children, that must starve now if God do not take care for them, I should go away with a good heart. And yet sometimes I fancy it is better as it is, for it would be sad to die afterwards; and I fear it would make me fainthearted, and I should be wishing that I might live to get you bread and clothes for your precious

bodies. Sarah Taylor made my heart ache, when she told me that you had pawned away every thing, to make up that last fifty shillings that you sent me by Will Sanderson, who is now in the room with me, and sits down upon the straw that I laid on last night, and is weeping for me like a child. But God will make up all the money to you again, that you have let me have to no purpose. And I should be sorry that any unkind body should hit it in your teeth that I come to such an untimely bad end; for I thought as little of it as they do. But all the way as I walked up to London afoot, I could not help having a fancy in my head at every turn, that I saw my poor dear Betty, and my six helpless little ones hanging upon me, and crying out bitterly that they had no bread to keep life in them, and begging me to buy them some; and so I thought that I would sell that horse, and make you believe that I got money of your sister Parker; but she was too sparing for that, and would never once look upon me. I pray to God to forgive her; and if she would but be good to you when I am gone, God bless her.—Loving Betty, remember me to my sorrowful mother, and tell her not to take on too much. And bid Richard and Harry take warning by my fall, if ever they come to

be men: and for the poor girls, they are too young as yet to understand any thing you can say to them. God's goodness be your comfort! and if you can, don't think about me, for it will make you only melancholy.—I hope the old deputy will be kind to you, and help you to do somewhat. I am sorry I cannot write no more, because my tears are come into my eyes. —Little did I think of this dismal parting—Oh! 'tis very sad!—God bless you in this unhappy world, dear dear Betty.

"From your unfortunate,

"dying husband,

"R. S.

"P. S.—Nothing vexes me but when I think that it is a very hard case for a man to be made to die for a horse: they say the king is to have him; he is not worth much; but if my poor Betty had the money he could be sold for, it would be some comfort however; for then I should not have left you all so bare as you be now."

I carried this letter with me to the assembly: where it was universally agreed, that there is a plain-hearted honesty very manifest in all parts of it; and a generous and manly sorrow, not arising so much from his own desire to live,

as from a prospect of their wants whom his death was to leave destitute. Our clergyman in particular was greatly moved to compassion, and proposed a charitable collection to be sent to the poor widow, to which himself contributed first in a very liberal proportion.

He related to us afterwards an extraordinary dying speech, of a very different turn, which he heard made, when a student, by a housebreaker, who was hanged for murder and a robbery.

"Good people (said the criminal), since I am to serve you for a sight, the least you can do is to be civil to the man that entertains you. I ask nothing of you but the justice that is due to me. There are some meddling tongues, which I can hear among the crowd, very busy to incense you. Though it is true I have committed murder, yet I hope I am no murderer. The felony I really purposed, but my intention had no part in the death that I was guilty of. The deceased cryed for help, and was so obstinate and clamorous, that I was under the necessity to kill him, or submit myself to be taken. And thus I argued in my mind: if I murder him, I shall get off; or, at worst, if I am taken, my punishment will be no greater, than if I spare him, and surrender: I can be

but hanged for murder, and I must be hanged too for the house-breaking. This thought, good people, prevailed with me to shoot him; so that what you call murder, was but self-preservation. Now, that I should have died in this same manner, whether I had shot him or no, witness these two weak brothers here, who look as if they were already at the other end of their voyage, though they have not hoisted sail yet: one of these stole some bacon, and the other, a wet smock or two. The law must be certainly wiser than you are; and since that has been pleased to set our crimes on a level, be so civil, or compassionate, as to hold your silly tongues, and let me die without slander."

We had several other stories on this subject of the public executions: but none pleased me better than one, which I shall close my paper with, and which we were also obliged to the vicar for.

" The late king of Sweden had condemned a soldier to die; and stood at a little distance from the place of execution. The fellow, when he heard this, was in hopes of a pardon; but being assured he was mistaken, cried, his tongue was yet free, he would use it at his pleasure; which he did with great licence; accusing the king, most insolently, and as loud as he could

speak, of barbarity and injustice; and appealing to God for revenge of his wronged innocence. The king, not hearing him distinctly, inquired of those about him, what the soldier had been saying? and was told, by a general officer, who was unwilling to heighten his resentment against the miserable, that he had only repeated very often and loud, That God loves the merciful, and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger. The king was touched by the lesson, and sent his pardon to the criminal. But a courtier, of an opposite interest, took advantage of the occasion, and repeated to the king exactly the licentiousness of the fellow's railing; adding gravely when he had done, That men of quality and trust ought never, in his opinion, to misrepresent facts to their sovereign. The king for some time stood suspended in his thoughts; but turning at length toward the courtier, with a face of reproof; "It is the first time (said he) that ever I have been betrayed for my advantage! But the LIE of your enemy pleased me better than your TRUTH does."

PLAIN-DEALER, No. 1, May 12, 1724.

The subject of this paper (the frequency of capital punishment as appointed by law) has very lately attracted the attention of the House of Commons, in consequence of the motion of Sir Samuel Romilly for the repeal of the Acts of

10 & 11 Will. III. 12 Anne, and 24 Geo. II. which make the crimes of stealing privately in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings; or in a dwelling house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of forty shillings—capital felonies.

The speech of Sir Samuel Romilly on this occasion, and the pamphlet which he has since published, intitled, "Observations on the Criminal Law of England," cannot, either for their eloquence, their argument, or their tendency, be too highly praised or valued. It is evident from the statement of Sir Samuel, that although the penal part of these statutes cannot, in the present state of society in this country, be carried into execution, yet are they still productive of very serious mischief; and that, of course, their repeal would confer a signal benefit on the jurisprudence of our island. The ingenuity, the ability, and judgment which distinguish the "Observations" of Sir Samuel, are such, that I am tempted to quote a few paragraphs in aid of the impression which the paper of Mr. Hill is calculated to afford.

"There is, probably, no other country in the world in which so many and so great a variety of human actions are punishable with loss of life, as in England. These sanguinary statutes, however, are not carried into execution. For some time past, the sentence of death has not been executed on more than a sixth part of all the persons on whom it has been pronounced; even taking into the calculation crimes the most atrocious and the most dangerous to society, murders, rapes, burning of houses, coining, forgeries, and attempts to commit murder. If we exclude these from our consideration, we shall find that the proportion which the number executed bears to those convicted, is, perhaps, as one to twenty; and if we proceed still farther, and, laying out of the account burglaries, highway robberies, horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, and returning from transportation, confine our observations to those larcenies unaccompanied with any circumstance of aggravation, for which a capital punishment is appointed by law, such as stealing privately in shops, and stealing in dwelling-houses, and on

board ships, property of the value mentioned in the statutes, we shall find the proportion of those executed, reduced very far indeed below that even of one to twenty.—

"This mode of administering justice is supposed by some persons to be a regular, matured, and well-digested system. They imagine, that the state of things which we see existing is exactly that which was originally intended; that laws have been enacted which were never meant to be regularly enforced, but were to stand as objects of terror in our statute-book, and to be called into action only occasionally, and under extraordinary circumstances, at the discretion of the judges.—

"Whether the practice which now prevails be right or wrong, whether beneficial or injurious to the community, it is certain that it is the effect, not of design, but of that change which has slowly taken place in the manners and character of the nation, which are now so repugnant to the spirit of these laws, that it has become impossible to carry them into execution.—

"Even the Act of Queen Elizabeth, which made it a capital offence for any person above the age of fourteen to be found associating for a month with persons calling themselves Egyptians, the most barbarous statute perhaps that ever disgraced our criminal code, was executed down to the reign of King Charles the First; and Lord Hale mentions thirteen persons having in his time been executed upon it at one assizes. It is only in modern times that this relaxation of the law has taken place, and only in the course of the present reign that it has taken place to a considerable degree.—It appears that, even at the commencement of the present reign, the number of convicts executed exceeded the number of those who were pardoned; but, that at the present time, the number pardoned exceeds, nearly in the proportion of eight to one, the number of those who are executed."

After these observations on the present method of administering the laws of England, the author gives us the following admirable passage:

"Although the severe laws of William and of Anne are

not now executed, and may be said, therefore, to exist only in theory, they are attended with many most serious practical consequences. Amongst these, it is not the least important, that they form a kind of standard of cruelty, to justify every harsh and excessive exercise of authority. Upon all such occasions, these unexecuted laws are appealed to as if they were in daily execution. Complain of the very severe punishments which prevail in the army and the navy, and you are told that the offences which are so chastised, would by the municipal law be punished with death. When, not long since, a governor of one of the West India islands was accused of having ordered that a young woman should be tortured, his counsel said in his defence, that the woman had been guilty of a theft, and that by the laws of this country her life would have been forfeited. When, in the framing new laws, it is proposed to appoint for a very slight transgression a very severe punishment, the argument always urged in support of it is, that actions, not much more criminal, are by the already existing law punished with death. So in the exercise of that large discretion which is left to the judges, the state of the law affords a justification for severities, which could not otherwise be justified. When for an offence, which is very low in the scale of moral turpitude, the punishment of transportation for life is inflicted, a man who only compared the crime with the punishment, would be struck with its extraordinary severity; but he finds, upon inquiry, that all that mass of human suffering which is comprized in the sentence, passes by the names of tenderness and mercy, because death is affixed to the crime by a law scarcely ever executed, and, as some persons imagine, never intended to be executed."

No. XI.

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè!
HORAT.

How much more modestly proceeds his strain,
Who labours or imagines nought in vain!

SIR,

As I suppose you do not intend to exclude the graver sciences, I take the liberty to send you my thoughts on the method of writing cases in physic and surgery. The rules I lay down are drawn from the examples of our present writers on those subjects.

Hippocrates, if we compare him with the moderns, was far from deserving the character of *divine*, which many have idly bestowed on him. It raises my indignation, I confess, when I see the cases which that author has related, so universally applauded: whereas they are conveyed in so cold, so unaffecting, so unadorned a manner, that, however they may instruct, I am sure they can never entertain a reader. The present writers seem very sensible of this; for they generally take great care to provide for the diversion of their readers.

Hippocrates, in the beginning of his cases, tells us; that "Mr. Such-a-one, or Mr. Such-a-

one's wife or child, was ill in such a manner." But a modern author, instead of such low phrases, elevates the subject, by giving the titles of the patient or of his family, and an account of the great offices he had borne in the commonwealth. Thus I have seen a case begin, "Nobilissimus infans, filius natu maximus illustrissimi marchionis (viri muniorum omnium in Republica maximorum summè capacis; quem nullæ rerum humanarum vicissitudines ab integritate singulari unquam transversum egerunt; ac denique ingenii celeritate quadam incredibili donati)," &c. Now Hippocrates would only have said, a child of fourteen months old was troubled with a chin-cough; and then have told us what methods he used for his recovery. This modern way of writing, which I beg leave to call the *meteorous*, may be farther improved by the use of swelling epithets. Thus a diarrhœa may be called ingens alvi profluvium; a pain in the head, dolor capitis intolerabilis; and a restless night may be expressed by noctem egit ab omni quiete alienam, et vehementer âdmodum delirabat.

The next kind of style which I shall recommend, is the *digressive*. This agreeably amuses us, and calls us off from the uneasy attention in which the relation of a melancholy case is apt to engage us. The gentleman who excels

most in this way is the learned Dr. Daniel Turner, whom I look upon as one of the greatest ornaments of your society. This learned gentleman has given us the greatest masterpiece in this way I ever saw, in his Art of Surgery. It is in the case of an ancient man coming out of Essex, under some seeming discontent of mind, who took up his lodging at the Dolphin, without Bishopsgate. This case, extending to full seven pages of an octavo volume, I must deny myself the pleasure of transcribing at length, lest I should take up too much room in your paper. Having told us very particularly the manner of the old man's cutting his throat, he adds,* that "he laid aside his razor, leaning himself over the side of the bed, that the blood might fall down upon the floor. In this posture, before he was quite exhausted, he gave several strong groans; which being over-heard by a stranger, waking out of his sleep, in another bed, though in the same room, gave an alarm to the said person, who calling out, but hearing no answer, leaped out of bed, and crying aloud at the window for the chamberlain, a candle was brought in, and the poor old man found speechless, as under the agonies of death: however, finding by

* Vol. i. p. 439—442.

his sighing that he was still alive, they came presently for my assistance, who, understanding what had happened, hastened to him with such necessaries as I thought I might have occasion for; and coming to the bed-side, found a stream of blood running thence to the farther end of the chamber." Then acquainting us with the manner of his stitching up the wound, he proceeds: "while this was doing, he fetched, as we say, several sighs; and having cleaned him, and put him on a fresh shirt, we attempted to get down two or three spoonfuls of wine, but could not, at least as I perceived. I then called to him, and desired, if he could not speak, that he would make some sign by lifting up his hand to mine; at which he stared like one amazed, but could do neither. Wherefore it was thought necessary to secure his chamber-fellow, who freely surrendered himself, without offering an escape, but readily assisting us all the time, there being none but these two in the room; and not certain but that the old man had been assassinated, nothing being found in his pockets more than would pay for a night's lodging, although his habit was very decent, but plain, like that of a country yeoman of the inferior rank. It was truly my opinion that the case was suicide, the other poor man calling out for help, instead of making his escape,

which he never attempted: but, how innocent soever, he was committed to the Compter in the morning. Having left orders with the chamberlain for his farther management, till a nurse could be provided, I went home with great concern for the poor traveller, who was like to be sent to Newgate; yet upon search had only two shillings with some farthings found upon him: but, in a few hours after, was earnestly entreated to go back, for they had heard him speak. Being well pleased at the news, for the satisfaction of my own mind, I hastened to him again, and calling aloud (for I understood by the people of the inn, that he seemed to them a little deaf over night), asked him how the accident came, and whether he had not cut his throat, or somebody else? He answered very low and faintly, it was the devil had done it. I then ordered the servants to come close to the bed-side, when I again put the question, that if the devil had done it, whether the razor was not his, and held in his own hand when the wound was made? He replied, Yes. I then desired he would tell us, if the stranger, who lay in the bed just by him, had any hand in the action, because he was brought into trouble on this occasion, and might be hanged for him: upon which he answered, with great concern, and as loud as he could, No,

no, no. Whereupon drawing up a small writing, in the form of an affidavit, for each witness to sign, together with one I made myself before the magistrate, I went the same day, and procured the poor fellow's release: but this as foreign (for which you will, I hope, pardon me) passing by." Then our author returns again to the case, and, with the help of several minute circumstances, and proper remarks, in about four pages concludes. Now, had Hippocrates been to relate this case, we had never been entertained with the episode of the chamber-fellow's being sent to the Compter; the many useful remarks and cautions of the doctor; nor twenty little circumstances, which render so melancholy a history more diverting than could have been imagined.

The *marvellous* is a kind of style greatly to be esteemed for its use in creating our surprise, as well as in giving us instruction. The ingenious Dr. Nicholas Robinson has an excellent talent at this. He tells us * of a young gentleman, who was naturally very silly; but "it so fell out, as he was one night returning from a ball, that a young gentleman tript up his heels, and gave him such a bang upon the skull, as shoved his

* New System of the Spleen and Vapours, p. 70.

brain right, and recovered some glimmerings of wit and genius to him that was born but one degree from a natural." When I read this, I could not help being under the greatest uneasiness, lest our author should happen to have his heels tript up; which might shove his brain wrong, and spoil so towering a genius! I could wish the doctor would oblige us with a treatise expressly on these shoves of the brain, as a learned divine of your Society did formerly on shoves of the crupper. He seems to be exceedingly well skilled in the *rationale* of them, if we may judge by his reasoning on the case now before us.* "This shock or fall gave him some glimmerings of that light, which, according to the original constitution of his organs, he could never naturally enjoy in this meridian of his being; and if the blow had been a little stronger, and struck the seat of the common sensorium a little more askew, or parallel to the axis of the several organs of the senses, who can doubt but that his reasoning faculties would have shone out in their fullest lustre? But then the fine deportment of his carriage, the graceful mien of his person, and former obliging air, in all likelihood would have been greatly disconcerted,

* New System of the Spleen and Vapours, p. 72.

and suffered in the change." No less marvellous is another story, related by the same author,* of a madman, "who, in one of his frantic fits, flung himself out of a window three stories high; but accidentally pitching upon a draw-well, he fell plum down into the water; and being taken up, was perfectly recovered to the use of his senses again. It was computed he fell near thirty fathom before he came to the surface of the water, and the well was about six fathom deep under water." Sure nothing can be more surprising than this, if we consider either the length or the manner of the fall! We may allow thirty feet from the window to the mouth of the well; then there will remain about 150 feet for him to fall within the well, before he reached the surface of the water; and the force his body must by this time have acquired, would, I think, plunge him pretty deep into the water. Now, dear sir, do but reflect on the lucky hit of falling plum into the well; then of the providential escape of beating out his brains in banging from one side to the other, before he reached the water; but, above all, the miracle of getting out again; and I am sure you will agree with me, that it is as marvellous a case as ever appeared

* New System of the Spleen and Vapours, p. 399.

(I will not say in the history of physic, but) in any history whatsoever!

Your constant reader and admirer,

EPHRAIM QUIBUS, M. D.

Memoirs of the Society of Grub-street,
No. 8, February 26, 1730.

That the marvellous and irrelevant in medical literature are not less common in the present day than in the year 1730, must be strikingly apparent to every one conversant with the recent illiberal controversy on the subject of the cow-pox. Such a mass of abuse, falsehood, and folly, was, perhaps, never before accumulated on any subject in the annals of medicine. As a specimen of the marvellous, which perfectly eclipses the cases of Dr. Nicholas Robinson, I shall quote a few lines from a pamphlet, intitled "A Warning Voice to the United Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland; in which the Origin, Nature, and Effects of the Lues Bovilla, or Cow-pox, are clearly explained, and the Report of the College of Physicians completely confuted, by Mr. Ferdinand Smith Stuart."

"Among the numerous shocking cases of cow-pox," observes Mr. Stuart, "which I have heard of, I know not whether the most horrible of all has been yet published; viz. of a child at Peckham, who, after being inoculated with the cow-pox, had its former natural disposition absolutely changed to the brutal; so that it ran upon all fours like a beast, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull!!" p. 57, 58.

This notable description realises the very apprehensions and imagery of the author of the "Vaccine Phantasmagoria," who humorously exclaims:—

O Mosely! thy books, nightly phantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures;
For fancy, in dreams, represents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.

There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe, and Mary;
  On their foreheads (oh horrible!) crumpled horns bud;
Here Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
  Reclin'd in a corner and chewing the cud!

No. XII.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;
Hanc *Remus* et *frater*; sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.
VIRGIL.

The frugal Sabines thus their acres till'd;
Thus Remus and his brother lov'd the field;
The Tuscans to these arts their greatness owe;
'Twas hence majestic Rome began to grow,
Rome, noblest object of the things below.
WARTON.

HAVING given my countrymen a short account of the civilities and ceremonies of politeness in use amongst the Romans; * for their farther information, I shall now proceed to shew how they parcelled out their time in the daily and ordinary course of a private life.

Under their kings, the people, as yet uncorrupted with affluence, gloried in frugality; and the greatest simplicity of manners was accounted most fashionable: their time was almost wholly taken up in providing for the necessities of life, and in supporting the fatigues of war, during the term of above two hundred years.

Under the consuls, as often as they had no foreign wars to fear, they found themselves at leisure to foment intestine broils. The desire

* See No. ix.

of rule amongst the patricians, and the love of liberty in the plebeians, kept Rome in a perpetual ferment, which threatened destruction to the commonwealth in its infancy. These two orders of citizens, transgressing alike the bounds of moderation, lived in a mutual distrust one of the other; so that, as soon as they perceived they were in no danger from enemies abroad, their principal care was to defeat the cabals of each other. Thus, through the course of about five hundred years, the main attention, the vigour, and the virtue of the Romans, was employed in defending themselves against the hostilities of their neighbours, and in composing their domestic feuds. If they enjoyed any intermissions from these cares, they then applied themselves entirely to agriculture. In these happy intervals of tranquillity, no man thought it beneath him to set his hand to the plough: the patrician and the plebeian, whose conditions and whose business so widely differed in the city, had one occupation in the country; and the greatest, in common with the meanest Roman, was not ashamed to be styled a labourer.

We have many examples of this laudable simplicity, not only in the early times of the republic, when it was customary to send for consuls and dictators from their farms, to assist in the arduous

affairs of government; but likewise in the flourishing ages, wherein Rome was mistress of Italy, and had made her power respected beyond the seas. I need not, therefore, mention Quintius Cincinnatus, who was found labouring in his grounds, by the persons who were dispatched to notify to him that he was appointed dictator. I want not for instances to my purpose in Curius Dentatus, in Fabricius, Astilius Serranus, Licinius Stolo, Cato the Censor; and many others, who, in much later times, were proud to take their surnames from some particular branch of husbandry in which they excelled: hence (according to the concurring opinions of ancient writers) came the Asinean, the Vitellian, the Suillian, Porcian, and the Ovinian family; the founders of these families having been famous for breeding the several sorts of animals implied in their names. Others likewise had distinguished themselves by raising and improving particular kinds of pulse; whence came the surnames Lentulus, Fabius, Piso, Cicero, and many more. In a word, so generally were the Romans addicted to the occupations of a country life, that the names of Way-farers (Viatores) was given to certain officers, whose business it was to go and acquaint the senators, that an extraordinary session would be held on such or such a day. As for the

ordinary meetings of the senate, they were fixed to the day of the calends, and the day of the ides, in every month; and consequently did not require to be notified. Now, if the Senators and men of note passed a great part of their time in the country, what may we judge of the inferior citizens? Above three parts in four of them (probably) saw the city but once in every nine days, in the time of peace. They came thither only to buy necessaries for their farms, and to examine whether they should approve or reject any new regulations; which the magistrates fixed upon the Capitol, and up in the Forum, three market-days successively before they were offered to be confirmed. It was on these market-days that (in time) the tribunes of the people entertained them with the affairs of the government, and the changes that were to be made; and by their harangues fomented the jealousies which agitated the different orders of the community, under the republic.

Lastly, the practice of husbandry must have been universally esteemed amongst the Romans for a considerable time, when Cicero (towards the declension of the commonwealth) speaks honourably of it; and does not scruple to affirm, that, even then, the persons of probity and distinction gloried more in being enrolled amongst

the country tribes, than in being numbered amongst the wealthiest of the city families.

I shall pursue this subject in the next half-sheet, that I may here have room to make a few remarks on what has been said.

This account of the Romans is not peculiar to them; but may be applied as justly to most nations, if we look back into their ancient manners and customs. There was a time, when tillage, pasturage, breeding of cattle, and planting, were not ignoble occupations in this island: neither is it yet half a century, since most of our country gentlemen have been bred in a complete ignorance of husbandry, to learn the idleness of the town. We can likewise, even to this day, shew perhaps a more ample catalogue of rural surnames, than the Romans could ever boast of: several of which are taken from animals; as Lamb, Kid, Colt, Bullock, Gosling, Cock, Dove, Partridge, Pheasant: others from country occupations; as Shepherd, Cowherd, Farmer, Plowman, Gardener: many from grain, trees, plants, and flowers; as Wheat, Oats, Ash, Birch, Broom, Ivy, Violet, Lilly, Primrose: some from fruits; as Cherry, Strawberry, Nut, Haws, Sweetapple, Crab: others from the water; as Lake, Pool, Ford, Rivers, Brooks: and several from the nature or distribution of

the ground; as Hill, Dale, Heath, Wood, Greenwood, Lane, Hedges, Acres, Meadows.

Thus did our ancient families distinguish themselves by appellations which betokened industry, innocence, and independency; and which bore some relation to either their lands, their seats, or their business. If most of the flourishing modern families, who haunt the town, were to copy after our predecessors in this respect; many, who might be ambitious of being dignified by their places of abode, would have a right to assume the surnames of White's, Tom's, Will's, Button's, the Grecian, Jonathan's, Change-alley, Groom-Porter's, &c. Others, who might be more desirous to be known by the particular arts of life they cultivated, or might be proud of signifying to posterity by what industry they happened to thrive in the world, would not be thought to arrogate by appropriating to themselves the genteel names of Hazard, Piquet, Ombre, Basset, Punter, Masker; Gamester, likewise, and Sharper, are no disreputable nor improper titles, with a handsome equipage; and, if any gentleman of the industrious tribe should have a particular fondness to a rural denomination, he may borrow, from a country animal, the surname of Setter.

FREE-THINKER, No. 120, May 15, 1719.

No. XIII.

Ubi pro labore desidia, pro continentia et æquitate lubido atque superbia invasere; fortuna simul cum moribus immutatur.

SALLUST.

Where sloth prevails instead of industry, where sensuality and pride have banished temperance and equity; the prosperity together with the morals of a country must necessarily undergo a change.

To carry on the essay, which was begun in my last.—About the five hundred and seventieth year of the city (after the second Punic war), the Romans were invited into Greece, by the Ætolians and the Athenians: and when they had subdued Philip, King of Macedon, and his son Perses; flushed with success, they extended their conquests into the Lesser Asia, and into Syria. Hence, their own writers date the visible declension of their former simplicity. Their victories turned to their prejudice; for, with the arts, they adopted the vices, of the people they had subjected to their empire.

There was a sudden change in Rome: new arts and sciences were studied; the houses were new modeled and enlarged; sumptuous furniture and costly apparel were coveted; and their

diet was poisoned with the wantonness of cookery; the mounds of their ancient discipline overborne by the inundation of foreign luxuries, they refined their manners into excesses of every kind. In vain did the Censor now remind his fellow-citizens of the severity of their ancestors: example was grown too powerful for his authority: pleasure and idleness became liberal, labour and industry servile distinctions. The corruption, which began among the quality, insensibly infected the people to such a degree, that at last the most useless citizen was accounted the most honourable. In this polite state of degeneracy, their time (which before was usually employed to some laudable purpose) was now wholly divided between amusements, ceremonies, the tasks of ambition, feasting, and immoderate sleep: which brings me to what I proposed in the beginning of my preceding paper.

During the first four hundred and sixty years, the Romans knew no other divisions of the day, but into the morning, the noon, and the evening; and, in the law of the Twelve Tables, there is no mention made but of the rising and setting of the sun; neither was it till some years after, that the common crier proclaimed the noon with a loud voice.

Pliny says, that the first instrument which

the Romans ever had to distinguish the hours, was a sun-dial, placed by the Censor Papyrius Cursor in the court of the temple of Quirinus, ten years before the Tarentine war: and Marcus Varro informs us, that the first curiosity of this kind (which was exposed in public near the rostrum) was fixed upon a little pillar; and that it was brought from Sicily by Valerius Messala, in the four hundred and seventy-seventh year of Rome. How imperfect soever this dial might be, they continued to regulate their time by it about ninety-nine years; till Martius Philippus (who was Censor with Paulus Æmilius) gave them one more complete: and Pliny adds, that he gained more reputation by this present to the public, than by all his other actions during his censorship.

But, notwithstanding these helps, the Romans were still at a loss to know the time of the day, and to proportion their hours, as often as the sky was overcast; till Scipio Nasica, in the year five hundred and ninety-five, set up an invention to measure the hours by dropping of water out of one vessel into another; as we (on some occasions) now measure them by the running of sand. They counted twelve hours in the day; which were longer or shorter, according to the length or shortness of the days.

The first six hours were from sun-rising till noon; and the other six, from noon to the going down of the sun: and, that every master of a family might know at home how the time passed, there was commonly a slave kept in every house, whose whole employment was to run to and fro to observe the hours, and signify them to the family. Of this we have several traces in the Latin poets: and Pliny, speaking of sudden deaths, says, that Babius, who had been Prætor of Bithynia, died instantly when he had inquired of his servant the hour of the day.

Here again I am obliged to stop my career in the second stage of my subject, by some reflections that merit attention.

We have seen the Romans fall from the sobriety of their manners, by the acquisition of power; and decline in virtue as they grew in affluence and politeness; which at last ended in the total subversion, first of their liberties, and then of their empire. This has been the fate of almost all flourishing nations; and I fear England, without a timely care, will in a few years furnish history with one pregnant example more of this kind. This observation makes me inclinable to believe, that the celebrated virtues of any community have been owing more to necessity

than choice; since we find, that most countries have admitted of as many extravagances as their circumstances could support. We have indeed many glorious instances of particular persons, who have enjoyed the most ample fortunes with the greatest moderation; but, I know of no powerful and flourishing state, that was ever able to maintain their ancient necessary virtues, and to distinguish themselves by a national heroism.

From the account of the Roman division of the day, we may observe how slow the progress of the most seemingly obvious arts and sciences must have been in all nations at the beginning. When the Romans were at last able to parcel out the day into twelve hours, yet even then it must have been a new and a tedious study to come to an exactness of dividing those hours into minutes, and subdividing the minutes into seconds: and yet, trifling as this knowledge may seem (which our clock-makers have brought to a surprising nicety), it would be endless to enumerate the uses of it.

Since our time is reduced to a standard, and the bullion of the day is minted out into hours, the industrious know how to employ every piece of time to a real advantage in their different professions; and he that is prodigal of his hours,

is (in effect) a squanderer of money. I remember to have heard of a notable woman, who was thoroughly sensible of the intrinsic value of time. Her husband was a shoemaker, and an excellent craftsman; but never minded how the minutes passed. In vain did his wife inculcate to him, that time is money: he had too much wit to apprehend her, and he cursed the parish-clock every night; which at last brought him to his ruin. One night, when the poor woman sent the prentice to call him home from the ale-house, he asked what a-clock it was? "Twelve," answers the boy.—"Go then (says the master), and bid my wife be easy; it can never be more." After an hour's patience, she sent again; "What a-clock now, child?"—"One, Sir."—"That's a good boy: once more go and desire my wife to be comforted; it can never be less."

FREE-THINKER, No. 121, May 18, 1719.

No. XIV.

Strenua nos exercet inertia.
HORAT.

We're harassed and depriv'd of rest
By busy idleness at best.
BOSCAWEN.

WHILE the day was all of a piece at Rome, the manners of the people were simple, and their occupations such only as necessity required. No sooner had they learnt to tell out their time into hours, than they contrived methods to multiply the business of the day; allotting to almost every hour a different care. If, then, we consider the Romans in this condition; they generally parceled out the day, in their ordinary course of living, in the following manner:

They had their morning devotions, with which they usually began the day; going from temple to temple to recommend themselves, every man to as many gods as he thought he might stand in need of. Those who were not at leisure, or perhaps not disposed, to go abroad, acquitted themselves of this duty at home; the rich by sacrifices or offerings, and the poor

only by vows and prayers. They had likewise their evening adorations; with this distinction, that their matins were for the celestial, and their vespers for the infernal deities. But the prime of the day was not wholly appropriated to the gods; they found it highly necessary not to be tardy in paying their respects to their own species: they were assiduous and early in their levee salutations: the inferior people paid their morning court to the magistrates; and the magistrates went abroad betimes to worship the grandees of the city.

Thus were the first and the second hours of the sun ordinarily employed by the Roman citizens; if we except the severe students, the men of business, the merchants, the tradesmen, and artificers, who preferred industry to servility, and were not at leisure to be fashionable.

The third hour summoned the people to the courts of judicature, excepting on holidays, or when some more important affairs of government interrupted the business of the bar. Beside the judges, the lawyers, the solicitors, and the parties concerned, there was always a vast concourse in the Forum; who came thither, partly to inquire after news, and partly to hear the pleadings; and who, during the republic,

took upon them to approve or to condemn the decisions that were made. For this reason it is, that Cicero, in the peroration of his accusation against Verres, threatens the judges with the censure of the Roman people, who heard him speak, if they should suffer the heinous crimes of Verres to escape the rigour of the law.

This attention took up the generality of the citizens (who were not obliged to be absent upon other concerns) during the third, the fourth, and the fifth hours. In the mean time, the rest (who were engaged in more urgent business) employed these hours according to their different callings, their rank, and their separate views. The knights sat as judges, and registered treaties and legal contracts: and the candidates for employments, or honours, went about the city with their friends and relations, to procure votes.

At last came the sixth hour of the day, the noon-tide; at which time every man retired to his home, made a slender dinner, and took a moderate refreshing nap.

The first hours in the afternoon were usually allotted to bodily exercises; as walking, riding in a coach, or playing at mall: and the youth of fashion, whose ambition prompted them to improve their agility and strength, went into

the field of Mars, to practise such feats of activity, as were most proper to fit them for the discipline and fatigues of war.

As the riches, and consequently the luxury, of the Romans increased, they had their public walks, as likewise private gardens of great magnificence; and in time, marble cloisters and galleries of an incredible length. In these cool places did the persons, who loved sedate amusements, pass two or three hours of the afternoon, in discoursing gravely or pleasantly, according to their different humours. The poets took this favourable opportunity to come thither to recite their verses to such as were inclinable to hear them.

From these several recreations, they flocked to the public baths, which were opened at a stated time; in the winter at the eighth, in the summer at the ninth hour of the day; which was signified by the sound of a bell. Those who had private baths, made use of them earlier, or later, as they pleased: but Alexander Severus first permitted the public baths to be kept open all the night, in the intense heats of the summer. The poets likewise came to the baths to repeat their compositions, where they never failed of a numerous audience.

After bathing, was the time of using oils and

sweet ointments, with which they suppled their limbs; and then succeeded the time of supper, which began the ninth or tenth hour of the day. This was their principal meal; and (in process of time), from a short, moderate repast, grew to the excess of being prolonged till after midnight.

My readers will see by this account, that the Romans divided the actions of every day into two distinct scenes; the one for studies or business, the other for exercises and amusements; the proper means for preserving the mind and the body in full vigour. As it was not reputable to waste any portion of the forenoon in pleasures, so likewise it was not customary to let any affairs break in upon the leisure of the afternoon.

Nevertheless, so severe was the application of some men of note, that they gave their minds no relaxation before the tenth hour. Thus Seneca says, "We remember the great orator, Asinius Pollio, who would not attend to the least business, nor so much as read a letter, after the tenth hour, lest the contents of it should oblige him to some new care; and in the two remaining hours, he refreshed himself, and threw off the fatigue of the whole day." But this severity was not required in a person

of the most serious character. Plutarch says, that Cato went regularly after dinner to exercise himself at ball, in the Campus Martius; and that he diverted himself as usual with this exercise, that very day the people had refused to choose him consul.

After what has been said, let us a little consider a London day; and see what account we can give of our hours, for the information of future ages, when we may be no longer a free people.

Be it known then to my readers in futurity (if they happen to understand English), that formerly our day, as in other ancient nations, began with the rising of the sun: but, about the latter end of the sixteenth century, the wise men observed a visible change in our time, which has ever since gone on for the worse; insomuch, that of late years we have altered our manner of computing so far, that our morning begins precisely at the noon of our ancestors; and our noon corresponds with the evening of those plain folks, who lived by the light of nature, and saved fire and candle. In other words, let us suppose an hour-kalendar, and then our new style will be found to differ just six hours from the old.

We perform our exercises (such as they are) mostly by candle-light: sedentary sports are

most fashionable; such as enfeeble the body, and render it listless and delicate in all its motions. We have indeed a few robust, clownish gentlemen; but in general they are thought disqualified for any considerable posts, whether civil or military; and they are seldom or never promoted to any titles of honour above knighthood. The only exercise now practised, that seems to require some force of arm, and a lively spring in the wrist, is the violent rattling of two little square bones, in a small cylindrical box, about five inches deep, and two and a half diameter.

FREE-THINKER, No. 122, May 22, 1719.

No. XV.

——— *Non illa loco, neque origine gentis*
Clara, sed arte fuit.

OVID.

'She was illustrious neither for her rank nor family, but for her learning and accomplishments.

WHEN the Emperor Theodosius (the younger) had resolved upon making choice of a consort, he would often advise with his sister Pulcheria Augusta concerning a proper person. Pulcheria gave up her whole time and attention to inquire out a worthy partner of her brother's bed, amongst the number of young ladies of noble, or of royal blood, whom she (in this view) educated within the palace, under her own inspection. Theodosius had declared to his sister, that his desire was to have a virgin of such extraordinary beauty as might eclipse the lustre of all the bright damsels of Constantinople; and if, besides, she was of a royal lineage, that he should be the better pleased; but that, in his estimation, neither nobleness of birth, nor royal descent, nor the addition of wealth, should come in competition with beauty; for that, upon the whole, let her family be never so obscure, the virgin of the most finished charms should

be his bride. The Emperor's resolution being fully known in this particular, Pulcheria dispatched persons of judgment into all parts of the world, in quest of beauty: and Paulinus, a young favourite courtier (who had been educated in the palace with Theodosius) studied likewise to gratify his master's inclinations, and made addresses every where amongst the ladies, to find out a matchless maid.

About this time it came to pass, that Athenais (a Greek virgin, of exquisite make and feature, and extraordinary learning) came to Constantinople upon the following occasion. Her father, who was a very learned man, had inserted the subsequent clause in his will: "I give to my dearly beloved daughter only one hundred pieces of money; because her beauty, and her erudition, in which she excels her whole sex, will be a sufficient portion to her." When the will came to be opened, upon the father's decease, and Athenais saw she was in express words cut off from her full share of the inheritance; she applied herself for redress to her two brothers, who were made co-heirs. She hung upon their knees, beseeching them that they would not insist upon the inequality of the will, but suffer her to come in for a third part of the father's estate; since they knew she did

not deserve to be disinherited, by the least forfeiture in her duty towards him. Nevertheless, her brothers were inexorable: they not only slighted the petition of their sister; but, in their anger, turned her out of her father's house.

Hereupon, Athenais fled to her aunt by the mother's side; who not only entertained her, as her ward; but gave her protection, as a virgin. This lady conducted her to her father's sister; and both the aunts agreeing to undertake the cause of their fair niece, they commenced a suit against her brothers. They acquainted the most religious Princess Pulcheria of the severe usage she had met with from her own brothers, and at the same time took an opportunity to commend Athenais for her eloquence.

When Pulcheria found she was a damsel of extraordinary beauty, learning, and eloquence; she asked her relations whether she was a virgin? The Princess being thoroughly informed of the great care the father of Athenais had taken of her chastity, and how she had been trained up by him in a long and regular institution of philosophy; orders were given, she should be entertained in the palace amongst the ladies whom Pulcheria had assembled; and her aunts were dismissed with an assurance that their petitions should be granted. When the

Princess heard the beautiful stranger make her own complaint, and relate the circumstances of her injurious treatment, and her conduct upon it, she was sufficiently convinced of her eloquence, of her prudence, and the admirable dexterity with which she had managed her own affairs. Upon this, she determined to marry Athenais to the Emperor; and to promote her design, she acquainted him that she had at last found an unblemished young virgin, of an exquisite form: her forehead fair and smooth, her lineaments lovely, her features regular, her skin white as snow, her air uncommon, woman-like in her motion, learned, and of a Greek extraction.

The youthful Theodosius was fired with the description of so complete a beauty; when, sending for his friend and favourite, Paulinus, he desired his sister to appoint Athenais an audience in her apartments, under the pretence of speaking with her about her own business; that by this means he and his favourite might behold her unveiled. She was accordingly introduced into the apartment of the Princess, where Theodosius viewed her with raptures, and Paulinus with astonishment. Soon after, she was converted to christianity; for she had been bred a pagan, of the Greek religion.

Hereupon Pulcheria sent for Atticus, the Bishop, to baptise her by the name of Eudocia; and, immediately after, she was married to the Emperor.

Eudocia, the Empress, was a person of very extraordinary natural abilities, which she had improved by all kinds of Latin as well as Greek literature. She was mistress of both the active and contemplative parts of philosophy. She perfectly understood the art of speaking eloquently, and of reasoning justly; and knew the methods of proving and convincing by arguments, as well as of refuting adversaries; in which no man was ever so great a proficient. She attained to a more perfect knowledge of astronomy, of geometry, and of the proportions of numbers, than any one could boast of in her time. To these accomplishments she added the skill of poetry: and while many famous orators published panegyrics on Theodosius, for his victory over the Persians; the Empress composed poems in heroic verse on the same occasion. For these and other poetical works she was so much celebrated, that two of the historians style her the Poet, while the rest call her the Philosopher.

I must not omit to mention one passage more, to the honour of Eudocia; which will at once

shew the united force of her philosophy and christianity. She preferred her two brothers to the two most considerable posts in the empire; and instead of reproaching them, she said, "If they had not obliged me to leave my country, I should never have visited Constantinople, where I am advanced to empire."

Philosophy has been honoured in the male sex, by Marcus Antoninus; and in Eudocia, we see it has been raised to as great dignity by a woman. So that, I hope, the ladies will not for the future suffer the men to arrogate to themselves the whole glory of learning and wisdom.

FREE-THINKER, No. 148, Aug. 21, 1719.

The romantic adventures of the empress Eudocia have been recorded by the eloquent pen of the Historian of the Roman empire, who, to the incidents related in this paper, has added the events of her subsequent life; events, of which many, I am sorry to say, throw a shade over the lustre of her early virtues. See Gibbon, 8vo. edit. vol. v. p. 423, et seq.

No. XVI.

Οιηπερ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και Ανδρων.

HOMER.

Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

I HAVE been impatient for an opportunity of returning thanks to the ingenious gentleman, who sent me the following serious entertainment, which has laid by me ever since the nineteenth of February. The uncommon cast of invention, and the freedom of imagination, which shine through this amusing little piece, will recommend it to persons of a lively thought: to engage their attention yet more earnestly, I may justly say, that the author's bold allusion conveys an instruction of the greatest moment; a lesson, the most effectual of any in the compass of philosophy, to humble the vanity and ambition of men.

"Cicero, in the first book of his Tusculan Questions, finely exposes the vain judgment we are apt to form of the duration of human life, compared to eternity. In illustrating this argument, he quotes a passage of natural history from Aristotle, concerning a species of insects

on the banks of the river Hypanis, that never out-live the day wherein they are born.

"To pursue the thoughts of this elegant writer; let us suppose one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so famed in history) was in a manner coeval with time itself; that he began to exist at the break of day; and that, from the uncommon strength of his constitution, he has been able to shew himself active in life through the numberless minutes of ten or twelve hours.

"Through so long a series of seconds, he must have acquired vast wisdom in his way, from observation and experience. He looks upon his fellow-creatures, who died about noon, to be happily delivered from the many inconveniences of old age; and can perhaps recount to his grandson a surprising tradition of actions, before any records of their nation were extant. The young swarm, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his person with respect, and listen to his improving discourse. Every thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-lived generation. The compass of a day will be esteemed the whole duration of time; and the first dawn of light will, in their chronology, be styled the great æra of their creation.

"Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this Nestor of Hypanis, should, a little before his death, and about sun-set, send for all his descendants, his friends, and his acquaintance; out of the desire he may have to impart his last thoughts to them, and admonish them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the spacious shelter of a mushroom; and the dying sage addresses himself to them after the following manner:—

'Friends and fellow-citizens, I perceive the longest life must have an end: the period of mine is now at hand: neither do I repine at my fate, since my great age is become a burden; and there is nothing new to me under the sun. The calamities and revolutions I have seen in my country; the manifold private misfortunes to which we are all liable; and the fatal diseases incident to our race; have abundantly taught me this lesson—that no happiness can be secure nor lasting, which is placed in things that are out of our power. Great is the uncertainty of life! a whole brood of infants has perished in a moment by a keen blast: shoals of our straggling youth have been swept into the waves by an unexpected breeze: what wasteful deluges have we suffered from a sudden shower! our strongest holds are not proof against a storm of

hail; and even a dark cloud makes the stoutest hearts to quail.

'I have lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a larger size and stronger make, and (I must add) of greater virtue, than any can boast of in the present generation. I must conjure you to give yet farther credit to my latest words, when I assure you, that yonder sun, which now appears westward beyond the water, and seems not to be far distant from the earth, in my remembrance stood in the middle of the sky, and shot his beams directly down upon us. The world was much more enlightened in those ages, and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me if I affirm, that glorious being moves: I saw his first setting-out in the east; and I began my race of life near the time when he began his immense career. He has for several ages advanced along the sky with vast heat, and unparalleled brightness; but now, by his declension, and a sensible decay (more especially of late) in his vigour, I foresee that all nature must fail in a little time, and that the creation will lie buried in darkness in less than a century of minutes.

'Alas! my friends, how did I once flatter myself with the hopes of abiding here for ever! How magnificent are the cells which I hollowed

out for myself! What confidence did I repose in the firmness and spring of my joints, and in the strength of my pinions! But I have lived enough to nature, and even to glory: neither will any of you whom I leave behind have equal satisfaction in life, in the dark, declining age, which I see is already begun."

Thus far my unknown correspondent pursues his fiction upon the thought of Cicero; neither will it seem extravagant to those who are acquainted with the manner of instruction practised by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant: and, after his example, we may send the ambitious or the covetous man, who seems to overlook the shortness and uncertainty of life, to the little animals upon the banks of the Hypanis; let him consider their transitory state, and be wise. We, like the ephemeri, have but a day to live: the morning, and noon, and the evening of life, is the whole portion of our time: many perish in the very dawn; and the man (out of a million) who lingers on to the evening twilight, is not accounted happy.

The right use of this reflection is, not to make men regardless of posterity; nor to slacken their diligence in the pursuit of any kind of knowledge that becomes a reasonable mind; nor yet

to abate their industry, in endeavouring by honest means to acquire a comfortable subsistence for themselves and their children: on the contrary, our very nature prompts us to action and contemplation; and the indolent, listless person, who delivers himself up to idleness, and whose whole time is a blank, grows tired of himself, and is every hour oppressed with his own laziness. What then are we to learn from our precarious, transitory condition? The most important precept of wisdom; the great document of human prudence, which we should perpetually inculcate to ourselves, from youth to age, and imprint it on our hearts as the peculiar and lasting signature of sound sense: namely, that there is no consideration in life sufficient to tempt a wise man to sacrifice one truth, or one virtue, to the folly of avarice, or the madness of ambition.

This has been the settled judgment of the men most renowned for their understanding, in all ages; and, as it is finely expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon; I cannot recommend it with greater energy and authority, than by giving it to the reader in his own words: "What hath pride profited us? or what good have riches with our vaunting brought us? All

those things are passed away like a shadow; and as a post that hasted by; and as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which, when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the path-way of the keel in the waves: or as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found; but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found: or, like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again; so that a man cannot know where it went through:—even so we, in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to shew; but were consumed in our own wickedness."

FREE-THINKER, No. 114, Apr. 24, 1719.

Of this admirable paper, the production of Dr. Pearce, what a poetical and impressive epitome do we possess in a few lines of Gray; who, in his Ode to Spring, contrasting the human species with the insect world, emphatically remarks;—

To Contemplation's sober eye,
  Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
  Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest;
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
" Poor moralist! and what art thou?"—
A solitary fly!

No. XVII.

Utile dulci.

HORAT.

To blend instruction with delight.

It is said of the late Duke of Buckingham, who was famous for being equally lavish of his wit and his money, that when he invited a sprightly mixed company to dine with him, he would often have a concealed amanuensis to take minutes of the table-talk; that, in the evening, he might divert his more intimate companions with the several digressions, incoherences, and odd notions, which were started at dinner. It happened one day (as my story goes), that one of the guests, who was a chymist, while he was over eager in an argument, ate salt with powdered beef, which the rest of the company thought had lain too long in the brine. Hereupon a musician, who sat over against the chymist, asked him, if he could give a reason for his extraordinary manner of diet. The virtuoso (thinking it a reflection on his profession, to seem ignorant in the use of salts) replied, the beef was over-seasoned: and a general laughter arising upon his answer, he gravely added, that

salt beef, eaten with salt, was as fresh as fresh beef; and in some respects, fresher. This aphorism, when it came to be read at night, was (for the singularity of it) thought worthy to be recorded, as a standing jest upon the adepts.

This practice of the Duke's might be improved to very good purpose, in the evening-conversations of ingenious men; who, in the run of discourse, often strike out observations which they would be glad to recollect the next morning. To explain myself by an example: six gentlemen (well met) sat one evening over a moderate bowl of punch. "A standish and a sheet of paper lying on the table (says Bianco) will be no interruption to good fellowship: who knows but we may give the Free-Thinker a holiday, by throwing one hour's conversation into some method? We have not studied to converse only like brocaded things: do we not know, that men accustomed to think, can raise useful reflections out of the slightest hints?" The motion was agreed to; when Fidelio proposed, for a trial of skill, that every other person should tell a short story; upon which his right hand man should be obliged to furnish some uncommon remarks. This motion was likewise assented to, and they drew lots; whereby it was Bianco's chance to begin with

a story, which he introduced in the following manner:—

"I congratulate myself doubly upon the favourableness of my lot; first, in that the labouring oar does not lie on me; and next, that I have a partner whose invention can adorn the most barren subject: therefore, I shall not have recourse to either history or fiction for a story fraught with instruction; but give you a late incident in low life (the truth of which I can attest), seemingly of little significancy. About the time of the late unnatural rebellion, there were two foot soldiers in Ireland, who, upon a rejoicing day, were greatly distressed for want of powder to express their joy. To their misfortune, they contrived to get by stealth into the magazine belonging to their barracks; where, finding no loose powder, one of them had the ingenuity to pierce a barrel with a red-hot iron: instantly the whole store of powder was blown up, and both the poor wretches destroyed."

"I am pleased (says Euphues) to observe the struggle there is between mirth and compassion in all your countenances, upon this ridiculous disaster: but my friend has set me a task, of which I know not how I shall be able to acquit myself." Then pausing a while, he said, "We need not be very much surprised at the awkward

ingenuity of this simple fellow, if we consider, that politicians, courtiers, divines, lawyers, physicians, and merchants, are often guilty of as obvious and fatal oversights in their different ways of reasoning. How many go to work with improper tools! how many think by halves, and (like the soldier) do not see an inch before them! how many controversialists (of late) have blown up the cause they undertook to defend! in a word, every rash, inconsiderate man, runs a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder."

When those two gentlemen had received the thanks of the company, Irenarchus took his turn next, saying:—"I shall follow the example of Bianco, by taking likewise a story in low life, to which I happened to be a witness; and I question not, but my right-hand man will answer our expectations, in animadverting upon it. On the eighth of June last, there was an execution of five malefactors; and a surgeon obtained one of the bodies, to be dissected. The body was conveyed to his house, though not so privately but some of the populace got notice of it, and the widow of the deceased was soon informed where the corpse of her very late husband lay. The woman came immediately to the surgeon's house, attended with a cla-

morous retinue, to rescue the dead body of her husband from the terrors of anatomy. The surgeon, thinking she might be mistaken, suffered her to go up into the garret to view the corpse. She immediately threw herself upon the body, embracing and kissing it with the utmost signs of grief and fondness; and was not forced from it without great difficulty. In the mean time, the family being apprehensive of mischief from the unruly posse without doors, they gave the poor woman a shilling to assuage her passion, and send her away in better temper. Hereupon her countenance instantly changed; she spit in her hand, put the money in her pocket, and said it was the only shilling she had ever got by him since her marriage. She consented to let them use the body as they pleased, and promised to come the next day to see the operation."

"My leader's narration (says Laertes) has justly thrown a mixture of indignation and surprise into your smiles. The strange and almost incredible behaviour of this woman, brings to my mind some reflections I have formerly made upon mankind. Persons of refined spirits and sublime notions, and whose birth and education have placed them too high to look into

the meannesses of their own species, cannot readily conceive there should be such a vulgarity in human nature, as has been shewn us by Irenarchus. On the other hand, base, degenerate souls, bred in ignorance and dishonour, are incapable of comprehending the excellencies and the sublimities of an heroic mind: and when such earthlings hear, or read, of a gallant action, or a noble passion, they immediately conclude it to be all romance, invented to lead the credulous out of the practice of the world. Thus one part of mankind is placed, as it were, out of sight of the other; and the philosopher only, who reflects much upon the virtues and the vices of men, can distinctly discern the two extremes of life."

These two gentlemen were likewise applauded for their performance; and, when the company had drank round, Fidelio began as follows. "The story which occurs to me is in high life; nevertheless, it shall not rise in dignity above either of the two foregoing pieces; that my associate may not be deprived of the glory of throwing out useful reflections on no important subject. A correspondent of mine, in the northern parts of Europe, in one of his letters, entertained me with an account of some rope-

dancers, that came last winter to the city where the court then resided. These vagabonds had the honour to shew their feats of activity before the sovereign of the country; and his majesty being highly delighted with their performances, the nobles likewise, in complaisance to their master, attended these exercises; but their hearts were sorrowful, when they perceived their prince took a particular liking to these foreign agilities. And why? truly, because they feared his majesty would oblige them, at the hazard of their limbs, to learn to dance upon the ropes for his diversion!"

"You have justly applauded this short article of news with a genuine unmixed laughter (says Eutrapelus); I can hardly persuade myself to interrupt your mirth with any thing serious upon it. However, to conform to rules; what endless fears and jealousies must alarm the subjects of a despotic prince, who is no great philosopher! they die beneath his frowns, and they live in terror under his smiles: there is no certain method of softening the one, nor of fixing the other; since they are both influenced by the capriciousness of a will that acts without control. The grandees, who are more imme-

diately under his eye, are in more conspicuous danger than the inferior people, who escape his notice. All are slaves alike, and the nobleman is but the fore-horse in the team."

FREE-THINKER, No. 144, August 7, 1719.

No. XVIII.

——Animum pictura pascit inani.
VIRGIL.

——With an empty picture fed his mind.
DRYDEN.

IN distinguishing the merits of men, as no allusions are more natural and easy, more clear and expressive, than those taken from weighing their different pretensions in a balance; so we find this figure made use of by the most ancient and best authors. In the book of Job (which is allowed to be one of the oldest, as well as one of the sublimest, pieces of poetry), Job, in one place, pathetically cries out, "O! that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together!" In another place he prays, "Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity!" In the Psalms (which are bold and noble compositions in the lyric kind), the wicked man is said to be "deceitful upon the weights;" and to be "lighter than vanity itself." Daniel (who was the greatest and most accomplished man of his age) declares to Belshazzar, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting." Ho-

mer, in his Iliad, represents Jupiter weighing in his golden scales, at one time, the fates of Greece and Troy; at another, the destinies of Achilles and Hector. It is well known, that Virgil has herein almost translated Homer; and that Milton has copied, and, at the same time, added new beauties to the fiction of the Greek and Latin poets. But the most beautiful imagery of this sort, is that mentioned by Plutarch, in a tragedy of Æschylus; wherein, at the single combat of Achilles and Memnon, the mother-goddesses (Thetis and Aurora) appear, one on the right, the other on the left side of Jupiter's scales; each anxiously imploring, that her son's fate might prevail in the balance. From this incident, the tragedian gave to his Play the name of Psychostasia; which is sufficient to warrant my calling this paper by the mechanical term of Psychostatics; or, in plain English, the weighing of souls. And our own language favours me yet farther in this metaphor, which calls a person of superior worth, a man of weight.

Cebes has represented human life in general, by a picture in a temple at Athens: in imitation of this ancient and lively way of allegory, I shall figure out some particular instances of weighing the merits and the demerits of per-

sons, in a history-piece, proper to adorn an apartment in the house of any British nobleman, who thinks he can bear it. Let me, therefore, allot two spacious rooms to this design: in the outward shall be represented the weighing of false, and in the inward and more retired, the weighing of true merit.

Methinks, as I enter the outward room, a glaring light dazzles my eyes; when, looking up to the roof, I behold (at the farther end) a Fame of a monstrous size, like the figure described by Virgil: she blows a large trumpet, seemingly of gold; but the gilding is laid on so thin, that the brass underneath may be easily discovered by a judicious eye. The rest of the cieling is filled with the battles of Alexander, and the conquests of Lewis the fourteenth, in the most glittering and gaudy colours. One half of the compartment is full of French and English cavaliers, fighting duels: the other half, of several persons with rage and despair in their looks; some with bowls at their lips; others with daggers at their breasts; and in the middle sits Cato, with a sullen brow, holding in one hand Plato of the Immortality of the Soul, and a sword in the other. The cornish is embossed with medallions of modern dramatic writers, smatterers in natural philosophy and mathe

matics, pretenders to free-thinking, party-patriots, and the noisy zealots of every communion.

On the walls are various experiments of Psychostatics represented: either side displays a number of scales erected on eminences, each at a proper distance, with a human figure in every one of them, mounted up to the very beam; and underneath stand crowds of spectators, in whose faces appears the surprise of disappointment. On the right, in the most distinguished point of view, is seen a grave solemn figure, of sanctified look, with eyes and hands lifted towards heaven. His garb is a long robe, like that which the Pharisees wore; and in his lap lies a book of devotion, spread open. The reason why this venerable person weighs so light, is soon discovered, by looking into the lower scale, that preponderates by virtue of a small weight of gold, on which is engraved "Sincerity."

Beneath this Psychostatical experiment, one may see a mixed multitude, made up of several of the religious orders in the Romish church; of ladies in hoop-petticoats, with white roses in their bosoms; of men, some in gowns with long slit sleeves, and large black roses in their hats; others, in short clokes, with little ebony canes

in their hands; and, hard by, is drawn a separate group of men and women, in habits plain and unfashionable, and of peculiar countenances.

On the left of the room, the most conspicuous portraiture is an elderly man, with a gold chain about his neck; his shoulders are loaded with three bags, on each of which is inscribed a "Plumb;" but, nevertheless, the scale he is placed in rises to the utmost height: and, in the prevailing balance, lie two boxes; the one containing the writings of an orphan's estate, to whom he was guardian; the other, an account of money put out at fifty per cent.

Casting my eye directly forward, fronting me appears a large pair of golden scales, hung to a silver beam; in one of which stands, in danger of falling, a pert figure, with a scarlet hat on his head, in a purple robe, holding in one hand a roll, inscribed, "A league with the Turks;" in the other, a little scrap of paper, endorsed, "The hopes of the Pretender." Amazed to see this important figure kick the beam, I cast my eyes into the weighty scale; and in it I find four parchments, tied together with a ribbon, in which was wove in capital letters, "The Quadruple Alliance."

FREE-THINKER, No. 149, August 24, 1719.

No. XIX.

Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos;
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas:
Sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
Plena malis!

JUVENAL.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.

JOHNSON.

THERE was upon a time an old Queen, so very far stricken in years that her majesty was toothless and bald: her head shook and trembled perpetually, like the leaves of an aspen; and her sight was so dim, that spectacles were of no longer use to her: her mouth was almost hid by the near approach of the nose to the chin; her stature was so diminished, that she was shrunk into a shapeless heap; and her back was so bowed, that you would have thought she had been crooked from her infancy.

A Fairy, who assisted at the birth of this Queen, came to her and said, "Do you desire to grow young again?"—"Most earnestly (replied the queen); I would part with all my jewels to be but twenty."—"Then (continued

the Fairy) it will be necessary to make an exchange, and to transfer your age and infirmities to some one who will be contented to spare you her youth and health. To whom, therefore, shall we give your hundred years?"

Hereupon the Queen gave orders to make diligent inquiry throughout the kingdom, for a person who might be willing to barter youth for age, upon a valuable consideration. When these orders were publicly known, a great many poor people, from all parts, flocked to the court; all of them desirous to be made old and rich: but, when they had seen the queen at dinner, hideous in her infirmities, trembling and coughing over a mess of water-gruel, and doating ever and anon as she spoke, not one was inclinable to take up the burden of her years. They chose rather to live by begging, and to enjoy youth and health in rags. There came, likewise, a crowd of ambitious persons, to whom she promised great dignities and the highest honours: but when they had seen her; "What will all our grandeur avail (said they), when we shall appear so frightful as to be ashamed to shew ourselves in public?"

At last there came a young country girl, whose name was Mopsy, in full bloom; who demanded no less than the crown, as an equi-

valent for her youth and beauty. The Queen immediately grew angry; but to what purpose? she was bent upon renewing her vigour at any rate, and she said to Mopsy, " Let us divide my kingdom, and share alike : you shall reign over the one half, and I will content myself with the other : this will be power enough in conscience for you, who are but a little mean peasant." "No (replies the girl), I am not so easily satisfied ; let me enjoy my obscure condition and my rosy complexion, and much good may it do your majesty with your hundred years and your wrinkles, and more than one foot in the grave."—" But then (says the Queen), what should I be able to do without my kingdom ?" —" You would laugh, you would dance, you would sing, like me ; " answers the young gypsey ; and immediately she broke out into laughter, and danced, and sung. The Queen, who was far from being in a condition to imitate her jollity, said ; "And what would you do in my place ? you are neither accustomed to old age, nor empire. "—" I cannot well say (answers this country lass) what I should do, but I have a month's mind to try it a little; for I have always heard it is a fine thing to be a queen."

When the two parties seemed now disposed

to an agreement, and were ready to strike the bargain, in comes the Fairy; and, addressing herself to Mopsy, said, "Are you willing to make trial of the condition of an old queen; and see first how you like it, before you resolve upon the change in good earnest?" —"With all my heart," replies the girl. Her forehead is instantly furrowed with wrinkles, her chesnut hair turns white, she grows peevish and morose, her head shakes, her teeth are loose, and she is already an hundred years old. The fairy then opens a little box, and lets out a multitude of officers and courtiers of both sexes, richly appareled; who soon shot up into the full stature of men and women, and paid their homage to the new queen. She is conducted to her chair of state, and a costly banquet is immediately set before her: but, alas! she has no appetite, and cannot bear the fumes of the table: her limbs fail her when she tries to walk; she is awkward and bashful, and in a maze; she knows not how to speak, nor which way to turn herself; she calls for a looking-glass, and is startled at her own deformity; and she coughs till her sides ache.

In the mean time, the true Queen stands in a corner of the room, by herself; she laughs, and begins to grow handsome. Her temples are

shaded with hair, and she renews her teeth; her cheeks glow with youth, and her forehead is fair and smooth. And now she begins to recollect her youthful airs and virgin coyness; and sets her person out to the best advantage. But, she is troubled to find herself but meanly appareled; her coats short and scanty; and her waistcoat of a coarse woollen stuff: she was not used to be thus poorly equipped; and one of her own guards, who took her for some rude creature, went to turn her out of the palace.

Then said Mopsy to her, "I perceive you are not a little uneasy in my condition, and I am much more weary of yours; take your crown again, and give me back my russet garment." The exchange was soon made: as soon the queen withered, and the virgin-peasant bloomed afresh. The restitution was hardly completed on both sides, when each began to repent; but it was too late, for the Fairy had now condemned them both to remain in their proper condition.

The queen bewailed herself daily upon the smallest indisposition: "Alas! (would she say) if I was Mopsy at this time, I should sleep indeed in a cottage, and feed upon chesnuts; but then, by day, I should dance in the shade with the shepherds, to the sweet music of the

pipe. What am I happier for lying in an embroidered bed, where I am never free from pain? or, for my numerous attendants, who have not the power to relieve me?"

Her grief for having forfeited her choice increased her indispositions; and the physicians (who were twelve in number) constantly attending her, soon brought her distempers to a height. Briefly, she died at the end of two months. Mopsy was in the midst of a dance with her companions, on the bank of a running stream, when tidings came of the Queen's death: then she blessed herself that she had escaped from royalty, more through good-fortune and impatience, than through forecast and resolution.

FREE-THINKER, No. 92, Feb. 6, 1718.

No. XX.

> We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him agen;
> For why should a blockhead have one in ten?
>
> OLD SONG.

THE following treatise, occasioned by a report that the Tithe-bill would be revived this sessions, was sent from an unknown person, by the post, to our bookseller.

"His Worship holding the Parson's Tithe-pig by the tail; or, Five Arguments, most humbly offered to the public, and more particularly addressed to many members of the honourable House of Commons; setting forth and shewing the great reason there is for passing the Tithe-bill (as it is commonly called), which was brought before the Parliament the last sessions, though unfortunately not ordered a second reading.

"Courteous Reader,

"I look upon it as one of the chief causes of the decay of primitive christianity, that there is any set of men particularly appointed to attend upon the affairs of religion. We should certainly do much better without them than with them, and be able to find a way

to make their revenues more serviceable to the good of the nation, and turn to a much better account, than they do at present. If religion is a personal thing between God and a man's own conscience (as without all doubt it must be), it then follows from the reason and nature of things, and is demonstratively proved by the Independent Whig, that there cannot be the least occasion for a parson, and that every man ought to be a spiritual guide unto himself; for which the countrymen and day-labourers of England seem at present to be extremely well qualified; they being most of them able, as I have been credibly informed, to read English.

"As for the clergy, it must be acknowledged that they have hitherto tolerably well maintained their ground. But how have they maintained it? or why have they been able to maintain it? why, not by their own great learning and abilities; not by the exemplariness of their lives, or the prudence of their behaviour; but by a constant fatal mismanagement in the worthy gentlemen who have opposed them; who, by laying their arguments in too loose, indigested, and incoherent a way; and by being more intent upon exposing the follies, weaknesses, or wickednesses of particular persons, than upon the grand point of shewing the use-

lessness of the order itself; have ever given the soberer and more rational part of the clergy some room for acclamation and triumph. I must say for my present performance (and I hope that it will not be thought to have the least tendency towards vanity), that I have carefully avoided this method. I argue close; I keep to the point; and do not let my reader lose sight of the subject, as is commonly done by most writers: and though I have purposely insisted only upon five arguments, when I could very well have produced treble the number; yet, I hope, these five are so well managed, and set in so clear a light, that the Reverends and the Right Reverends will find themselves held to hard diet, and have a very troublesome and difficult bone to pick.

"Fare thee well, live and grow wiser.

"Before I proceed to lay my arguments for passing the Tithe-bill before my reader, I must beg leave, by way of introduction, to premise, and very solemnly to assure him, that I have set myself with the utmost impartiality, and without the least bias on my mind of interest, prejudice, or passion, to examine the subject. I can safely say that I have not, nay, that I never had, any private quarrel or misunder-

standing with any clergyman whatsoever; but, on the contrary, have lived, and do even now live, with many of them in very great freedom and familiarity; and have no possible objection against very many among them, as to their manners or their morals, or indeed in any other respect than as they wear the gown and cassock.

"As to my being prejudiced against them: it may rather, and with a greater show of reasoning, be objected by a lay-man, that I am prejudiced for them; because in fact I was bred up a member of the Church of England, and still continue to profess myself a member of it; and am not ashamed of confessing, that if we must have a Church (for which, I hope, no one will think me ignorant enough to believe that there is any occasion), I, really and strictly speaking, consider the Church of England as the best constituted, and freest from pedantry, moroseness, and superstition, of any Church in the whole world.

"And, lastly, as to my being interested in the affair, this can surely only be urged by those who are not acquainted with me, or my circumstances; for here I protest (and I can, if there is the least scruple remaining, bring sufficient evidence to the truth of what I say) that I do

not pay tithe for a single foot of land in his majesty's whole dominions; the little fortune that I have consisting chiefly in money, together with two or three copperas works, for which there was never any thing demanded, or so much as pretended to be demanded, by the neighbouring minister.

"I say thus much, to obviate any unjust reflections, or loud-mouthed clamours, which may very probably come from the clergy quarter, on account of my not being a competent judge, and writing with partiality on the subject; and I likewise say it, to dispose the laity to attend to the following arguments (which, by the way, ought to be in every one of their hands, from the highest to the lowest) with the same candour and disinterestedness with which they were first drawn up, and are now sent into the world by me.

"And, first, let me take notice, that the passing of this Bill would, in a great measure, tend to lessen the exorbitant incomes and overgrown revenues of the rural clergy; who are generally observed, by those who are acquainted with their last wills and testaments (and particularly by the learned and facetious author of a late London Journal), to die immensely rich, and to leave vast fortunes to their daughters.

Taking the livings of England at a medium, I dare say that they will even amount to near fourscore and ten pounds a year; and I am not ignorant that some persons will pretend to carry the computation higher. And whether this is not an extravagant allowance for only getting up in the pulpit once a week, and reading an old sermon, when many an honest man labours in his lawful vocation of hedging, or mud-wall making, the whole year for the fourth part of the income, I must leave to the consideration of every rational and understanding Englishman.

"A second reason for passing this Bill is, that it would make pork and bacon plentiful (which, by the way, may be looked on as the staple diet of the nation); and of consequence it would render labour cheap, and save the government a vast deal of money in victualling out their fleet, the next time they are obliged to make an expedition at such a great distance from us as Spithead. 'Tis no secret to the whole nation, and even in the mouth of every apprentice, provided he has any right turn to ingenuity and free-thinking, that the clergy are great lovers of roasting pigs. Now, upon a very moderate computation, and not to carry the thing higher than it will bear, supposing that there are ten

thousand clergymen in England (I exclude the London Readers and Country Curates, because they are Jewishly inclined, and have most of them scruples of conscience against this sort of diet, unless at a christening); and allowing to every clergyman three roasting pigs (which is as low as we can put it, without doubt many of the clergy eat five or six); and farther, supposing that two parts in three of these pigs are sows (and we cannot well imagine that there should be fewer females, since these are generally made choice of by the tither, as best agreeing with the parson's liquorish tooth); and allowing that these sow pigs would, one with another, if not killed young, have five more at a litter, and two litters in a year (which is a very reasonable reckoning); why then it follows, that the clergy are the cause of lessening the stock of pigs yearly in the nation, to the amount of two hundred thousand, besides the ten thousand boar pigs, and besides what they devour of brawn, hams, and flitch-bacon. And whether this is not an insupportable charge upon our country, and the great cause of the decay of our trade, will be well worth my worthy friend Mr. H——'s enlarging upon, the next time he makes another polite speech

before the Honourable Directors of the South-Sea Company.

"A third reason for passing the Bill against the clergy is, that they are very considerable lesseners of the king's revenues, by being a constant clog upon the consumption of our home commodities, and by their over and officious impertinence in preaching against that jollity and good fellowship, which are so well known to augment his majesty's duties upon rum, cyder, perry, ale, brandy, and that reviving liquor commonly distinguished by the name of gin. Not but that, to do the clergy justice, there are many among them very good commonwealths-men in these respects; and I believe (was there any occasion for it, and would the good deeds of some of them make amends for the faults of others), proper vouchers might be produced of some hundreds among them, who are very pains-taking gentlemen, and who, almost every night of their lives, give demonstrative proofs of their firm and inviolable attachment to the true interest of their king and country on the former account. But some hundreds are very inconsiderable, when we speak of the bulk of the clergy, who are well known both to preach and to practise such un-

profitable commodities as temperance and sobriety; and to talk a deal of idle stuff against many of the social virtues, such as profuseness and prodigality; and impertinently to busy themselves, and to make a mighty stir against the erecting of ale-houses and brandy-shops. And, of consequence (I insist upon it as the justest reasoning, and which may be made out beyond contradiction), they are direct enemies (for I cannot well use a milder term) to their king and country, by annually sinking the taxes; and their conduct very visibly and plainly affects the landed interest (which is a good hint, by the bye, to make the country squires look about them), by lowering the price of barley.

"A fourth argument for passing the Bill, and which indeed is of full as much importance as any of the former, is, that the clergy are constant and unwearied enemies to all regularity, order, and good government in every society. I don't mean by this to charge them with being in a foreign interest, or to insinuate as if they had any designs directly against his majesty King George (no, the fellows are devilish cunning, and love the Protestant religion too well for this); but what I mean is, that they are for ever disturbing his majesty's country justices of

the peace in the execution of their office; impudently making parties in their several parishes against them; and drawing in all the poor, honest, sober, and most industrious part of the neighbours, to go to church, and side with them against the justice. What a goodly and pleasant thing would it be, and how near would it approach the original standard of government, to see the country squires of Great Britain (who are generally men of great humanity and good-breeding, of sound morals and unquestionable learning) acting without the least control or molestation in every one of their parishes; sending one man to gaol for not standing still while his worship was so kind as to beat him; another to the stocks for swearing, because his worship condescended to be a little too familiar with the fellow's wife; ordering a writ of ejectment against a third, for not breeding up a couple of young hounds for his worship's recreation; and assigning a fourth to the whipping-post, for sauciness and ill language, when his worship did him the honour of riding over his corn, and breaking his hedges: I say, what a goodly thing it would be to behold all this, and to see the eastern polite method of governing by bashas take place in our western part of the world! And this in fact would be the case in

most parishes, as it is already in some, did not those forward fellows, the parsons, thrust themselves into other persons' affairs, and often impudently take upon them to understand some of the laws, in opposition to his worship's way of explaining them; and did they not prate a deal of idle stuff about reason, justice, and equity; and make a horrid noise and pother about oppression, violence, and grinding the faces of the poor, to the no small obstruction of their worships' laudable proceedings.

"Besides, these fellows, more ways than one, disturb the peace of society: they will not suffer their worships to sleep in peace at church; they will not let them kiss their tenants' daughters in peace; they will not let them get drunk and play at cards on a Sunday in peace; and, to add to all their other offences, they will often even have the consummate impudence to apply to the Court of Exchequer for the tithes of his worship's estate, when his worship, out of his better judgment, and from his great knowledge of the law, thinks fit to detain them. And when all these things are weighed together, they are surely sufficient to engage all their worships to use their utmost interest with their representatives, that this Bill may pass.

"The last argument which I shall make use of

for passing this Bill against the clergy, is this; that, notwithstanding all their loud talk about abstinence, mortification, and self-denial, yet, upon a strict examination, and upon consulting the best authorities, we cannot but be persuaded that they eat and drink, that they sleep, they smoke, they wear shirts, and lye in sheets; that they marry wives, live in houses, get children, and do all the offices of life, after the same manner that the lay-men do them. I have been very credibly informed, nay, I make not the least doubt of the truth of it (because, as Bishop Burnet well observes, I had it from a person of undoubted reputation, who assured me that he had it from one who had it from a very considerable lady's woman's midwife, who had it from the gentlewoman's own mouth, who affirmed), that once, at a christening dinner, she saw the parson of the parish eat a very large slice of roast beef, two cuts of a marrow-pudding, a considerable deal of the breast of a turkey, and, after all, concluded with a mince pie!—Now if this account be true (and there is not the least room to call it in question), pray how can any one, after this, have the face to say one word for the parsons, or so much as pretend to offer any thing in defence of a body of men, who are such an intolerable and insup-

portable charge upon a trading nation? Shall we not all immediately give our votes, that their houses should be pulled down, and their parsonages applied to the relief of the sinking fund; that the fellows themselves should be sent to the plantations, and their wives and children be provided for in work-houses; that every master of a family should be obliged to supply the place of a parson under his own roof; and that in case his worship should not have a facility in reading English, he should have a toleration to provide himself with an able huntsman, who hath been brought up to learning, and is qualified to supply his place?—Though this way of proceeding with them seems extremely equitable, and not one bit or jot beyond what the parsons very richly deserve; yet I most humbly beg leave to dissent from it; and this (I assure you) not out of the least love or kindness to the parsons, or any tenderness towards their wives and children; but because I think that there is a method full as effectual to undo them, and which will answer the end full as well, and at the same time make less noise in the world, and give less offence to very many silly and well-disposed christians (who, by the way, cannot at once get over the prejudices of their youth, and lose all regard for a

set of men who have instructed them in the faith of that Saviour from whom they expect eternal happiness); and the method is this; to starve them by degrees, and to let them die inch by inch. Let the Tithe-bill pass, say I; let the whole onus probandi in recovering of tithes lie upon the country vicars; let them not be able to get a few of his worship's apples to make pies for their children, or a little milk to make them a pudding, without being at forty pounds charge: let their worships not only teaze and worry them themselves, but let them likewise set on all the purse-proud farmers in the several parishes to do the same thing; let their worships make new improvements, and not pay the least consideration for them, because there was never any thing paid before; and let the patrons of livings take effectual care to make considerable reservations of the glebe lands, when they lie contiguous to their own estates: let the capital farm in his worship's manor be exempt from all demands, on pretence of having belonged to some abbey; and let the poor vicar be at once oppressed and overborne by a powerful adversary, and a law be immediately trumped up, that his successors should acquiesce, and patiently and contentedly bear the oppression for ever after

it. I say, let the Tithe-bill pass, and let these methods be regularly and constantly followed for one twenty or thirty years, and I make not the least doubt (provided no extraordinary thing happen) but the clergy will be as poor, as miserable, as contemptible, and as incapable of doing any good in society, and of interrupting the repose of our country squires, as their greatest enemies would wish them.

"And, lastly, let me farther add, that when the Tithe-bill is passed, and another Bill, full as reasonable, relating to the game (and brought upon the stage at the same time with the other), by which the whole monopoly of woodcocks was to be ascertained to their worships and their heirs male; and no persons (under a severe penalty), besides the country squires and their eldest sons, impowered to lay springes for them for the future:—I say, let this Bill pass, as well as the other Bill, and let not only most of the parsons be debarred from that heinous and unpardonable crime of killing a hare, but also the greatest part of the attorneys, the counsellors, the physicians, the surgeons, the wealthy tradesmen, the merchants, and his majesty's officers in the army; and I dare promise my countrymen glorious times, and that hounds and horses, huntsmen and grooms,

setters and spaniels, hares and partridges, woodcocks, wild ducks and widgeon, foxes, badgers, and country squires, would bear an unlimited and uncontrolable sway, to the eternal praise and honour of Old England.

"POSTSCRIPT.

"Before I could persuade myself to send this performance abroad in the world, which I am very sensible must raise up a terrible spirit among the clergy, I prevailed with a friend (under the strictest secrecy) to shew it in manuscript to some neighbours, whom he looked upon to have the best judgments, and who would candidly and impartially deliver to him their sense of the thing, and what reception they thought it would meet with from the laity, for whose sake it was solely written.

"The first person he consulted was a very near neighbour to him, a Gentleman Farmer, who immediately declared that he never read any thing so good in his whole life: 'By golly (says he), h'as maul'd the parsons:' and then called out with the utmost transport to his wife; 'Nanny (says he), 'sbud we have now got the right pig by the ear; be sure you don't let the spotted sow go to brim before you know whether the Tithe-bill will pass.'

"The next he advised with was one of his Majesty's Justices of the Quorum, and indeed a very able and learned man he was; and his worship was so good to say so many kind things, and to express himself so much to the advantage of the author, that he cannot but think himself (out of modesty) obliged to conceal the whole discourse.

"The last person consulted was a very eminent and judicious Free-Thinker, who seemed, as my friend told me, not to read the thing with the least pleasure, or any sign of joy in his countenance; but after having gone over it twice, and made some remarks with his pencil, he, in a very grave and solemn manner, delivered him the paper, and expressed himself, as near as I can remember, in these words:—'Here (says he), give my humble service to the worthy author, and thank him from me, in the behalf of all the Free-Thinkers of England:'— and then he added,—'Take my word (says he), the thing will do; the right method of overturning religion, is, first to begin with the clergy; let us once get well rid of these fellows, and I make not the least question but that all the absurd doctrines about good and evil, about a resurrection, and a future judgment, hell and heaven,

God and the devil, will together go along with them."

The person who wrote the foregoing discourse, being a very public-spirited gentleman, and desiring to give all due encouragement to a work of this nature, which may be of such great benefit to the world, desired his printer to give notice, that if any country squire has a mind to do good among his neighbours and tenants, by putting this little treatise into their hands, he may be supplied with what number he has a mind to take, at 2s. 6d. a dozen, sent him, carriage paid, in any part of England.

MEMOIRS OF THE SOCIETY OF GRUB-STREET,
No. 120, April 20, 1732.

No. XXI.

Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat.

VIRGIL.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting-fields were prodigal of blood;
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode.

DRYDEN.

THE subject of this day's paper is the second part of Psychostatics, the weighing of true merit; which (to pursue the allegory) is to be represented in picture, on the walls of the inner and more retired room.

As poetry and painting are sister arts; so there is a particular affinity between history painting and epic poetry. This will justify my taking the whole design of the imagery from a passage in the sixth book of the Æneid: the place is, where the poet peoples his Elysium with a colony of inhabitants worthy of those blissful regions. His sentiments are noble and delicate; and he has, with the nicest judgment, here shadowed out the distinct kinds of true merit and excellency, which justly entitle men to superior degrees of esteem and glory.

I have taken part of the verses in the original for my present motto: and, as in the entire passage, Virgil specifies five kinds of great merit; answerable to his division, I shall distribute this second part of psychostatical experiments into five history-pieces: two of which shall be the entertainment of this day.

The first piece is much the largest, and fills the whole fronting wall at the upper end of the room. Here we see a prospect of the sea; and far off, on one side, is extended a flat coast, full of shoals, and fenced with dykes; behind which appears (in perspective) a level country; in which thick spread cities rise, many of them surrounded with water, and the streets adorned with trees and canals. On the shore of this country stand crowds of the inhabitants, with tears in their eyes, looking on a numerous fleet, which sails from them, and seems to direct its course towards a large neighbouring island. This island rises out of the sea, encompassed with white rocks, on which swarms a mixt multitude, of every rank and condition: by their countenances, and the spying-glasses which several of them use, it may be guessed that they wait for the arrival of the fleet, with no less concern than the opposite nation laments its departure. The face of the island is agreeably

diversified with cities, towns, villages, hills, rivers, woods, green meadows, and corn-fields; and the very mountains are clothed with grass.

On the level top of one of the mountains is erected a large balance: in the ascending scale hangs, tottering, a tall person, of a long, dejected visage, with a crown falling from his head, and a male infant in his arms. Below him, on the ground, stands a huge monster (like that by which the poets represent Faction) with a multiplicity of heads and hands: some of the hands tug at the cords of the scale, endeavouring to pull it downwards; others appear open, with heaps of French pistoles in the palms. The weightier scale descends as low as possible; and in it sits, on a throne, a princely figure: his look is majestic, wise, resolute, and honest; with an high forehead, and piercing eye. On the right and left side of this scale are placed two portraitures, that seem attentive to every motion of the prince. The figure on the right discovers in his aspect great penetration and affability; a golden mace lies by him, and he holds in one hand a large embroidered purse with the arms of England embossed upon it; in the other, a baron's coronet, with this device, "Prodesse quam conspici." On the left is the figure of a person much younger: in his

face appears a lively bloom, with an uncommon mixture of fire and judgment; to which is added a dignity, that declares him to be of noble birth: he is arrayed in a robe of black silk, adorned with loops and buttons of gold; and the whole figure seems to be the original of a picture I have seen (at full length) in Trinity College library, at Cambridge.

At a distance stand three females of importance. The first is a grave, beautiful matron; in whose face may be remarkably discerned meekness, humility, devotion, and sweetness: her dress is plain and decent; and her head is bound with a white fillet, in which is woven in red characters, "The Protestant Religion." The charms of the second are of another kind: her limbs shew an unusual vigour; her complexion is fair and bright; her eye lively and sparkling; but, though her air is free and cheerful, yet it is modest, and not discomposed: her garb, which sits easy, but not loose, is a silver brocade; on which the various emblems of "Liberty" are wrought in needle-work of gold. The beauty of the third fills the eye: and she bears a smiling contented countenance; her drapery is of the finest woollen manufacture; a chaplet of ears of wheat wreathes her temples; and she holds in one hand a mariner's compass, and in the other

a golden coin, on which is stamped "Property." These three ladies fix their eyes on the Prince in the prevailing scale, looking up to him as their patron and defender.

The four remaining psychostatical pieces are set in distinct pannels on a side wall of the room. In the first pannel, an angel, with wings expanded, holds an azure beam, that poises two scales: in the weighty scale is represented a person attired in a black satin robe, with sleeves of the finest lawn: his countenance is ingenuous, good-natured, and pious; he holds a bible open in his hands, and seems speaking to an attentive audience struck with concern: at his feet are placed three folio volumes; the uppermost lies open, and the title at the top of the page is "The Rule of Faith." It is amazing to see the mounting scale seemingly so loaded, and yet in effect so light: it is filled with a massy triple crown, golden crosiers, silver crucifixes, keys, dead men's bones, scourges, beads, wafers, and one velvet embroidered slipper.

FREE-THINKER, No. 157, Sept. 21, 1719.

No. XXII.

Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRGIL.

——— There sacred poets stood,
Who sung with all the raptures of a god;
Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd;
With those who leave a deathless name behind,
Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind.

PITT.

MY last paper was closed with an allegorical history-piece, which fills the first pannel in a side wall of the inner room; and now I shall point out the representations, which adorn the three remaining pannels; the subject of which will be found answerable to the three verses I quote from Virgil; of whom it may be proper in this place to observe, that no writer ever delivered more just and more sublime moral notions, than those which shine throughout this admirable poet.

The painting on the second pannel comes next in order to be viewed. From the top of the piece a strong light strikes the eye, and through an opening of the heavens appears a man playing on a harp. His countenance is

ruddy and beautiful; and in it may be discerned the transports of music, poetry, and devotion. By him, on one side, lies a sling; and on the other are the helmet, spear, sword, and coat of mail, of a vast giant: a glory blazes round his temples, and on his head is a regal crown.

Below rises an high mountain, cleft into two summits: it is shaded all over with bay-trees; and in the middle, between the two summits, a fountain springs up into a wide bason, which empties itself in a large cascade. The waters at the bottom unite into a crystal stream; and, on a bank of the stream, sits a lovely youth full of comeliness, with bright flowing hair: across his shoulders hangs a quiver stored with arrows; and by him hangs a silver bow, and a golden lyre: he is attended by nine beautiful nymphs: both the youth and his fair attendants seem big with expectation and doubt, and fix their eyes on two persons weighing before them.

In the scale on the right hand is a cheerful old man: there is a dignity and boldness in his features, and his whole aspect discovers great liveliness and uncommon sublimity of thought. His grey hairs lie almost hid under a wreath of bays; and he is covered with a loose mantle, which is wrapt over his hands. In the foldings of the

mantle lie several little rolls; two of which opening at a corner, in the one may be distinguished these characters, MHNIN ἄειδε; in the other ANΔPA μοι ἔννεπε. The person in the other scale seems more sedate and thoughtful: his looks speak him a man of great application, and consummate judgment. On his head is a mixt garland of bays, myrtle, and rural flowers: in his left hand he bears a shepherd's crook, at the top of which hangs clustering a swarm of bees: in his right hand he displays a trumpet, with a banner hanging from it; on the banner is painted a night-piece of a city in flames; and a young man in burnished armour, leading (through a street which goes to a gate of the city) a boy by the hand, and bearing on his shoulders an aged person, who carries a parcel of little images in his arms. The scales seem equally poised; or, if there is any small declension, it is on the side of the old man. Close by the scale on the right stands (as if he expected to be weighed next) one who holds out a prospect of a delicious garden, out of which an angel, with a flaming sword, drives a man and a woman naked, who in their looks betray all the agonies of sorrow and remorse. Behind this figure advances a venerable person, with a mitre on his head: he looks up (with all the signs of

admiration and gratitude) towards the old man who holds the little rolls in the folding of his garment; and he stretches out his arm, as if he meant to present him with a book, lettered on the back "Telemaque." Not far off is drawn a large group of men; some with buskins on their legs; others with a particular kind of slight pumps on their feet; and two or three with vizard masks on their faces. At some distance up in the air is seen a figure with a human face, and the legs and body and wings of a swan; it seems to direct its flight to the clouds; and beneath, on a plain, are represented some games of exercise, as, running, wrestling, horse and chariot races, with crowds of spectators.

In the third pannel, the figure that first engages the eye is Astrea, sitting on a broad blue arch of a circle, in which are shadowed out darkly in miniature, the likenesses of several animals: in her hand she holds the balance, of which she was the inventress. In the scales are human figures lessened in due proportion: in the descending scale is only one person, bearing in his lap a sphere, and upon it lies the draught of a city besieged, with several engines of an ancient form planted on the walls. He beckons to a man of a studious aspect, who seems intent upon a prism of glass, and holds a book

open, which the painter's pencil has intitled "Princip. Natural. Philosoph. Mathemat." In the rising scale is a cluster of smart men, in tawdry dresses, with little rapiers, cocked hats, and tied wigs; holding divers sorts of mathematical instruments. Beneath are several persons, whose merit is distinguished by their peculiar marks of honour. This man leans upon a plough; that holds a line and plummet, and points to the plan of a house; one looks through a telescope; another observes a mariner's compass; and a third winds up a pendulum-clock. Amongst them are two women: the first holds a distaff under her left arm, and a weaver's shuttle in her right hand: the second plays upon an organ, and seems ravished with the sound of the instrument. At a proper distance, and in a due position, sits a man with a piece of strained canvass placed before him; over his left thumb, is a painter's pallet, with a mixture of colours upon it; in his right hand he holds a pencil; and he casts his eyes full upon Astrea and her balance.

I come now to the fourth pannel, which contains the representation of the last psychostatical experiment. In the prevailing scale sits a man whose looks are full of goodness and compassion; and with both his hands he scatters

pieces of silver and gold to a mixt multitude of indigent, maimed, and sick people. Hard by is erected a neat plain building, and in the front of it is opened to the view a long gallery, wherein young and old, of both sexes, are employed on various manufactures. Looking up to the person in the other scale, who weighs so light, I find there is a remarkable blindness in his eyes, notwithstanding they are drawn wide open; his features betray evident marks of weakness and fury; and he hugs in his arms (as if apprehensive of its danger) a carved model of a church, on which rises an exorbitant high steeple.

On the cornish of this room are to be seen some few heads of the best Greek and Roman philosophers, orators, and historians. On the cieling I behold the battle of Blenheim; the brave exploits of ancient heroes, who saved their country from ruin, and through party rage became exiles, or lost their lives: and here likewise does the story of Socrates find place, with the manner of his death; together with the sufferings of the great instructors of mankind, who (from his days to our time) have been martyrs in the cause of truth.

FREE-THINKER, No. 158, Sept. 25, 1719.

The allegorical pictures delineated in these papers are coloured with considerable warmth and spirit. It may be re-

marked, however, that the figures of Homer and Virgil, which possess several characteristic touches in accordance with the general opinion of criticism, are, nevertheless, inferior to the succeeding sketches of Pope, who, in his Temple of Fame, having placed these masters of the Epopea on lofty columns, thus gives us, in bold relief, their attitudes and attributes:

High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast.
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, though not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall;
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire:
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate:
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire.
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the throne,
"Arms and the Man" in golden cyphers shone.

No. XXIII.

——— Cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
PERSIUS.

A name, a shade, alas! thy lot shall be,
And dust and ashes all that's left of thee.

EVER since I was a school-boy, I have been fond of walking in Westminster-abbey, where, when my heart is heated by the violence of some unruly passion, I enjoy a cool composure, and a kind of venerable refreshment. Its dusky cloisters, majestic ailes, quire, organs, royal tombs, and reverend variety of strong, impressive images, have a never-failing power to reduce my mind from transport, when hope, prosperity, or pleasure, have betrayed it into vanity; or to relieve it, when disordered by a weight of anguish or oppression.

"Death and the sun (says a French writer) are two things not to be looked upon with a steady eye."—Though there is something in his observation rather pretty than just, yet so far is certainly true, that we are unqualified to think serenely on our dissolution, while we are surrounded by the noise and hurry of the world,

in its ambitious scenes; or softened into sensual wishes, by the languor of an idle solitude. While we are part of our own prospect, we can never view it justly: but, in such a situation as the abbey, we are placed as it were out of ourselves, and, from this ancient stand of death, look back upon a country which we seem no longer to have any concern in; and which, therefore, we can judge of with the necessary clearness and impartiality.

The mind that is steadfast enough to meditate calmly on death, will be armed to resist the strength and the flattery of human passions: such thoughts, if they make us not better, will at least make us wiser; since that must moderate our wishes, which puts us out of countenance at their levity; and who can reflect without being ashamed, that while every thing in life is accidental, and death the only certainty; we go on to act notwithstanding, as if all things else were infallible, and death but accidental.

I sometimes suffer myself to be shut up for five or six hours among the tombs, where I sit down, without ceremony or apprehension, among the proudest of those princes, who were once too stately to be conversed with, but at a distance, and with fear and reverence. I possess, in common with the spiders (their companions

and most constant servants, who spread net-work over their trophies), the unenvied privilege of surrounding those last beds of forgotten majesty. Here I bury myself in solemn silence, and imprint my imagination with images which awaken thought, and prepare me for humility: the stained and melancholy light that enters faintly through the painted windows, as if it wore a decent mourning, to become the scene it opens to me, guides me slowly, by the cloistered alleys, dusty tombs, and weeping statues, till I am lost in that still pomp of figured sorrow which on every side incloses me.

From finish'd prayer the flock disperse apace,
And each glad foot forsakes the dreary place:
The hooded prebend plods along before,
And the last verger claps the ringing door.
Then, thoughtful, lingering, curious, and alone,
In the dark temple, when the rest are gone,
No noise invades my ear, no murm'ring breath,
Not one low whisper in the hall of death;
No trampling sound swims o'er the silent floor,
But the slow clock that counts the sliding hour.

Here, indulging contemplation, I forget my cares and misfortunes, and disencumber myself from the forms and embarrassments of converse. I become the inhabitant of a quiet and unbusy world, where all is serene and peaceful: I am

disturbed by no fears, inflamed by no anger, inspired by no hope, tormented by no jealousy; I can expect without impatience, and be disappointed without affliction. The dust which is scattered round me, and which once was living flesh as I am, chokes the fountains of my pride, and produces in me a mortification that is too strong for all my passions.

I was present very lately, when one of those monumental historians, whose employment it is to draw a profit from reading lectures on these resting-places of our ancient princes, was shewing the tomb of Henry the fifth to a circle of holiday strollers. After having informed the tasteless wonderers, that this was he who conquered France; that his son was crowned in Paris; that he married the French king's daughter; and what else he had been able to collect from the records of this great prince's reign; he pointed to a plain, wooden, worm-eaten coffin, that was placed upon the ground by this tomb's side, and told them that it contained the body of Queen Catharine, the beautiful wife of this triumphant Henry: adding, that for a small additional contribution, he would unlock the coffin, and let them look in upon her corpse, which lay there perfect and undecayed, though she had been dead almost three hundred years.

They had curiosity enough to pay the price demanded, and the proposer made good his promise, unveiling to the sight and touch the reliques of that royal charmer.

I cannot express the indignation and concern which this scene gave me. Her lovely limbs (which once were thought too tender for the wind to blow upon, and which were never seen without joy, reverence, and wonder, by the conqueror of her father's kingdom, and the sovereign of this in which she died) now lay neglected and exposed, denied even earth to cover her, and made a spectacle for the entertainment of a crowd of common wanderers!

Superior as this lady was in beauty, birth, and fortune, what pre-eminence in death have all these given her above the meanest and most unlovely?—After having made her life a changeful course of sorrow and calamity, they left her destitute in death, without the decency of a grave to shelter her!—There now she lies, a proof of transitory greatness; to comfort the wretched with this reflection, when they look in upon her exposed remains—that nature has made no difference between a royal and a vulgar body; but that, taking away what was added by fortune, each, from the moment of death, is the other's equal to eternity!

What rank or condition is then among us, which may not draw, from this great school of moral reasoning, some observation for their benefit?—Even the unwary and extravagant, whose lives are a continued luxury, and to whom the miseries of debt appear remote and without terror; even they may find a lesson among these tombs; for there they may be shewn the bodies of great men, doing penance in their velvet coffins, and imprisoned after death, to satisfy the malice of their stubborn creditors; as if the influence of sordid money could extend its cruelties beyond life, and had a privilege to disturb, by avarice, the sleeping ashes of departed sovereigns!

Is a man insulted, wronged, betrayed? does he hate his distrusted enemy? are his thoughts employed on revenge? and does he break his sleep with stratagems to avoid, or retaliate, the injustice that may be done him? Let him walk with me in this instructive circle, and I will shew him the dust of a murdered monarch, mixing quietly with his who murdered him. I will tread with him over earth that is passive and ferments not, though composed of united atoms from the mingled bodies of those men, whose battling interests and affections, while they lived, shook the kingdom like an earthquake! When

the quarrelsome consider this, they ought to blush at their little hatreds, and grow ashamed to let their souls be divided by animosity, when death may crumble their bodies together, and incorporate them with their most malicious enemy!

There is no fortune so exalted, but it may find a check in this dark mansion; nor any condition so dejected, but that it may be sure of a comfort: every stone that we look upon, in this repository of past ages, is an entertainment and a monitor. I never leave its venerable gloom, without finding my mind cooler and more composed than when I entered. I sink deep into myself, and see my heart without disguise, in its good or evil propensities; and I gather power from these strong impressions to resist pleasure, pride, ambition, or low avarice; and to fortify the impulses of humility, forgiveness, charity, and the virtues of content and quietude.

There was published, a few years since, a poem called "Westminster Abbey." I am sorry the author's name was not printed with it.—There is something highly elevated in his genius, that is sweetly serious, and sublimely melancholy.—The verses inserted above I am indebted for to that poem; and I shall borrow from the same piece these following, which, I will

take the liberty to affirm, are as fine ones as were ever written. I ask pardon for a transposition, and alteration or two, which I have only made, that I might have the pleasure of collecting into one view as many of the beauties as could possibly be drawn together in the narrow compass of my paper.

Lead on, my Muse! while, trembling, I essay
To trace thy footsteps through the cloister'd way:
Throw a thick veil around thy radiant head,
And lead me through the dwellings of the dead;
Where the still banner, faded and decay'd,
Nods pendant o'er its mouldring master's head;
Where loves, transform'd to marble angels, moan;
And weeping cherubs seem to sob in stone.
Seize Time, and by the pinions, urge his stay;
Stop him a while in his eternal way;
Bid him recline his scythe on each pale tomb,
And name the tenant of the darksome room.
O Muse! with care the blended dust explore,
And re-inspire and wake the sleeping floor.
To mount their throne, here monarchs bend their way
O'er pavements where their predecessors lay.
Ye sons of empire! who, in pompous hour,
Attend to wear the cumbrous robe of power;
When ye proceed along the shouting way,
Think there's a second visit still to pay;
And when in state on buried kings you tread,
And swelling robes sweep o'er th' imperial dead,
While like a god your worship'd eyes move round,
Think then, O! think you walk on treach'rous ground;

Though firm the chequer'd pavement seems to be,
Twill surely open and give way for thee!
While crowding lords address their duties near,
Th' anointing prelate, and the kneeling peer,
While with obsequious diligence they bow,
And spread the careful honours o'er thy brow;
While the high-raised spectators shout around,
And the long ailes and vaulted roofs resound;
Then snatch a sudden thought, and turn thy head
From the loud living to the silent dead,
With conscious eye the neighb'ring tombs survey;
These will instruct thee better far than they:
What now thou art, in yon gay homage see;
But these best shew what thou art sure to be!

I am ignorant what reception this excellent performance met with in the world; but, I hope, for the honour of my country, that it was not a bad one. The whole poem is full of beauties; but if it had no other merit than appears in what I have copied from it, every candid judge of poetry must allow it to have deserved the highest applause and admiration.

PLAIN-DEALER, No. 42, Aug. 14, 1724.

Though this paper has no small share of merit, and seems principally to have been written with a view of recommending the verses introduced; yet must it be considered as a daring attempt, when we recollect the twenty-sixth number of the Spectator, by Addison, to which not only this, but probably every other essay on the subject, will be deemed inferior. The paragraph commencing with " Let him walk

with me in this instructive circle," is a copy of the admirable close of Addison's reflections, which never can be too often reprinted: "When I look upon the tombs of the great (says this exquisite writer), every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Of the import of both these passages the Bard of Marmion has beautifully availed himself in his introduction to canto the first of that poem, when deploring the loss of the rival statesmen, Pitt and Fox:

> Here, where the end of earthly things
> Lays heroes, patriots, bards and kings;
> Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
> Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung:
> Here, where the fretted ailes prolong
> The distant notes of holy song,
> As if some angel spoke agen,
> "All peace on earth, good-will to men;"
> If ever from an English heart,
> O! here let prejudice depart.—
> Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
> For ever tombed beneath the stone,
> Where—taming thought to human pride!—
> The mighty chiefs sleep side by side;
> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
> O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
> And Fox's shall the notes rebound:

The solemn echo seems to cry—
"Here let their discord with them die."

I cannot here avoid remarking, that this introduction contains a very striking and poetical imitation of the pensive lines of Moschus on the death of his brother bard:

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears:
But, Oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike, and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?—
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrowds, O Pitt! thy hallow'd tomb.

No. XXIV.

——— Malis
Divulsus queremoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Horat.

Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Ev'n to the latest hours of life.

Francis.

There is no topic more common in conversation, nor any subject more frequently treated of in writing, than the happiness and the unhappiness of marriage. It is by all confessed, that nothing can equal the felicity of the married state, when two persons, mutually loving and beloved, give and receive all the engaging demonstrations of a reciprocal tenderness and good-nature; nor is it, on the contrary, by the most strenuous advocates for matrimony, denied, that a life in wedlock, where the affections of the soul are never mutual, is of all miseries the greatest. Thus marriage is generally considered in its extremes; and they who defend it, or inveigh against it, seem not to allow of any medium: as for myself, though for many circumstantial reasons I continue a bachelor, I am, and have always been of opinion, that there

is no true enjoyment of life without marriage; and I think the miseries which are attributed to that state, arise chiefly from imaginary causes, or from the want of a proper regulation of the passions. It is my belief, therefore, that those persons who, by being joined to any particular man or woman, become so very miserable, would not be much more happy was that obligation dissolved, and they had their free choice to marry again. I am apprehensive that this supposition may seem somewhat absurd, yet I have not advanced it without some kind of authority; for many are the widows and widowers, who, during their first marriage, vehemently exclaimed against the miseries which attended it, yet have soon entered into a second, in which they have not been the least more sensible of felicity.

I was led into these reflections, by musing on an argument which an old bachelor urged this evening in conversation against marriage in general: "That trite observation (says he), that had one priest the power and privilege to unmarry, it would be the best benefice in the kingdom, is to me a rational proof that all marriages are more or less unhappy; nor do I believe there are any two fools in the nation, who have been coupled a week, but would with much

satisfaction and gladness of heart pay a visit to the doctor." I then began to make some observations on his scheme; but he was so diverted with the jest of the uncoupling parson, and of the benefit he would be to mankind, that as I could not be heard calmly, I reserved the subject for my own private contemplation. It was hence that the sentiments of the introductory paragraph occurred to me; and as I was smiling at my old bachelor's unmarrying project, I began whimsically to entertain myself with a wild imagination of what a scene might be produced, and what the consequences of it would be, if my friend's scheme could in reality be put in practice. When the thoughts are intensely employed, and all the faculties of the soul confined to one point, fancy can present to our eyes such strong imaginary objects, as to have all the force of reality. By the aid of this ideal goddess, I was, methought, conveyed into some fields adjacent to a great metropolis, from which great numbers of men and women, joined together in couples, seemed to hasten. They all took one route towards a temple, which was erected in the middle of a spacious plain: though they all seemed to be fettered together like felons, and very uneasy at their restraint, yet there appeared a visible joy in most of their countenances;

and by the frequent eager looks they cast towards the temple, shewed that the object of their wishes was centred there. I could not contain my curiosity, but inquired of a grave single gentleman the meaning of such a procession. "I thought, sir (replied he), that you could not possibly be ignorant of so remarkable an occurrence, but was come, as well as myself and others, to make remarks, and see the issue of it: know then, as you have not been informed of it, that the gods, wearied with the complaints of unreasonable mortals, have granted their prayers, and have erected that dome, in which a high-priest attends six successive days, to unmarry whoever may come to him: this is the last day, and though the multitude is so very great, it does not exceed the numbers of the days preceding. As you are alone, if you will accept of me for a companion, I will perform the office of an interpreter, and explain some passages to you, which may be entertaining as well as instructive." I readily accepted his proposal, and he conducted me into the temple, and situated me in such a convenient place, that I could see and hear all that passed at the altar where the high-priest attended. The temple was now near full, and the ceremonies began as soon as the first pair offered themselves to

have the gordian knot of matrimony unloosed. The whole form was short and expressive; the dissolution of the banns of marriage were published; and as no one forbad the divorce, by assigning any reason that they should continue still married, the priest asked if they both assented to separation; and on their answering in the affirmative, he turned the face of the man full north, and that of the woman full south; then crying "Part for ever," they both marched off, with their divorce fully ratified. "There (cries my companion), there is a notable example of the vicissitude of the human passions: that pair which you just now saw divorced, married two years ago against the advice of their parents, for love alone: he, like a true knight-errant, scaled her chamber-window, carried away his distressed lady, and they were married at an infamous place where such ceremonies are clandestinely performed: after this, they lived like two turtles, ever cooing, and fondling, and playing—

Such a husband! such a wife!
'Twas Acme and Septimius' life."

"What then, sir (replied I), could occasion so mutual a satisfaction in their being so soon separated?"—"You shall soon see; but first let

me observe to you, that your very violent lovers before marriage seldom prove very happy in it: they, indeed, for some time give an unbounded loose to their passions; but as matrimonial love is founded on a more generous system than the mere gratification of our appetites, they find their desires pall: insensible of any other enjoyment than that of beauty, as that becomes familiar to them, they gradually sink into indifference, which soon ends in a thorough hatred. The foundation of such love at first is, in truth, nothing but vice; and the major part of this crowd of people, who come to be unmarried, are immediately married again to others; so that they hate marriage only as a confinement to one person, and seem to covet a licentious polygamy. You see that couple, so lately separated, already provided for: the fond husband goes yonder, arm in arm, with his wife's chambermaid; while the fond wife marches off on the other side with a young officer in the army. The next pair which applied to have their banns dissolved, gave me much surprize: they were two ancient people, and as loaded with infirmities as they were stricken in years; but notwithstanding their being weak and decrepid, they hobbled up to the priest with an alacrity which shewed they put their best foot foremost. "What (cried I)

can these wretches mean to seek a divorce here, which death must soon give them in their beds?"—"Here (says my friend) you see, that to the depravity of human nature death only can put an end. This old man and woman are famous for being the greatest matrimony-mongers in the kingdom; he is her sixth husband, and she his sixth wife: they make up a hundred and sixty-six years between them: the match was proposed by their neighbours, for the similitude of their ages and fortunes, and they were coupled together for a joke: they have therefore taken this opportunity to regain their freedom, and dispose of themselves more suitable to their juvenile inclinations." I was so shocked at this account, that I was just going to forbid the dissolution of the banns, but was prevented by a young woman, who jostled through the throng, and with an audible voice repeated, "I forbid the divorce, I forbid the divorce." This accident raised our attention, and I was anxious for the consequence of it. The young damsel had now reached the place of ceremony, and insisted that no dissolution might be allowed; for that the old man was her grandfather, and would not give her the portion he had promised her, thereby preventing her marriage to a young man he had betrothed her to; and the sole reason of

it was, that if he could be divorced from his dame, he would settle the money designed for her, as well as all the rest of his estate, on a young minx whom he had an intention to marry. The old man denied not the charge, and the old dame said it was no lawful objection; but both urged for their divorce, as they both came by mutual consent, and were both ready to give sufficient reasons for their claiming it. As such reasons were thought to be pretty extraordinary, the priest inquired what they might be. They both unanimously insisted they were never lawfully and truly married; therefore, as there had been a material error in the ceremony, the whole marriage ought to be set aside. On being asked what the defect might be, they both eagerly replied, that the priest omitted the necessary and material form, where he should have wished them to increase and multiply. So unexpected a plea raised a general laugh; however, as they insisted on it, it was allowed, on condition the old man should pay his grand-daughter's portion. He consented: the gaffer and his dame were turned north and south; and the one went chuckling away with his young minx, and the other hobbled smirking up to a young country lad, put a bag of money in his hand, and trotted off with much consolation.

To these succeeded another couple, who, having always maintained an exemplary character for conjugal prudence and affection, drew on them the eyes and admiration of all. As soon as they approached the altar, there appeared some reluctance in the woman: she looked on the man with an earnestness which betrayed she had too much love to think of separating herself from him. "Behold there (says my interpreter) an instance of jealousy; that woman is distractedly fond of her husband, yet for some unjust suspicions that he is engaged in an amour, she has lately made his life entirely uneasy; for notwithstanding she has prudence enough to conceal this violent passion from the observation of the world, she is in private continually tormenting him with false accusations. This procedure has occasioned a coldness on his part, which still aggravates her surmises: mutual bickerings have caused frequent wishes on both sides, that there could be a possibility of being unmarried: their wishes are at last granted, and we shall now see in what manner they will behave." He had no sooner spoke, than the priest was just beginning the ceremonial. They both seemed dissatisfied, and viewed one another as if they repented of their rashness, yet were too obstinate to make such

a confession. They were no sooner separated according to the form prescribed, but they met again at the lower end of the temple; and after a little conversation, the woman was heard to repeat this couplet with much tenderness and passion:

Such oddities and charms you have about you,
I cannot live nor with you, nor without you.

The man kissed her with much fondness, and they withdrew together to have the marriage knot again tied, which in the height of passion they had so often wished to have been dissolved.

I was reflecting on the scene which had just passed before my eyes; and observing to my companion that the desire in married persons of dissolving the sacred knot, oftener arose from imaginary causes, or irregular passions, than from any admiration of a single life; at which instant some one knocking at my chamber door, the temple vanished, and I found myself in my elbow-chair.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. iv. p. 51.

No. 38 of the Lounger, a paper by Mr. Mackenzie, seems founded on this lucubration of the Universal Spectator: both are conducted with humour and spirit.

No. XXV.

> **But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,**
> **Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,**
> **The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.**
> **ADD. CATO.**

Sir,

I AM an old man, as you are; and when I reflect on the fantastic vicissitude of human affairs; when I consider the shortness of life, and the small pretensions I have to any longer share in it, it fills my mind with something grave, solemn, and, I must own, melancholy: but when I give my thoughts a more unbounded scope, and pass over that short intermission of life, into the contemplation of an eternal being, my mind recovers from that gloom which the first reflection filled me with, and grows gay in proportion to the influence which this latter has upon it.

I was last night reading that celebrated speech of Cato, whence I have taken the motto with which I head this letter; and whether it was from the serious thoughts which that soliloquy inspired, or the last strong glimpses of a mind almost expiring, and habituated to such speculations, I am not able to

determine; but I was no sooner fallen asleep, than the following dream (or rather vision) grew into form, and filled my fancy.

Methought the dreadful hour was come, in which I was to resign this life: my bed was surrounded by a silent company of weeping friends, whose sorrows touched me more than my own approaching dissolution, which happened in less time than human nature can conceive; and therefore (though at that period I felt it sensibly) it is impossible I should now describe it. I was no sooner freed from the incumbrance and obscurity of matter, but my soul became refined to such an infinite degree of conception, that my eyes, having nothing to interrupt or confine their view, were strengthened with such piercing beams, that they darted every glance through an innumerable progression of worlds, and illuminated me with a particular and perfect knowledge of the harmony and fabric of each extended system.

Whilst I was thus lost in contemplation (for infinite space, like an endless source, still afforded me new objects to nourish that inextinguishable thirst of knowledge which is the employment of eternal life), I felt a heavenly transport, which diffused itself swifter than thought through the frame of my new being;

and which, at the same time it made my soul tremble with its influence, invigorated and enabled it to support the energy.

I now enjoyed a perfect felicity; and whilst my soul (whose desire of knowledge increased in proportion with its power to gratify it) employed each different sensation in pursuit of that branch which was peculiar to its nature; on a sudden I heard an universal crack, which seemed to arise from the whole number of created worlds, and resounded from globe to globe, with a long continuance of reverberated uproars.

At last, the chain that linked them in that dependant order, in which from the first moment of their creation they have perpetually been moving, shivered of itself: the loosened orbs, thus disunited, began to roll with an inconceivable swiftness through the vast expanse of space, and met and shocked each other in the dark vacuity! The sun, now robbed of light, whirled rapid and irregular! The moon let loose her seas, and rained a deluge in her falling! The fixed stars, that from the birth of time had kept their appointed stations, no longer awed by the all-powerful Word, broke loose, and rushed together. Prodigious was the sound, and horrible the conflict! The ele-

ments, forgetting their respective qualities, and urged by the immutable decree, met all, and mixed, and lost themselves in ruinous confusion!

When all seemed buried in profoundest darkness, the wild uproar ceased at once: and as I wondered at this sudden silence, a pyramid of fire broke through, that in a moment enwrapped the whole; and having nothing left to prey upon, at length devoured itself.

Thus was the end of all!—When, from that inaccessible brightness where the Divine Presence conceals, yet makes itself known, a beam of day shot out, which lighting up the infinite extent of heaven, and rendering it transparent, discovered all its glories. I then perceived the stream of life, which running through the midst of heaven, quickened wherever it rolled, and watering the tree of knowledge, nourished it eternally. Next, I saw numberless swarms of beings like myself, that filled the vastness of infinitude; and seemed lost, like me, in wonder, praise, and adoration! I heard a voice (which had more influence than the most perfect harmony of human art, and communicated itself to all alike) cry, "Come, eat of the Tree of Knowledge, and drink of the Water of Life."

Immediately the angelic host, and all the

children of earth (who, by obedience to this command, were become one and the same), ate and drank as they were commanded. The first effect of this that I found on myself, and perceived in all the rest, was a perfect recollection of whatever I had done since my first entering into life. Various were the consequences! The ungrateful, the murderer, the miser, the false friend, and the rebel, remembered with horror their past crimes, and grew frantic at every thought, with the consciousness of what they merited. They felt the severest pangs of that most lively of all torments, despair! But the just, and those who had the least to reproach themselves with, found, yet, they had too much to answer for, when, in the book of record (which was thrown open to the view of all), they perceived that the minutest of their thoughts were registered.

Now we all became sensible how easy the rule was by which we were to have lived, and how adapted to the required obedience of human nature. Whilst we were thus lamenting our unhappy states, and aggravating our misery by self-conviction, in an instant we discovered a fiercer blaze of light, and beheld the mystic veil drawn off, that shrowded the Almighty's presence. Raised on a throne, to which the

brightness of the sun would have been dim, the Divine Father of all things disclosed himself: his countenance was mildly aweful; paternal tenderness shone out in every feature of his face, and discovered a concern for us, which we knew proceeded from a divine idea, that if He should be merciful, He must be more than just.

On his right hand sat the Second Person, our known Redeemer: in him the beauty of the Father was divinely manifested; in him the glory of his power at once was softened and exerted. Behind him the fatal figure of that cross on which he suffered, hung, like a dreadful comet, prognosticating the hour of judgment. On the left was placed the Third adorable Person in the now no longer mystic union. In him an equal mixture of the Father and the Son revealed itself, uniting in his countenance the severest glory of the one, with the most ineffable sweetness of the other.

Beneath, and on the right of the world's triumphant Saviour, sat his twelve disciples: their eyes were fixed on their great master's looks, and seemed to borrow thence, by reflection, all their softness and their lustre. In equal stations, on the left of the Holy Spirit, ap-

peared those ancient philosophers, who, through the dusk of superstition and idolatry, by the light of reason and mere nature, saw and taught one true, eternal God; and, in defence of that belief, had courage enough to suffer martyrdom.

Whilst I contemplated this Divine appearance, I heard a voice which, proceeding thence, pierced the profoundest space of heaven, proclaiming, "That each should be his own judge; and, from the testimony of his own conscience, acquit or condemn himself."

Immediately all the just, and those whose consciences, by due allowances for the frailties of human nature, could acquit and encourage them, advanced, and (with a modesty at once more humble and assured than any thing on earth) asserted and made known their virtues and obedience to the Divine commands; concluding, that though they had acquitted themselves, and were entitled by the unalterable Word to everlasting felicity, yet could they not pretend to claim it, till they had received the Almighty sanction, which they hoped for through the mediation, the merits, and the blood of his beloved Son, who died for man's redemption, pardon, and salvation. After which,

they prostrated themselves before the throne, and, receiving diadems of glory, were admitted as partakers of beatitude without end.

I then heard the same voice repeat, "Let each be his own judge; and, from the testimony of his own conscience, acquit or condemn himself." But far from seeing any more advance (though still there were infinite numbers remaining), I observed that they drew back, reproaching each other, beating their breasts, and making such variety of lamentations, that the violent noise awakened me, in such a mixture of joy and horror, that it will be long before my memory wears out the impression of so strong a vision; which, if it affects you enough to make you judge it worth publishing, I shall have slept, as I love to wake, for the service or warning of others.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

C. D.

PLAIN-DEALER, No. 43, Aug. 17, 1724.

No. XXVI.

——Minnentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

HORAT.

Wake then the song! each care remove
That flies thy tuneful lay.

BOSCAWEN.

Squire,

You are the only person in the world, whose judgment I rely on in all cases of like nature to mine; therefore I desire of your worship to know how I shall act. I am what they please to call a Toast and a Fortune, and am consequently tormented with a number of impertinent humble servants. But one is the plague of my life, not only from his assiduity, but his conduct and behaviour: he seems to have a design to bully me, or fright me into a compliance; for he courts me sword in hand; and, on my first frown, he draws, and tells me if I am in the least cruel, he will before my eyes stab himself immediately. Now, Mr. * * * *, I am terrified at the apprehension of a man's killing himself for me: I have a thousand fears about seeing a bloody ghost at my feet-curtains

in the dead of night. Yet I cannot bear the thoughts of lying all night in the arms of the man I scorn, detest, abominate. What shall I do? Shall I let him kill himself? Do you think he will kill himself? If he is coward enough to fright me, can you imagine him valiant enough to keep his word? Your sentiments and advice about this threatening *felo de se* lover, would oblige,

Yours,

CHARLOTTE LANGUISH.

The best advice I can give the lady will be contained in the following little tale; which, though it has been already in print, yet I believe is now very little known, and exactly suits the circumstances of this killing, despairing lover.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair;
Resolves not to languish,
And bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,

Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love might get;
But a neck when once broken,
Can never be set;
And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could;
How grievous so ever
His torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At the thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

Sir,

Having lately seen some of your lucubrations filled with *nothing*—with verses having *nothing* of poetry—and letters *nothing* to the purpose—

I was apprehensive that your paper would soon come to *nothing;* therefore, as I have in my time communicated some little pieces which have accidentally fell into my possession, I was willing, before you quite departed, to send you the following *nothing*, which was sung on Drury-lane Stage this winter, and, I believe, was never yet in print. If you should not like this *nothing*, you may do *nothing* with it; for whether laid aside, or approved of, it is *nothing* to

Yours,

TIM. PLAYWORD.

A BALLAD ON NOTHING.

Come hark to our ditty, which shall not be long;
For we've Nothing new, sirs, your time to prolong;
So we e'en have made Nothing the theme of our song;
Which Nobody can deny.

Nor let the grave critic of our Nothing complain,
Though Nothing of Wit should be found in our strain;
From Nothing all know there can Nothing remain;
Which Nobody can deny.

From this Nothing the courtier assistance must borrow,
By this he the arts of his levee goes thorough;
For a promise to-day stands for Nothing to-morrow;
Which Nobody can deny.

'Tis from Nothing young Patriots oft catch at a hint,
Thunder out a bold speech, and then get it in print;
'Tis their only misfortune that there is Nothing in't;
Which Nobody can deny.

Of their purses and gold the French have been free
To reward Farinelli—by this we may see
Other climes are as much charm'd with Nothing as we;
Which Nobody can deny.

When Ward without art a fam'd doctor is grown,
When Mapp excels surgeons in setting a bone,
That our doctors and surgeons are Nothing you'll own;
Which Nobody can deny.

Some Wits to the stage will their Nothing commend;
Full of Nothing they write, and to Nothing they tend;
So beginning with Nothing, in Nothing they end;
Which Nobody can deny.

Mr.

I am just on the verge of becoming an old maid, having entered into my thirty-fifth year, at the expiration of which I look on myself as an absolute old maid. I might put off the evil day longer by denying my age; but instead of that, I have resigned myself to such a state, and wish the rest of my sex would form their desires according to my Wish; which if you will communicate to the public, you will oblige,

Yours,

DEBORAH SPINSTER.

THE OLD MAID'S WISH.

As I grow an old maid, and I find I go down,
Nor ador'd in the country, nor courted in town,
In country or town let this still be my fate,
Not the jest of the young, nor of aged the hate.
May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
May my wisdom increase as my youth wears away,
And good-nature attend to my very last day.

Beneath an old oak, near a murmuring brook,
Without e'en a sigh on past time may I look;
No love in my head, may I blame no false swain,
Nor lost in despair sing some pitiful strain;
But still govern my passion, &c.

With the young or the old, with the maid or the wife,
Oh may I enliven the evening of life;
Still gay without pride, and jocose without art,
With some sense in my tongue, and much truth in my heart;
May I govern my passion, &c.

May I not have one thought or desire to appear
In parties of pleasure 'mong the young and the fair;
But with grave sober dames all my wishes fulfil,
With three dishes of tea, and three games at quadrille;
Thus govern my passion, &c.

When grown still more old (as not courted when young),
May I ne'er wish to listen to man's flatt'ring tongue;
And should some young spark for my fortune make love,
With scorn and contempt at his scheme, may I prove
I can govern my passion with absolute sway,
For my wisdom increases as youth wears away,
Though good-nature attends to my very last day.

Without long disease may I gently decay;
And when dead, may the men of the better sort say,
Peace be with her soul, in the grave when she's laid,
Who belov'd was by all, though she died an old maid;
  For she govern'd her passion with absolute sway,
  Her wisdom increas'd as her youth wore away,
  And good nature attended her very last day.

These three poems, with their introductory addresses, are taken from the Universal Spectator, vol. iii. p. 134. 169. and 256.

No. XXVII.

How strange, how curious, is the critic's art!

ANON.

In this *curious age*, the following letter cannot fail of being an entertainment to the public.

Mr.

Having for twenty years last past been very busily employed, I think it now incumbent on me to acquaint the world what I have been doing: for as every private man takes the liberty of examining the public conduct, most certainly the public has an equal right to be informed how every private man disposes of himself.

You must then know, that, with infinite labour and assiduity, I have been turning over and examining whole cart-loads of comments, expositions, vocabularies, explanatory notes, and indexes, collating manuscripts, and settling their *various readings*; and all this with an intent to improve the noble art of criticism, and clear up those obscurities in ancient *authors*, which either length of time, or the negligence of *transcribers*, has been the cause of. Whereby I have attained such a perfect knowledge in things of this nature,

that I flatter myself no *writer* can come amiss to me. And having most at heart the honour of my own country, I have employed this skill chiefly to restore such *old English authors* as are neglected and almost lost for want of being duly understood; and send you, as a specimen, an essay on a little poem, which our forefathers esteemed so highly, that they seldom failed to implant it in the memory of their children so soon as they could speak; though the bard who wrote it, and the age wherein he lived, cannot certainly be found out; but there is good reason to believe it must have been some time between the Conquest and the Reformation.

As this piece has never yet been attempted, though it may move the envy of my *brother critics*, it will, I doubt not, be greatly useful and entertaining to the world; and according to its success, I shall suppress or publish above 100 volumes, which, with inexpressible *pains* and equal *candour*, I have compiled for the service of my country.

Once I was a bachelor, and lived by myself,
And all the victuals that I had I put upon a shelf;
But the rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forc'd to go to London to get me a wife.
The streets were so wide, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was fain to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow:

The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
So—the devil take the wheel-barrow, wife, and all!

Once I was a bachelor, ——

It is the general opinion of all the *commentators* I have yet seen, that the ingenious *author* of this *poem* was, even at the time he wrote, a *married man:* and indeed they bring some tolerable reasons for that belief, from the last line of the piece itself; as I shall shew in my observations on it. But, whether or no this important point can be determined, two things seem evident from the passage now before us: first, that he was a man of learning; and, secondly, that he was an admirer of those lines which were originally before the Æneids of Virgil, till taken away by Varus: for does he not exactly begin in the same manner as "Ille ego qui quondam."

——And lived by myself.

This phrase is very ambiguous, and has caused much dispute. Some make it imply his *dwelling* in a *house all alone*, without any mortal in it but himself: others again insist, there is no necessity to take the *literal sense* so strictly; for they say, a man may be said *to live by himself*, who has only a servant or two about him, which cannot be

called company. Another sort suppose it only means, *his living* in a *private manner*, and perhaps in a *lonely house*, without paying or receiving visits: and there are again others, who reject all the above opinions entirely, and make *living by himself* to signify, that he *lived*, or *subsisted*, or got a *livelihood*, by his own care and industry; id est, *without the assistance of any body.*—I shall not take upon me to determine in this nice case, but leave it to the judicious: however, I must not conceal that some manuscripts have it differently (viz. *and lay by myself)*; which is indeed a much plainer sense, could it be proved genuine; but as it appears in none of the *early copies*, it was probably introduced into some *later ones*, with design to get rid of the difficulty abovementioned: and the *text*, as I have given it, seems, according to my judgment, much more coherent with what immediately comes after.

And all the victuals that I had I put upon a shelf.

Much time and learning have been spent to explain the meaning of the word *victuals*. Some make it signify, *all kinds of food in general;* others affix it to *particulars*, such as *sirloin of beef, Westphalia ham, venison pasty, gammon of bacon,* &c. according, I suppose, to every one's

different taste. But, for my own part, I apprehend, that every *word* is to be understood according to the *subject* about which it is employed; as for instance, in this before us; victuals, when speaking of a *country squire's table*, may signify *buttock of beef*, *chine of pork*, &c.; when applied to *a fine lady*, *ortolan*, or *leg of a lark*; but when used in mentioning a *city feast*, must always mean *fowls and bacon*, *haunch of venison*, *powdered goose*, and *custard*. And this will shew us the true explanation of it in this place: for are we not speaking of a *bachelor?* and will not every child tell us that *bread and cheese and kisses* are the fare *(i.e.* the *victuals)* of a *bachelor?* *ergo*, it must signify *bread and cheese*, and nothing else: for though *kisses* were added by the way of *sauce*, they could not be put upon a shelf, as we are told this was. And hereby may be seen how easily *truth* is found out, when sought after without *pride* or *prejudice*. The *diet* of our present *bachelors* is indeed very different, for they make whole meals of the *sauce* only; but in the early days of simplicity when our *author* wrote, without doubt his way of speaking was so intelligible that no one could mistake his meaning.

As to the *shelf* here mentioned, the *learned* are at a loss, whether it was a *hanging-shelf*, or

a *shelf affixed against the wall.* Some think *hanging-shelves* were a much later invention; others maintain the contrary: but both sides urge their arguments with more of fancy than sound reasoning, and after all leave the matter entirely in the dark. Though was it possible to ascertain this, the next line would admit of no debate, as it at present does.

But the rats and the mice they made such a strife.

A doubt arises here, whether the *rats* and *mice* got at the *victuals*, and contended about the division; or whether they made a noise and disturbance, because they could not reach it: and this cannot be easily cleared up, unless the kind of *shelf* whereon it stood was known. But one thing appears evident, though none of the *commentators* have noted it, *viz.* that the *author* kept no *cat;* and, we may reasonably presume, had a natural aversion to, and probably would have swooned at the sight of that animal. For otherwise he might have ended all this *strife* effectually, by the assistance of that useful creature, without giving himself any farther trouble. I take this to be one of those *fine passages,* where, from a *hint* given, much is left to the reader's imagination to supply, which in writing

is the greatest beauty. A common *scribbler* can say every thing upon a *subject;* but to let the *reader* have the satisfaction of seeming to inform himself, requires the pen of an *able master.*

I was forc'd to go to London to get me a wife.

His going to *London* proves his habitation was not there; but whereabouts he dwelt in the country, is, I fear, a piece of knowledge impossible to come at. The necessity he lay under of getting a *wife*, we were told in the line before; it was the vexation which the *rats* and *mice* gave him: *ergo*, he wanted a *wife* to drive away the *rats* and *mice.* This is indeed a very odd reason; and yet, perhaps, as good a one as many marry for, even now-a-days: and we may guess his going to *London*, rather than any other place, was, because he imagined *women* in a great *city* might be cunninger and better skilled in making *mouse-traps* than silly country girls. But now, here's a *various reading*, which is a bone of contention amongst the learned; for several *manuscripts* give the above line thus,—

I was forc'd to go to London to *buy* me a wife;

And numbers of *commentators, critics,* &c. insist that this is the true and genuine *text;* and

that *get*, instead of *buy*, is a scandalous corruption, *wilfully* and *wickedly* introduced in prejudice to woman-kind: and they even charge the fact on some fortune-hunters of a neighbouring nation. The *female critics* are all of this opinion; and pretend to prove, that instead of receiving portions with, men heretofore used to pay money for, their wives, as an acknowledgment to their parents for the care and expense of their education. They bring likewise a piece of Scripture, which says, "Children are great riches," and interpret it to serve their own purpose, as is done too frequently on many other occasions. They likewise argue with great earnestness, that this reasonable custom (as they are pleased to call it) ought again to be the general practice. But, notwithstanding all their warmth, I must on this point beg leave to differ from them; for I can't find such a custom ever was established in this island, nor do I believe it ever will, unless *wives* would be content to feed on *mice* of their own catching, and clothe themselves with the skins. I must therefore insist upon the *authentickness* of the word *get;* nor can I see any damage the women suffer by it; for was there even an act of parliament, that no man should marry unless he'd *buy a wife*, the consequence would be so terrible, that in one year's

time, I make no doubt, the whole sex would join in a petition to have such an act repealed.

Our *author* judiciously passes over the *courtship*, the *wedding*, &c. which would have furnished out a volume to some writers, and hastens on to shew the difficulties he met with immediately after marriage.

> The streets were so wide, and the lanes were so narrow,
> I was fain to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.

This passage is not so clear as I could wish. We may learn from it, however, that *streets* and *lanes* were in those days just as they are at present: but I can't conceive the reason (for it seems to be made a reason) why therefore he was obliged to bring his *wife* home in the above manner. Yet this may put an end to the long dispute about the greater antiquity of *wheel-barrows* and *coaches*, in favour of the former; for what man alive would carry his bride home in a *wheel-barrow*, if there was any *coach* to put her in?—*Ergo*, *wheel-barrows* were before *coaches*.

> The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
> So—the devil take wheel-barrow, wife, and all!

We may here learn the instability of mortal things. Though we set out with the fairest hopes imaginable, accidents one upon the neck

of another oftentimes intervene, and make that our misfortune which we pursued as our greatest happiness! Such are the terms of living! We therefore ought to fortify the mind to bear them with resignation.

Whether the heaviness of the *wife*, the ruggedness of the way, the oldness of the wheel-barrow, or all these together, occasioned it to break, I am unable to determine: but break it did, that's certain: and, probably, Mrs. Bride was thrown in the dirt in all her gay apparel; which put the husband in such a passion, as made him wish both her and the wheel-barrow at the devil. This *wish* (as I said before) some *commentators* bring to prove the *author* was a *married man*; for, say they, he writes in the true spirit of a husband, and certainly felt the vexation he represents. Nay, some pretend to maintain, no *single man* could curse a *wife* so heartily. But leaving these conjectures, I must take notice of this phrase *(and all)*, which is so beautifully added, and shews sufficiently the learning of our *author*; for herein he plainly imitates that great master, Ovid, who abounds everywhere with these *pleonasias*, or redundancies of expression; whereof I could give a thousand instances, though one may serve at present, *viz.*

Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto.

It likewise proves his understanding the *French language;* for was a man to wish his *wife* and her *equipage at the devil*, in that tongue, and had a mind still to enforce his *wish*, could he do it better than by the phrase, *et tous les deux?* though indeed the meaning of our *author* has a double strength, by using only half the words; which (by the way) is generally the difference between the *French* and *English languages.*

Now, having gone through my observations, I will not conceal, that some *writers* believe this *poem* to be merely *allegorical:* for, say they, it evidently means, that when a man finds some little inconveniences by living *single*, such as *careless*, *unruly*, or *wasteful servants*, implied by *rats* and *mice;* and seeks a *wife* to set his affairs in order; immediately a thousand unforeseen difficulties arise from the *contrariety of their tempers*, signified by *wide streets* and *narrow lanes;* and he is forced to make use of a *wheelbarrow*, whereby they represent *conjugal affection:* till at last, that *breaking*, or being quite destroyed by frequent *quarrels*, the *wife gets a fall*, or loses all her power, and becomes hated; and then *he wishes her and every thing about him at the devil!*

I am well aware my *cotemporary critics* will

cavil at this *Essay*, and be angry that I depart from their established method of reading, in order only to find fault. I expect they'll fall upon me without mercy; but no fear of them shall ever deter me from giving *praise* where I believe it due, or make me sacrifice the *reputation* of any *author* to *envy* and *ill-nature*.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

ARISTOTLE.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. i. p. 65.

This paper, which is written in a very pleasant vein of ridicule, has laid the foundation for several imitations: of these the best are, the Critique on the Heroic Poem of the Knave of Hearts, in Nos. 11 and 12 of The Microcosm; and the Criticism on Peter Piper, in Nos. 8 and 15 of Literary Leisure.

No. XXVIII.

Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa remota
Erroris nebula. Quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertere domos totas, optantibus ipsis,
Dî faciles.

JUVENAL.

Look round the habitable world: how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd at their own request.

DRYDEN.

IT was the prayer of Socrates, that the gods would give him such things as themselves knew to be most convenient and best for him: intimating thereby, how ignorant mortals are of their own real wants, and what is proper for them to ask of heaven:—and, in the same manner, with an entire resignation to the guidance and good pleasure of that Power which made us, ought we all to send up our petitions thither.

There is nobody, I believe, who will take

the pains of recollecting and considering them, but may find in his past life many desires, which, if they had been gratified, would have made him miserable; as well as frequent blessings arising to him from things and circumstances which were the chiefest objects of his fear. Providence often gives a turn so directly contrary to all human forecast and expectation, that we, who know nothing of the eternal production of causes and effects, cannot judge with any certainty what we ought to seek for, or what to avoid. Happiness is the wish and pursuit of all; but we are so bewildered by our passions and our ignorance together, that, without the direction and assistance of some power infinitely wiser than ourselves, it is impossible ever to attain it. We scarce see an inch before us, and form so ill a judgment even of that little we do see, that, were we left to our own conduct, of all creatures we should become most wretched; mistaking continually our real good, and eagerly pursuing what would prove our sure destruction. Were we always to obtain our wishes, we should fare like the countryman in the fable, whom Jupiter indulged with rain or sunshine upon his fields, whenever he thought fit to pray for it; till a barren harvest and empty barns (whilst plenty smiled on

all his neighbours round) convinced him of his folly, and made him lament, too late, the completion of his own rash desires.

But under all this ignorance of things, we have one certain rule to go by; and that is, to follow close the steps of virtue; who, though she oftentimes may lead us through rugged, dangerous, and gloomy paths, we shall always find will conduct us safe at last to peace and joy. Let us, in all the various actions and affairs of life, stand firmly on our guard against every gay and alluring temptation of interest and advantage; against riches, greatness, pleasure, applause, and all which the world is usually most fond of; and suffer ourselves to be conducted by no other principles but those of integrity, truth, and virtue. Whatever occurs or offers itself to us, let us not so much inquire whether it will advance our fortune or gratify our appetites, as whether it is good and honest, and consistent with what we owe to heaven, ourselves, and all mankind. If we form our measures thus, we may rest assured that whatever befals us is for the best: we are under the guardianship and care of a just and almighty Providence, which will turn even misfortunes into blessings for us; and, notwithstanding all appearance, raise happiness out of misery. It

is a comfortable thing to be placed above the power and fear of accidents; and the only way of being so, is, by throwing ourselves entirely into the hands of heaven. There is no station or circumstance of life, however elevated, that is out of the reach of misfortune; but a steady course of virtue, and a firm reliance on the gracious and wise direction of that Being which orders all things, will support us under the greatest that can arrive, and make us consider it but as a necessary progression towards a complete and perfect happiness. A man thus fortified, nothing can terrify or affright:

Si fractus illabitur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd;
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

The necessities of nature are but small, and those easily supplied; very few are destitute of food and clothing sufficient to support and keep them warm; and for all besides, which Providence thinks fit to hold back from us, we may be satisfied it is much better that we should be without it. Our first petition to the gods, says Seneca, should be for a good con-

science, the second for health of mind, and then of body. When we lift up our eyes and hands to heaven, and pray for wealth and grandeur, for the gratification of our pride and ambition, we ought to tremble at our own presumption, and dread the curses which, perhaps, we are calling down upon our own heads. How miserable are many made, by what we are so rash to ask for! and, how much wiser would it be to receive with thankfulness what that Being is pleased to bestow, who knows our wants better than we ourselves; and in all things, like Socrates, refer ourselves entirely, with due submission, to his good will and pleasure!

God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.
Some pray for riches: riches they obtain;
And, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain.
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the streets we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
But blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness, but few can find,
For far the greatest part of men are blind.

DRYDEN's Pal. and Arc.

When we behold the wicked exulting in prosperity, and the virtuous distressed and wretched, we may be apt to wonder at the dispensations of Providence, and think them irregular and unaccountable: but if we could discern a little deeper than the surface of things, we should perceive that, even at present, a guilty mind deprives the one of all enjoyment; whilst the other, supported by a consciousness of innocence, scarce feels the woes he seems to suffer: that the first is dragged on to punishment through the mockery of happiness; and that the distresses of the latter are only necessary steps towards a lasting and refined felicity. Appearances are exceedingly fallacious; and many of those, people fancy the most happy, are the greatest wretches in the world. But, however it be, we may assure ourselves that heaven is just, and, soon or late, will vindicate and reward the good, and condemn the evil-doer to that punishment he deserves.

It is not only imprudent and presumptuous, but highly impious, to murmur and complain of Providence, whatever be our lot. Not heaven, but our own discontent and folly, make us miserable: we reject that happiness it has given into our power, for a wild pursuit after an imaginary something, which it withholds,

because improper for us. Dazzled at the glittering fortunes, and rank, and magnificence of others, we envy theirs, and repine at our own condition; without examining whether those people are in reality more happy, or better satisfied, than ourselves. For, notwithstanding all their outward splendour, did we see their internal cares and uneasiness, it is probable we would not change with them. Every one of us has that part assigned him, which He that directs the whole knows to be most conducive towards the good of all in general, and each of us in particular. He is the Father of the grand universe, beholds it at one view, and orders every thing throughout in the wisest and best manner, with a due regard to every part. This we should steadfastly believe; and not only forbear complaining, but enjoy with thankfulness of soul whatever is our portion. M. De la Motte, in his ingenious Fables, reads us a useful lesson on this subject, the meaning whereof I shall present my readers.—"A wretch (says he), that by casting his eyes and wishes on the circumstances of other people, was much uneasy at his own, wearied heaven with complaints from day to day; till Jupiter, willing to content him, took him up to the cœlestial storehouse, where the fortunes of all mankind, in bags seal-

ed up by Destiny, were ranged according to their several conditions and degrees. 'Here (says the god), though thy impious murmurs deserve rather my anger than my indulgence, yet, if possible, thou shalt be satisfied. Weigh, and choose amongst them all; but know, the better to direct thy choice, that the lightest are the most desirable, for only the evils and misfortunes of life are heavy.' The man, with thankfulness, assured himself of happiness, since now it depended upon his own election, and lifting up with all his strength the first and highest bag, that of supreme command, wherein tormenting cares lie concealed under the disguise of gilded pageantry: 'That man's shoulders must be strong indeed (says he) who can support this burthen; for my part, I'll have none of it.' He tried a second, that of prime minister, and people in exalted posts; but what with ambitious desires, anxiety, fatigue, what with the vexation of disappointment, and the dread of disgrace, this was rendered so exceeding ponderous, that he could not help crying out, 'Oh! unhappy they to whom this load belongs! good heaven, preserve me from it!' He went on from one to another, and poized a thousand and a thousand, but found them all too weighty for him: some by dependance, and the misery of constraint;

others by boundless and unsatisfied desires; some by hope, some by fear, and some merely by a surfeit of what the world calls pleasure. 'Good God! (says he) is there no such thing then as a tolerable condition?—but stay, wherefore do I complain? at last I think I shall be fitted; here's one that feels much lighter than the rest.'—'And it would be still more so (says Jupiter), but he that now possesses it knows not his own happiness, and that ignorance occasions all its weight.'—'O stupidity! (cries the man); pray grant it me, and I shall not be so foolish.'—'Take and enjoy it (replies the god), for it is indeed thine own; and learn from hence, never to find fault again with Providence."

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. ii. p. 246.

No. XXIX.

There's joy, when to wild will you laws prescribe;
When you bid Fortune carry back her bribe:
A joy which none but greatest minds can taste;
A fame which will to endless ages last.

Dryden.

There was a young man of extraordinary beauty, whose name was Florio; who was as remarkable for his virtue and ingenuity, as his elder brother Braminto was noted for deformity, and a brutal, wicked disposition. The mother, who doated upon her second son, looked on the other with horror. The eldest, stung with jealousy and envy, devised a monstrous calumny to ruin his brother. He made his father believe, that Florio went by stealth to a neighbour's, who was his avowed enemy; that he informed him of all the family concerns, and had entered into measures with him to poison his father. Hereupon the father, in his fury, beat his innocent son most cruelly, imprisoned him in a damp dungeon three days, and then banished him from his house, with menaces to kill him if ever he returned. The afflicted mother was terrified; though she did not dare to vent her anguish, but in secret sighs. The

unhappy youth went from his father's house, not knowing which way to direct his wandering steps. He journeyed onward as the country lay before him, and towards evening he passed through a dark forest. The night overtook him as he came under shelter of a great rock; there he laid himself down at the entrance of a cave, on a bed of moss, near which ran a rill of pure water; and soon fell into a sleep, through the lassitude of his spirits, notwithstanding his sorrow.

When he waked to the early music of the birds, he saw a beautiful woman mounted on a milk-white steed with trappings of gold, who seemed to follow the chace. "Have you not seen (said she) a stag pass this way, pursued by hounds?"—"Neither stag nor hounds have I seen," replied the youth. "You seem (said the lady then) to be greatly afflicted: what is your distress? Be comforted, young man, and take this ring, which will make you the most happy and the most powerful mortal, provided you never abuse my gift. When you turn the diamond inward, you will become invisible; when you shall put the ring upon your little finger, you will be taken for the son of the king, and be attended by a magnificent train of courtiers; and if you shift it to your fourth

finger, you will appear in your natural figure." She said no more, but in an instant plunged out of sight into the wood: when the young man soon apprehended that the lady who spoke thus to him was a fairy.

Transported with his good fortune, Florio resolved to return to his father's house, impatient to make trial of his ring. He saw and he heard every thing he desired, without being discovered; and had it in his power to avenge himself of his brother, without being exposed to any danger. Nevertheless he could not refrain from disclosing himself to his disconsolate mother; whom he entrusted with his strange adventure. This done, he removed his enchanted ring to his little finger, and at once appeared entering the house like the prince, the son of the king, attended by a number of officers, richly clothed, with an hundred led-horses in his train.

His father was astonished to see the king's son in his little house; and was at a loss to know how he might behave himself towards him with proper respect. Florio demanded of him, how many sons he had. To which he answered, two. "I desire to see them; bring them instantly before me; I have a mind to carry them both to court, and make their for-

tunes," continued he. The father, hesitating through his guilt, said; "This is my eldest, whom I now present to you."—"Where then is the youngest? I must see him likewise," replied Florio. "He is not at home (said the father); "I chastised him for a fault, and he is run away." —"But (answered Florio) you should have endeavoured to amend him by your instructions, and not have driven him from your house. Nevertheless, give me the eldest, and let him follow me. And do you (speaking to his father) go along with two of my guards, who will conduct you to the place I shall appoint." Immediately two of the guards took the father under their care. And now the fairy, already mentioned, coming up to him in a forest, smote him on the shoulder with a golden wand, and compelled him to go down into a deep dark cavern, where he remained under the enchantment. "Abide there (said she) till your son comes to deliver you."

In the mean time Florio went to the king's court, when the young prince was embarked with troops, to carry on a war in a distant island. He had been driven by the winds on a strange coast, where, suffering shipwreck, he was detained captive amongst a barbarous

people. Florio made his appearance in the court, as if he was the very prince whose loss was universally lamented. He said, he should never have seen his own country again, had he not been assisted by some merchants. He was the public joy: the king received him with fatherly transports, which appeared in the silence of his close and eager embraces: the queen felt all the tender raptures of a fond mother, and public rejoicings and festivals were ordered throughout the kingdom.

One day, this young man, who passed for the prince, said to his own brother; "Braminto, you see I have brought you from a village to the court, in order to make you a great man: but I know you are a liar, and that by your calumnies you have brought misery upon your brother Florio. Nevertheless, he now lies concealed in the palace, and I will have you speak with him, and give him an opportunity to make you sensible of your wicked practices." Braminto, trembling, cast himself at his feet, and confessed his fault. "But this (says Florio) does not satisfy me; I must have you speak to your brother, and ask his pardon. He must be very generous to forgive you, for you do not deserve it. He is in my closet, where you shall

see him presently: in the mean time, I will remove into the next apartment, to leave you more at liberty with him."

Hereupon, Florio withdrew into the adjoining room, and, shifting his ring, passed by a back-door into the closet, in his natural shape. When Braminto (after a pause arising from his guilt) ventured to open the closet door that lay before him, he was struck with shame and confusion at the sight of his brother. He asked his pardon, and promised to amend all his faults. Florio embraced him with tears of tenderness; assured him of a hearty forgiveness; and said, "I am in high favour with the prince: I can, if I please, have you put to death, or have you imprisoned for life: but I will approve myself as indulgent to you, as you have shewn yourself unkind to me." Braminto, abashed and confounded at such goodness, expressed the utmost submission, not daring to lift up his eyes, nor to call him brother.

The day after this interview, Florio pretended that he must absent himself from court, and make a journey secretly to marry a princess of a neighbouring kingdom. But, under this pretence, he went to visit his mother, to whom he related what he had done at court; and he supplied her at the same time with a

convenient sum of money, knowing she stood in need of it. For the king allowed him to demand of his treasurer what silver and gold he pleased: but his demands were always very moderate.

In the mean time, a war broke out between the king and a neighbouring potentate, who was an unjust, truce-breaking prince. Florio went to the court of this faithless monarch, and remaining invisible by means of his ring, he discovered all his most secret counsels. When he was thoroughly apprised of all the designs of the enemy, he entered upon proper measures to disconcert them. He commanded the army of his own king; entirely defeated his enemies in a bloody battle, and concluded a glorious peace upon equitable conditions.

The king was now determined to marry him to a princess who was the heiress of an adjoining kingdom, and whose beauty was admired by all the princes of the east. It happened, one day, that Florio, went out to hunt in the forest where he was first benighted in his troubles. When, by eager pursuit of a stag, he was separated from the company, the fairy presented herself to him again, and said, "I warn you not to think of marrying as if you were the prince: remember, you are to deceive no man:

it is just that the prince, whom you personate, should return and succeed to the king his father. I enjoin you, therefore, to find him out in an island, whither the winds shall convey your ship by my influence. Make no delay to perform this service, due to your master; and then resolve to return, like an honest man, into your proper condition, without listening to the flattery of ambition. Should you neglect your duty on this occasion, you will be dishonest, and prove in the end unhappy; for I shall abandon you to your former miseries." Having thus spoke with an air of severity, she disappeared, and her sage advice sunk deep into the young man's heart.

He demanded the king's permission to go alone upon a secret negotiation, which (he said) he had a mind to transact with a powerful state, for the advantage of the kingdom. Under this pretext, he embarked privately in a small ship, and the winds bore him directly to the island where the fairy told him he should find the king's son. Accordingly, he found the prince a captive in a barbarous nation, where he was employed to tend sheep. Florio went invisible to the solitary valley where he tended the flocks; and throwing his own invisible cloke over him, he delivered him from the

savage people. They embarked together, and the fairy sent favourable winds to bear them home. They landed privately, went directly to court, and entered the king's apartment together: when Florio, advancing to the king, said, "You have believed me to be your son; and yet I am not: but now, I present him to you; behold your son indeed."

The king, greatly astonished, addressed himself to the true prince, saying, "Is it not you, my son, who have vanquished my enemies in battle, and who have concluded for me a glorious peace? Or, rather, is it true that you have suffered shipwreck; that you were in captivity; and that Florio has delivered you?"—"Even so, my father (replies the prince). Florio came into the country where I was detained in bondage: to him I owe my deliverance: to him I owe the satisfaction of seeing you again: and it is to Florio, not to me, you stand indebted for your victory, and your peace." The amazement which was manifest in the countenance of the king, shewed that he believed not what he heard: whereupon, Florio, shifting his ring, appeared in the likeness of the prince; and the king, yet more amazed for a while, saw at once two persons, each seemingly his son.

The king, at last fully satisfied, offered im-

mense riches to Florio for his great services; which he modestly refused, and only requested of the king, the favour of permitting his brother Braminto to continue in the employment he held in his court. As for himself, he was apprehensive of the inconstancy of fortune, of the envy of mankind, and of his own weaknesses; and therefore he desired he might have leave to retire to his native village, and live with his mother; where he applied himself to till the ground.

As he was labouring in the fields, the fairy came to him again: she shewed him the cavern where his father lay confined, and taught him certain words, which he should pronounce to break the enchantment and deliver him. He pronounced the words with a sensible pleasure; he delivered his father, whom he had long wished to set free, with the utmost impatience: moreover, he gave him wherewithal to pass his old age comfortably. He was likewise kind to all his relations; and had the pleasure of shewing himself a benefactor to every man who had endeavoured to injure him.

Notwithstanding Florio had performed the most signal services for the court, he petitioned for no other recompence but the liberty to live a stranger to its vices and corruptions. And,

as the most extraordinary instance of his wisdom, he was afraid lest the ring should tempt him to quit his privacy, and engage him again in public affairs. Under this uneasiness, he returned to the wood, where the fairy had appeared so favourable to him, in hopes to find her. He went day after day to the cave where he first saw her in the morning. At last, she presented herself to him, and he gave back the enchanted ring to her. "I return you (said he) your gift, which is as dangerous as it is valuable; a gift, which, I fear, it is impossible not to abuse. I shall never think my happiness secured, while I wear a temptation to quit my solitude, with so ample a power to gratify all my passions."

In the mean time, Braminto, whose wicked disposition was not changed, abandoned himself to the malice of his heart, and used every artifice to engage the young prince (who was now king) to persecute Florio in his retirement. The fairy, knowing his practices, said, "Your incorrigible brother studies to render you suspected by the new king, and to work your ruin. He deserves to be punished, and he shall perish in his wickedness. I will give him the ring which you return to me." Florio bewailed the iniquity of his brother, and said to the

fairy; "How do you propose to punish him, when you give him so miraculous a present?"—"He will abuse it (answered the fairy); he will employ the virtues of it to distress all good men, and to acquire unlimited power. The gifts (continued she) which are a blessing to some, prove a curse to others: prosperity is the source of misfortunes to the vicious: the most effectual means to punish an unjust man severely, and to hasten his destruction, is to raise him to an eminent degree of power."

The fairy went instantly to the palace, where she found Braminto meditating mischief in his closet. She disclosed herself to him under the appearance of an old woman, poorly habited; and said to him, "I have conveyed away from your brother the miraculous ring I lent him, with which he performed such wonders, and acquired so much glory: I bestow it on you, and advise you to make a proper use of it." Braminto replied, with a smile, "I shall not abuse your gift, like my brother, who foolishly employed it to restore the prince, when he might have reigned in his place."

Braminto, now in possession of the ring, applied himself to discover the secrets of families; to perpetrate treasons, murders, villanies; to overhear the counsels of the king, and to de-

fraud private persons of their treasures. His invisible crimes astonished the whole nation. The king, perceiving all his secrets discovered, was at a loss to know how to remedy the inconveniency: but, the surprising affluence, and the uncontrollable insolence of Braminto, made him suspect that he had his brother's enchanted ring. He, therefore, employed a foreigner of a hostile nation to detect him; whom he encouraged with a considerable bribe. This man came to Braminto by night; he offered him immense riches and the highest honours in the enemy's country, if he would employ proper spies to betray the counsels of the king.

Braminto readily assented to the proposal, and was carried privately to a merchant (employed for the purpose), who advanced him an hundred thousand pieces of gold for his intended treasons. Braminto, to convince them of the services he was able to perform, boasted that he had a ring which rendered him invisible when he pleased. The next morning the king sent for him; and, as soon as he came into his presence, ordered him to be seized. The ring was immediately taken from him, and papers found upon him that proved many of his crimes. Florio came to court to intercede for his brother's pardon; but could not prevail,

Braminto was put to death.—So the ring proved more fatal to him, than it had been advantageous to his brother.

The king, thinking to comfort Florio for the justice executed on his wicked brother, restored the ring to him, as the most inestimable present he could make him. The afflicted Florio judged otherwise, and went again to seek after the fairy in the forest. "Receive (said he) your ring: the fate of my brother has fully explained to me what I did not so clearly comprehend from your words. Keep for ever from me the detestable instrument of my brother's ruin. Alas! he might still have lived; he would not have overwhelmed his father and his mother with sorrow and disgrace in their old age; he might, perhaps, in time have grown a wise and a happy man, had he never had it in his power to gratify his unreasonable desires. How dangerous a trust is unbounded power! Take back your ring: wretched are they on whom you shall bestow it! One favour only I earnestly request—never give it to any of my friends."

FREE-THINKER, Nos. 109, and 110, April 6, and 10, 1719.

No. XXX.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem!
Non, quia vexari quemquam est jocunda voluptas;
Sed, quibus ipse malis caveas, quia cernere suave est!

LUCRETIUS.

How sweet, to stand, when tempests tear the main,
On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil!
Not, that another's danger sooths the soul;
But, from such toil how sweet to feel secure!

GOOD.

THE sea is the most vast of all the visible objects of nature: and when the wind adds disturbance and motion, to its immensity, there is nothing that seems so dreadfully proportioned to the greatness of its almighty Creator! Yet, as the art of the painter gives us a sensible delight from the representation of prospects, of creatures, or of actions, which in their natures are productive of horror; so we are never more pleased by any descriptions in poetry, than by those which set before us the strongest and liveliest pictures of shipwrecks and storms at sea: whether it is, that the soul exults and prides itself in a consciousness of its own capacity to move and conceive so greatly; or, that we derive a sharper taste and enjoy-

ment of our own safety, from a comparison with those represented dangers.

All the poets, ancient and modern, have been fond of raising tempests; wherein, for the most part, their own time has been cast away: for they have scattered and weakened the terror they designed to increase, by throwing together all the images that occurred, rather than selecting the most essential and impressive. By means of which perplexing and inconsistent variety, their reader's imagination finds relief, from not clearly discerning their object through the dust which they have raised about it.

It has been observed by the admirers of Homer, that there is a similitude between his manner of thinking, and that of David and Solomon, and others of the Hebrew writers, who owed their excellence to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Methinks this remark, which is much to the honour of that immortal Greek, may gather some new force, if we consider Homer's description of a tempest (which Longinus was so justly charmed with), and compare it with that of David in the 107th psalm, which has often been mentioned with wonder by the critics of our own and foreign nations. Both the versions are new; but both the originals are inimitable. I begin with that of the Psalmist.

They who in ships the sea's vast depths descend,
And o'er the watry world their passage bend;
They (more than all) their God's great works discern,
And midst th' unfathom'd deep his wonders learn.
There, from smooth calms, on sudden storms they rise;
Hang on the horrid surge, and skim the skies!
Now, high as heav'n they climb their dreadful way;
Now, sink in gulphy slants, and lose the day!
Giddy, they reel to shoot the frightful steep;
And their souls melt amid the sounding sweep!
Helpless, they cling to what supports them first,
And o'er them feel the breaking billows burst.
Then, to their last Almighty hope they cry;
Who hears, and marks them with a pitying eye:
He bids the storm be hush'd—the winds obey,
And the aw'd waves in silence shrink away!

Now follows Homer, with a terror and a majesty which leave it almost doubtful to which of these great poets the victory should be ascribed: but certain, beyond all question, that no other has equalled either of them.

O'er the broad sea the driving tempest spreads,
And sounding surges swell their sweeping heads.
Upwards, immense, the liquid mountains flow,
And shade the distant ship that climbs below!
Down her wash'd decks the whit'ning foam rolls o'er,
And the big blasts thro' bursting canvass roar!
Back shrink the sailors from the briny grave,
And see pale Death press close on every wave!

We see here no time lost in enumerating little particulars: all the great and striking circumstances are thrown forward in their proper lights; but nothing is added that can either diminish or distract the apprehension. I have placed these two admirable descriptions thus opposite to each other, that some of our fashionable applauders of Homer may see his sublimity more than matched in the works of a poet they have seldom heard of*; and that they who are justly his admirers, may find cause to esteem him yet more, by observing how near he comes to one whom God was pleased after a peculiar manner to inspire and delight in.

While I am upon this subject, it falls naturally in my way to recollect a letter that was lately sent me by a gentleman, who writ the particulars of the story from the mouth of a person who was himself an eye-witness.

Sir,

You appear, by some of your writings, to be so heartily a lover of the trade and prosperity of your country, that I persuade myself you must of necessity be a well-wisher to the honest sailors: a set of men, who, at the continual hazard of their lives, contribute their toil and their skill to the power and grandeur of the

nation; and who, allowing themselves no leisure for luxury, furnish means, notwithstanding, to maintain the luxury of other people. The sailors, to be short, are a race of open-hearted, gallant thinkers, who retain the plainness, the uncorrupted sincerity, and blunt species of virtue, which distinguished our fore-fathers, and which Old England has so often triumphed by, in times whose customs we rather admire than imitate. Whatever therefore relates, in a very extraordinary manner, to the good or ill fortune of any of this useful and worthy race of your kindred plain-dealers, I promise myself you will take pleasure to distinguish, by allowing it a place in your paper.

The ship Bouevia, of London, of burthen about two hundred and fifty tons, Captain Brooks commander, set sail from the coast of Holland, on the twenty-fifth of November last; having two pilots, one English, and the other Dutch; and his wife was on board with him.

The day had been fair and clear; but in the evening, about six, it blew hard at south and by west. The gale increased into a violent storm, and continued for about seven hours, veering to the west, and north and by west; during which the ship was stranded off Enchuysen,

in the Texel. In order to save themselves, if possible, the men all got into the long-boat, and were just ready to put off; but not having their captain among them, they called to him to hasten down, because the sea ran so high that it broke over the boat, and endangered her beating to pieces against the sides of the stranded vessel. The captain, in this nice and perilous point of time, recollecting that his wife was sea-sick in the cabin, could not bear the ungenerous thought of endeavouring to save himself without her, and was earnestly labouring to bring her along with him. But she, who had heard the men cry out that the boat would sink under the weight of two persons more, embraced him passionately, and refused to go. She wept, and told him, in the most moving manner, that a woman in such an extremity would prove a dangerous incumbrance. She implored him not to think of dividing his care, but to employ it all for preservation of his single life, much dearer to her than her own was.

For some time he pressed her in vain; but prevailed with her at length to come up with him upon deck; where the first observation they made was, that the boat was out of sight; having been beaten off by the force of the swell that rose between her and the vessel.

He was gazing speechless on her face, in a despair which he found no words to utter, when a billow, breaking over the midship, washed him headlong into the sea, and left her shrieking and alone behind him, in a condition so far less supportable than his, that, after a succession of the bitterest outcries, she fell forward in a swoon, and sunk senseless after him.

The boat, in the mean time, endeavoured to return to the ship, and passing providentially near their captain, who was yet faintly swimming, the men discerned him in the sea, and took him up quite spent and speechless; in which condition they laid him in the bottom of the boat, and coming along the ship's side, one of the sailors looking up, saw something like a woman, with her arms and clothes entangled in the shrowds.

This woman was the captain's wife, who, in the moment of her falling forward, had been saved and supported against that part of the rigging! She was still in a swoon, and insensible, but so beloved by the mariners, that they redoubled their efforts to get aboard, that they might have it in their power to save her; and they were so fortunate in their humanity, that they found means to lift her into the boat;

where they laid her, dead in all appearance, by her husband, who was in the same condition.

They put off again, and with great difficulty got ashore upon one of the islands in the Texel, where the captain, coming to himself, told his men, that they would have done more kindly had they let him perish in the sea, since the life they had forced upon him must for ever be imbittered by her unhappy end, for whose sake only he had thought it worth wishing for. His wife was now recovering, and near enough to hear and answer this noble instance of his tenderness. They flew, astonished and quite lost in ecstacy, into each other's arms; and it is easier to imagine than describe what they thought and said on so transporting an occasion!

Let me only add, that this relation was faithfully taken from the mouth of a gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the miraculous and providential particulars.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

PLAIN-DEALER, No. 88, Jan. 22, 1725.

No. XXXI.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens.

HORATIUS.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
And larger pile the cheerful fire.

FRANCIS.

Sir,

IT has been often disputed among the philosophers, in what part of the body the soul is seated. It will not be thought, I hope, a less important inquiry, to examine what external scenes call her forth into action; whether her virtues open fairest in the sunshine, or the shade; in the closet, or the usual seat indeed of intrigue, the bed-chamber. The old sages were content, like ignoble sportsmen, to surprize her in her last retreat, the pineal gland: I follow her in her strongest efforts, whether she is pursued by want, or in pursuit of fame.

The ancient poets, who are generally supposed to be the greatest masters of thought, attributed their happy exercise of it to their great patron, the sun: that they might enjoy his kind influences the freer, we find them quitting the smoke and riches of the city, for some country

retirement, where they might temper the directer rays, with cooling breezes, shady groves, purling streams, and melody of birds; where they might behold nature without disguise, and copy her without interruption; where they might at once earn their laurels, and gather them.

Our Northern poets think themselves warranted, at all adventures, to follow their great originals; who yet, from the difference of climate as well as circumstances, seem to stand in little need of such cooling refreshments. It would make one smile, if it were not barbarous to smile upon such an occasion, to see them, beyond even poetical fiction, invoking the gentle gales, while they are shivering under the bleak north-east, or at best when—

Lull'd by Zephyrs thro' a broken pane.

According to their own system, we have not above four poetical months throughout the year; and yet, 'tis well known, we have verse as well as peas in all seasons; and 'tis an imposition upon our taste and judgment to make us believe, that either of them are the effects of a natural shade and sun. In short, an Italian genius may be produced by a happy mixture of both; but a British one must be owing to some other cause, more generally adequate to so great

a production; and what can that be but the invigorating warmth of the chimney-corner? Here the poet may indulge the overflowing of his nature, and satisfy the wants of it: instead of bubbling streams, he is delighted with the gallopping of the pot; and, as I hinted before of the crown of laurel, may first earn his dinner, and then eat it.

I know not whether it is from these vivifying qualities of the fire-side, that it has been remarked, there is a sort of antipathy between that and the sun; as if the poet's tutelary god were sensible of the force of this earthly rival, and therefore exerted all his power to its destruction.

I have often wondered why our writers should not sometimes lay the scene of their poems where in reality they took their rise. The fire is surely capable of the most surprizing imagery, by being diversified (if the poet pleases) with serpents, crackers, rockets, and the like short-lived gay creation of combustibles. These, Mr. Addison has somewhere observed, are abundantly capable of fable and design; and, to our modern poets, are no less full of moral. Those that have not Italian fancy for fine prospects and latent ruins, may by this means perpetuate their names (like the wiser Dutch) in some over-

glowing night-piece. I myself, methinks, am enamoured with my subject, and ready, with Sir John Denham, to make it an example of just writing, as well as the theme; for, lo! my chimney affords me

> A happy temperature of heat and light,
> Warm without rage, and without glaring bright.

But I confine not my observations to the poets alone; I appeal to composers of all denominations, whether a brisk fire and a clean swept hearth have not brightened their imaginations, produced ideas like a kind of hot-bed, and made them amazed at their own fecundity.

'Tis farther observable, in confirmation of my hypothesis, that the press labours most with the productions of the brain in the winter season, which seems to be the seed-time of wit, and at once (so quick is its growth) the harvest of it.

The reason is, no doubt, because our writers, who are generally of tender constitutions, though of active spirits, are then under a sort of domestic confinement from the severity of the weather, and indulge themselves in the only liberty they have left them—the free use of pen, ink, and paper. In the open fields their spirits are too much dissipated; but, collected in their cham-

ber, are restored by the warmth of the fire to their proper motion and elasticity. The souls, especially of our controversial and political writers, it is well known, are much allied to gunpowder; they lose their force by too great an expansion; but kindled by the least spark of fire, they burst from their garrets with surprising report, to the great terror of a prime minister, or joy of a pastry-cook, and demolish a kingdom, or support a pye.

The country, a few months in summer, has undoubtedly its charms; but those who have been locked up, like vegetables, the rest of the year, are then glad to shoot out in all their gaudy colours, and attend to the exercises of the body, rather than of the mind. Though they laugh at the absurdity of following a spaniel up to the knees in snow, they can now with pleasure move obsequious to a jack on a bowling-green. The country is then the scene of action, and nature too luxuriant to herself to permit others to be sedate; so that, I believe, the lively descriptions we meet with of rural pleasures, are oftener written from a remembrance, than under the actual enjoyment of them, as most are said to draw up their travels when they are come home. Italy has received improvements from classic reading, which the classic ground never

afforded; and the terrors of Ætna have been heightened by the smoke of Newcastle.

The robust, the busy, or unthinking part of the world, perhaps, are little sensible of the attractives of the hearth; but the men of speculation, the only men of authority in the point before us, look upon it as their most comfortable retreat. Wearied with the fatigues, or, what is worse, the impertinences of the day, they retire to their own home, as the mind does into her own breast, and solace themselves in the most cheerful part of it. Disguise and restraint are here laid aside, and the soul as well as the body appears the more beautiful for its dishabille.

That quintessence of earthly happiness, which, in warmer climates, was expressed by sitting under one's own vine, is with us more sensibly felt by one's own fire-side.

The Romans, though they received less benefit from culinary fire than we do, yet paid to it the greatest veneration; they had not only a public temple dedicated to the goddess of it, but the hearth in each house was peculiarly sacred to the Penates. Our old women retain still some marks of that superstition, who read the fates of families from a coal, and see a coffin or purse jump out, just as their fears or their hopes are

uppermost; all which, though it shews the weakness of their brain, yet proves how much adapted the fire-side is to promote contemplation.

But the fire is not only a friend to us in solitude; it is noted, to a proverb; to be always so in company; it brings us to a nearer converse with one another, by which means it promotes reconcilement between enemies, and mirth and society between friends. There is a sort of sullenness in the tempers of the English, which the fire softens as it does metals, and renders fit for use. How often has there been a room full of visitants, who could not furnish out an hour's conversation, for no other reason but because most of them were at too great a distance from the fire: the same assembly, brought into closer order, and nearer the grate, has proved wonderful good company: it has reminded me of the dogs in a chace (I hope I shall be pardoned my comparison), who open with less frequency when they spread round the field at first setting out; but when the game is started, and they have all one point in view, they run united in full cry. While I am speaking in praise of a sedentary life, I am not afraid to draw comparisons from the pleasures of the most active. Our fire-side dispels no less the gloominess of the brow, and throws upon the countenance not only the glow-

ing ruddiness of youth, but its cheerfulness. Here I have seen a gay semicircle of ladies resemble the beauties of the rainbow, without its tears; and at other times, a galaxy of white aprons more enlivening than all the blue in the brightest sky. The bottle, which is generally supposed the greatest cement of good fellowship, occasions too often a turbulent kind of mirth; it is an opium to distempered brains, which puts them into strong agitations for a time, and then into as strong a sleep; whereas true spirits want no such invigorating helps. But I need say no worse of that treacherous friend to society, than that it excludes one sex from its company; and yet, united with that sex by the fire-side, how serene are our pleasures, and how innocent! We have laughter without folly, and mirth without noise: thereby reflecting the beams of the sunny bank before us, we make the chimney-corner, I will not say, in Cicero's expression, the forge of wit, but in our modern philosophical term, the focus of it.

I know very well I speak in behalf of the fire-side to some disadvantage, at a time when we are going to be less sensible of its charms; but our inclinations towards it discover themselves very visibly at parting. How late in the year do we bring ourselves to forego so endearing a

sight! And is not that month generally most fatal that threatens us with a divorce from it? How cheerfully, after four months' absence, which we ill sustain, do we run again to the embraces of our truest, our winter friend! For my part, these thoughts flow from a sense of gratitude for the past pleasure it has afforded me: whatever other effects they may have upon the reader, they will convince the fair-one, I hope, of my constancy, and that I am not too much disposed to worship the rising sun.

From my fire-side, March 1.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. iii. p. 37.

The subject of this paper, and the mode in which it is treated, are both pleasing: but, perhaps, no modern writer has spoken with so much feeling and enthusiasm of the pleasures of a winter evening, and the comforts of the domestic fire-side, as our lamented Cowper. I am tempted to add a few of these interesting sketches.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in. ———

Oh, Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.———

-Me, perhaps,
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadow to the cieling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind;
The mind contemplative with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.——

Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour
At ev'ning; till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected pow'rs, and snapping short
The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toys, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess! and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!

TASK, book iv.

No. XXXII.

> There is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator, than public shows and diversions; and as, among these, there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatre, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.
>
> SPECT. No. 235.

Sir,

THE above lines are the introduction to a paper written by the late Mr. Addison, on certain significant hints given to him from the upper gallery at the play-house, by your humble servant, then a person of great distinction, and much talked of ever since: but, by reason of my long retirement from my old sphere of action, at present very little known, and by most people believed to have died of grief, soon after the last double constellation of admirable poets and actors disappeared for ever.—In brief, Sir, I am the critical Trunk-maker, so humorously celebrated in that excellent paper before quoted: well-stricken in years, 'tis true; but, except my feet, which are for the best part of the winter inflanneled for the gout, sufficiently master of all my faculties, both to

make my will without the help of a lawyer; and die, when God pleases, without paying the usual fees for my quietus to a physician.

And now, Sir, you know who I am, without any farther ceremony we'll proceed to business; which is indeed no more than to lay before you a relation of some late adventures that I have been engaged in, leaving it to you to make what use or application of them you think proper.

Be pleased then, Sir, to understand, that though I have in a manner deserted the theatre for some years past, I yet retain a grateful remembrance of the pleasures I have received there; and, with whatever company I mix, never fail to turn the stream of conversation on dramatical entertainments, the merits of authors and performers, and what remarkable events attended the representation of our most admired pieces. I have always observed, Sir, these moments used to be the happiest of the evening; every countenance was gay, every eye benevolent, and every heart open. If any difference of opinion appeared, it was softened with address and good-manners; if any points of wit escaped, they were not dipt in gall or envenomed with spleen; and whether a slight skirmish, or a set battle followed, like the Trojan youths that I have read of in Dryden's

Virgil, our very opposition was friendly, and no dishonest wound smarted when 'twas over. I say, Sir, this used to be uniformly the scene during those delectable moments. But I must own the case has been somewhat altered of late, and the stage is seldom mentioned, but the licensing-act is obtruded at the same time; and immediately, as if the very word was a charm, discord rushes in, and politics and ill-nature divide in rage, and sadden the whole company.

However, Sir, this did not deter me this Christmas from inviting a party of my old friends to take a dinner with me in form, by way of anniversary compliment to the season; and, when 'twas over, I began, as usual, my favourite subjects; and expatiated at large on the irresistible genius of our inimitable Shakspeare, the finished art of laborious Jonson, the luxuriant vein of easy Fletcher, the wild irregular flights of wanton Buckingham, and brilliant points of all-accomplished Dryden, the dissolving tenderness of pathetic Otway, the passionate starts of extravagant Lee, the sullen rebukes of imperious Wycherley, the polished scenes of elegant Congreve, the insinuating dialogue of frolic Vanburgh; and, in short, every other excellence of every other favourite author. Thence we made a natural transition

to the stage itself, and passed all its late ornaments in imaginary review before us: majestic Booth, facetious Dogget, bewitching Oldfield, correct Porter, agreeable Wilks, and many-gifted Cibber: nor did we confine ourselves to these, but touched on the subordinate as well as the chief, the living as well as the dead; mixing praise with blame, pity with reproach; but confining our remarks wholly to their feigned characters, and leaving to themselves their own.

By this time, Sir, I was worked up to such a pitch, that, forgetting my years and infirmities, I rose from my seat with the vigour of thirty, and, stepping to an adjacent closet, brought out an armful of oaken plants that I religiously reserve as monuments of theatrical triumphs.—" There, gentlemen (said I, throwing them on the ground), there are the precious relics of my upper gallery dictatorship! these six in a bundle, that are worn to the very stumps, I demolished during the first run of Cato, in compliment to the noble sentiments of the author; not, as some foolishly imagined, in return of the praises he had been pleased to honour me with before. 'Tis true, bribes have been offered me both by managers and authors; but I soon gave them to understand, that if they persisted in the affront, I should use my battoon

in a quite different way.—This, gentlemen (I went on), that is shattered quite up to the head, was bestowed on Booth, representing Pyrrhus, in the Distressed Mother. These knotted crab-sticks flew in applauding the romantic delicacy of the Conscious Lovers; and these, the truly feminine sweetness and heroic resignation of Jane Gray. Yon two large faggots, labelled Shakspeare and Jonson, are the collections of several years; and, what is remarkable, there is not one serviceable stick among them. These two enabled me to do justice to Mariamne; and these four lasted me pretty well through the first appearance of the Provoked Husband. This I began to exercise on the Beggar's Opera; but when the nobility filled the stage, I left the gallery. With this I disciplined Mrs. Oldfield, in Sophonisba; and with its fellow, both of the same growth, Mrs. Porter, in Eurydice. The rest are miscellaneous, and they belong, some to authors, some to performers; but (to deal ingenuously) are little the worse for wearing.—Ah! Gentlemen, 'twas with extreme regret I left my post; which, let me tell you, I filled with so much disinterestedness, that the less expense it put me to, the more I was displeased with it: in short, I never was so happy as when I had threshed away a

good substantial sapling to the size of a tooth-picker. But when I found the office little better than a sine-cure, I made a matter of conscience of it, and(to the shame of my betters!) laid down: from which time the seat has continued vacant, few being ambitious of an employ that is both troublesome and expensive into the bargain.—However, gentlemen, had I but the least hope, could I discover but the faintest glimmering, ever so remote, of a second dawn of genius on the stage, I would make no difficulty, old as I am, to lend a helping hand however. I remember my honoured friend, the original Spectator, speaking of me, is pleased to observe, 'that it is of great use to an audience for a person to preside over their heads, like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applause.'"—I was going on, Sir, with this speech, when one of those flashy young fellows who pique themselves on knowing the town, and who made one at my table on the credit of my long and intimate acquaintance with the good man his father, broke in upon me with a full tide of noisy loquacity, pretty much in the following phrase and manner:—"Why, look you, as to that, Old True-penny, you may save yourself the labour: that office, now, like many others, is wholly super-

fluous: and should you presume to lay about you as formerly with your impertinent cudgel, 'tis ten to one but you would be tossed over. I'd have you to know we have no need of any such prompter above stairs, to rap out a cue for us to thunder below; we are all become staunch critics, every man of us, look you; and by a much easier receipt than ever was known to our fathers: for whereas they dared not open their mouths without Aristotle, Horace, or, at least, some modern Frenchman, for a second; a broad hat, a little wig, a close frock, and a good oaken plant, make the least of us more terrible to the stage than Dennis himself. Again, one Trunk-maker, forsooth, ruled the roast in those times; whereas, now-a-days, you would think the whole worshipful company was at work all round the house, pit, box, and gallery! Yes, we scorn to sneak into corners, or clamour only with the mob, but boldly press forward into the most distinguished places, and mingle with those of the best rank in the kingdom. I myself have led a party into the pit, that has had the honour to clear the whole stage before them, and all the boxes behind them. Then, as to the demolishment of cudgels, I made a purchase of half a hundred this very season; and though they proved to be as good stuff as ever was handled,

this is the last of them. In plain truth, we have raised the price of this sort of ware above five-and-twenty per cent. and I do not question, but, before the end of May, it will be hard to get a cudgel of any substance for love or money. But why do I talk of cudgels only? benches, sconces, every thing that we can lay our hands on, go to wreck, without fear of wit, when we have a mind to shew our plenitude of power. And let me see the manager who dares to say to the meanest of us, what doest thou?"—Here, Sir, though not a little nettled all the while at his arrogant manner, I ventured to interpose:— "But pray, young man, to answer what end is all this violence? Is it to banish folly, absurdity, self-conceit, indecorum, barbarism, or dulness, from the stage? Is it in behalf of any injured genius? Is it to revive departed wit? Is it to provoke ingenuous emulation? Is it to restore the lost importance, dignity, and majesty of the English theatre?"—"Pshaw! (replies my spark) I don't know what you talk of: 'tis to restore king Harlequin."—"How! (said I, with a mixture of warmth and concern) is this all? Is it for this that the very temple of the Muses, as one may call it, is filled with noise and tumult? Is it for this that good-manners are forgotten, order violated, greatness insulted, and even

beauty frighted, where it ought to be adored? For shame! for shame! Though I am pleased to see you have power, though I should even recommend the exercise of it now and then, I would have it guided by discretion and propriety, and never employed to disturb, but polish and reform.—You have now an opportunity to be instrumental in exalting the British stage to a rivalship with that at Athens. The opera (that syren enemy!) sleeps; the French inmates are returned home; all ranks and degrees of people shew a greater fondness for diversions of this kind than ever; and, on your evidence, they are better understood. Shall this great opportunity then be lost? Shall you manifest your power in clamour and tyranny only, regardless of justice and decency? Or in making it the tool of little factions behind the scenes, when it ought to discourage the least appearance of any such bar to your diversions? Shall it be said, the gentlemen critics of this age ruined the theatre, by their cabals in favour of a trifling harlequin, when even the ladies made contributions in honour of immortal Shakspeare?—You may shew your influence by this means, for what I can tell; but they, their understanding; and which conduct best deserves applause, I leave the world to judge."—Here, Sir, I paused; and the young

gentleman looking a little abashed, I turned my discourse to another subject: but thinking what had passed was of some consequence, I resolved to send a hasty sketch of it to you; and, with your approbation, I shall henceforward take the liberty of becoming your correspondent; for since it is in a manner impossible to be heard in a play-house, I have a mind to try what hope there is from the press; being very sincerely, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

THE TRUNK-MAKER.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. iii. p. 282.

No. XXXIII.

Fidem qui perdit, nihil potest ultra perdere:
Bona opinio homini tutior pecunia est.

PUBL. SYRUS.

He who hath lost his integrity hath nothing farther to lose:
Reputation is more valuable to man than wealth.

CHA-ABBAS, king of Persia, making a progress through his dominions, withdrew himself one day from his court, led by his curiosity to see the simple-natural life of the peasants; taking with him only one of his courtiers.—" I have never yet had an opportunity (says the king to him) to observe the manners of men in a true light: what I have hitherto seen has been all disguise; the simplicity of nature has been hidden from me: therefore I have resolved to look into the country, and to consider those people whom we despise, notwithstanding they are the foundation and support of society. I am weary of being perpetually surrounded by courtiers, who watch my looks and my words to ensnare me with flattery. Be not surprized then that I have determined to lay aside the king for a time, that I may converse, freely and unknown, with husbandmen and shepherds.

He passed through several villages with his confident, and in every place as he passed he found the people dancing. His heart was ravished with delight, upon discovering the cheap, innocent, peaceable pleasures, which are not to be found but at a distance from courts. He went into a hut to refresh himself; and, as through fasting and exercise his appetite was keen, he made a delicious repast, and relished the coarse fare that was laid before him beyond the delicacies of his own table.

From the little green hut, Cha-Abbas wandered on with his companion, till he came to a meadow richly embroidered with flowers, and shaded on every side with spreading trees. He had not entered far into this luxuriant scene, when he heard the murmur of a brook; and, advancing forward, he perceived a young shepherd sitting on the bank of a stream, under the cool shade of a beech-tree, and playing on his pipe, while his flock fed along the fresh margin. The king came up to him, and, attentively eyeing him, was surprised at the sweetness and ingenuity of his countenance, tempered with a graceful simplicity. The mean apparel of the youth did not abate his comeliness, and the king took him for some young nobleman in disguise. Hereupon the shepherd informed him,

that his father and his mother lived in the next village, and that his name was Alibez.

The more Cha-Abbas discoursed with him, the more he admired the modesty and the justness of his answers. His eyes were lively without the least fierceness, his voice was sweet and insinuating, and his features were neither harsh nor vulgar, nor yet soft and effeminate. The shepherd, who was not above sixteen years of age, was unconscious of his own advantageous form, and suspected not that his person, his speech, and his thoughts, were extraordinary, or peculiar more to him than to all the other swains of the village. But nature had been liberal to him, and had implanted that force of reason in his mind, which others acquire by education.

The king was charmed with conversing familiarly with him, and often smiled at the natural expressions of the youth, whose answers were unconstrained, his lips speaking the language of his heart; a style of conversation which, till then, the king had never heard. Wherefore he made a sign to the courtier, his companion, not to discover him; fearing that Alibez would immediately lose all his frankness and his natural graces, if he knew before whom he spoke.

After a long conversation, "I am at last convinced (said the prince to his confident) that

the perfections of nature are not confined to birth and grandeur, and that the monarch is not always superior to the peasant. Never was the son of a king better born than this young shepherd. I should think myself happy in a son, whose beauty, whose sense, and whose virtues, were equal to the rare endowments I have observed in this youth. If I judge aright, he would excel in any condition of life; and if proper care be taken of his education, he will undoubtedly one day prove an extraordinary man: therefore I am determined to rescue him from obscurity, and to educate him in my court."

Hereupon the king disclosed himself to Alibez; whose countenance was agreeably varied with confusion, with surprize, and with joy. His parents consenting, Cha-Abbas took the lovely youth into his care, and returned to his palace. Alibez was taught to read and to write, to dance and to sing; and had masters appointed to instruct him in all the arts and sciences which embellish and improve the understanding. He was at first dazzled with the splendour of the court, and the great change in his fortune made some small alteration in his mind. His youth and his beauty both conspired to incline his heart a little to vanity. The sheep-

hook, and pipe, and the shepherd's garb, were laid aside: he was now clothed in a purple robe, and a turban sparkling with jewels, and his beauty was the admiration of the court. Nevertheless, he wanted not diligence and application to render himself capable of the most serious affairs. As he grew into years and experience, he merited the confidence of his master, who, observing his genius admirably turned for the splendour and magnificence of a court, made him keeper of all his jewels and costly furniture; a post of great honour and trust in Persia.

FREE-THINKER, No. 128, June 12, 1719.

No. XXXIV.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium;
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

HORATIUS.

The just, who firmly keeps his destin'd course,
No tyrant's threat'ning frowns control;
No crowd's unjust demands can force,
Or shake the steady purpose of his soul.

BOSCAWEN.

WHILE the great Cha-Abbas lived, Alibez grew daily in the favour of his master. As his years increased, and his judgment ripened, he often called to mind his former condition, with a sensible regret.—"O, blessed days! (would he say to himself) days of innocence! days in which I relished uninterrupted joys, not mixed with fears! O days! such as I have never since enjoyed: and am I never to see the like again? The monarch who has deprived me of my peaceable hours, by delivering me over to riches and honours, has robbed me of my whole store of happiness!"—He grew impatient to revisit his native village: and his heart beat with emotions of tenderness, as he viewed the places where in his youth he used to dance, to pipe, and to

sing with his companions. He was liberal in bounties to his parents; his relations, and all his acquaintance: but he earnestly entreated them, as they tendered their own felicity, never to quit the tranquillity of a country life, nor ever once to think of experiencing the flattering miseries of a court.

These miseries did he feel in the utmost severity, after the death of his kind master, Cha-Abbas; who was succeeded by his son, Cha-Sephi. A cabal of courtiers, full of envy and artifice, concerted measures to prejudice the prince against Alibez.—"He has abused (said they) the confidence of the late king: he has amassed immense treasures; and has converted to his own use the most valuable jewels of the crown, which were committed to his care."

Cha-Sephi was young; and, at the same time, he was a monarch: either of which circumstances was alone sufficient to render him credulous, inadvertent, and averse to business. He had the vanity to pride himself upon reforming all his father's regulations; and he called the old king's wisdom in question upon all occasions, to magnify his own. That he might have a pretext to remove Alibez from his high post, he ordered him (by the advice of his wicked councillors) to produce immediately the great scymitar,

studded with diamonds of an inestimable value, which the king his grand-father used in combats. Cha-Abbas, it seems, had formerly taken all the valuable diamonds off from this scymitar; and Alibez proved, by unquestionable witnesses, that the stones had been disposed of by the late king, before he was appointed keeper of the jewels.

When the enemies of Alibez found that they could not ruin him by this pretence, they advised Cha-Sephi to command him to make a particular inventory, within fifteen days, of all the jewels and valuable furniture intrusted to his care. The fifteen days expired; Cha-Sephi demanded he might view all the particulars specified in the inventory. Alibez set open all the doors, and shewed him every thing committed to his keeping. There was nothing wanting; every thing was ranged in exact order, and preserved with great care. The king was again disappointed; and greatly surprised when he saw the regularity observed in the disposition of all his treasures; so that he began to entertain a favourable opinion of Alibez; when, casting his eye through a long gallery full of rich furniture, he discovered at the end of it an iron door, strongly barred, with three great locks. Thereupon, the invidious courtiers, observing the cu-

riosity of the king, whispered to him, "It is there Alibez has treasured up all the riches of which he has defrauded you."

Hereupon, the king again grew jealous of Alibez; and with a loud voice cried out in a rage, "I will instantly see what lies concealed within that strong place; take off the locks, and clear yourself from my suspicions, without delay." At these words, Alibez threw himself prostrate at the feet of his prince; conjuring him, in the most solemn manner, not to take from him the only valuable treasure he had upon earth:—"It is not equitable (said he) that I should be at once deprived of my whole substance, my sole resource, on which alone I have depended, as my recompence for the services of many years under the king your father. Take every thing else, if you please, from me, but let me preserve what I have treasured here."—The king now made no doubt of the iniquity of his minister; and raising his voice with greater vehemence, gave an absolute command to have the iron door set open. When Alibez saw it not safe longer to resist the will of his prince, he produced the keys, and took off the locks himself from the door.

The king immediately entered the strong place; and all the wealth he found there was a

sheep-hook, a pipe, and a shepherd's habit, which Alibez had worn; all which he often took a pleasure in visiting privately, to remind him of his former condition. "Behold (said he), great king, the precious remains of my former happiness! Neither fortune, nor your power, have as yet been able to deprive me of them. Behold my treasure; the wealth I have hoarded against the day when it shall please you to make me poor again. Take from me every thing else, but let me enjoy these dear pledges of my first state of life. Behold my substantial riches, which will never fail: look upon these simple, these innocent possessions, always sufficient for those who do not covet the superfluities of life. Freedom, ease, and security, are the blessings that flow from them. To me their value is inestimable, as they never gave me a moment's anxiety. O endearing remembrances of true felicity! on you are my whole desires fixed, to you I dedicate the remainder of my days: why was it my destiny to be obliged to give up the quiet of my life, in exchange for other riches! Those riches, great monarch, do I restore to you; the fatal tokens of your father's liberality. I carry nothing away, save what I possessed when the king your father first made me wretched by his favours."

The heart of the king was touched with the speech of Alibez, whose looks and words were free from confusion; and his integrity and innocence shone out in their full lustre. The king perceived with indignation the malice of the courtiers who had studied the ruin of Alibez, and he banished them all from his presence. After this, he raised Alibez to be his prime vizier, and committed the whole affairs of the kingdom to his care. Nevertheless, Alibez continued still to visit his sheep-hook, his pipe, and his ancient garb, and he still kept them under the security of the iron door; with a resolution to retire to his pastoral life, when the inconstancy or the artifices of a court should deprive him of his master's favour. He lived to a good old age, and never attempted to inflict any punishment upon his enemies, nor to amass riches to himself; and, when he died, he left to his family no greater wealth than was sufficient to enable them to live at ease in the condition of shepherds; which, to the last, he esteemed the most desirable state of life.

FREE-THINKER, No. 129, June 15, 1719.

I consider this Persian Tale as possessing distinguished merit; as exhibiting, together with an excellent moral, a very interesting fiction, and no small share of pathos.

No. XXXV.

Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari lapides, tempora, quæ semel
Notis condita fastis:
Inclusit volucris dies!

Horatius.

Vain the diamond's radiant blaze,
Vain the purple, to restore
Youth's bright scenes: those happier days,
Borne by fleeting time, are o'er!

Boscawen.

The Romans used to say "ex pede Herculem," or "you may know Hercules by his foot;" intimating, that one may commonly judge of the whole by a part. I confess I am myself very apt to judge in this manner; and may, without pretending to an uncommon share of sagacity, say, that I have very seldom found myself mistaken in it. It is impossible not to form to one's self some opinion of people the first time one sees them, from their air and dress; and a suit of clothes has often informed me, with the utmost certainty, that the wearer had not common sense. The Greeks (to display my learning) said ιμαϊιον ανηρ, or "the dress shews the man:" and it is certain, that, of all trifling things, there is none by which people so much discover their

natural turn of mind, as by their dress. In greater matters they proceed more cautiously: nature is disguised, and weaknesses are concealed, by art, or imitation: but, in dress, they give a loose to their fancy, and by declaring it an immaterial thing, though at the same time they do not think it so, promise themselves at least impunity in their greatest oddnesses and wildest excesses. I shall therefore, in this paper, consider the subject of dress, by certain plain rules of common sense, which I strictly charge and require all persons to observe.

As dress is more immediately the province, not to say the pleasure, not to say the care, not to say the whole study, of the fair sex, I make my first application to them; and I humbly beg their indulgence, if the rules I shall lay down should prove a little contrary to those they have hitherto practised. There is a proper dress for every rank, age, and figure, which they who deviate from, are guilty of petty treason against common sense: to prevent which crime for the future, I have some thoughts of disposing, in proper parts of the town, a certain number of babies in the statutable dress, for each rank, age, and figure; which, like the 25th Edward III. shall reduce that matter to a precision.

Dress, to be sensible, must be properly adapted

to the person; as, in writing, the style must be suited to the subject; which image may not unaptly be carried on through the several branches of it. I am far from objecting to the magnificence of apparel, in those whose rank and fortune justify and allow it; on the contrary, it is a useful piece of luxury, by which the poor and the industrious are enabled to live at the expense of the rich and the idle. I would no more have a woman of quality dressed in Doggrel, than a farmer's wife in Heroics. But I do hereby notify to the profuse wives of industrious tradesmen and honest yeomen, that all they get by dressing above themselves, is the envy and hatred of their inferiors and equals, with the contempt and ridicule of their superiors.

To those of the first rank in birth and beauty, I recommend a noble simplicity of dress; the subject supports itself, and wants none of the borrowed helps of external ornaments. Beautiful nature may be disfigured, but cannot be improved, by art; and as I look upon a very handsome woman to be the finest subject in nature, her dress ought to be Epic (but the true Virgilian Epic), modest, noble, and entirely free from the modern tinsel. I therefore prohibit all *concetti*, and luxuriances of fancy, which only depreciate so noble a subject; and I must do the

handsomest women I know the justice to say, that they keep the clearest from these extravagances. Delia's good sense appears even in her dress, which she neither studies nor neglects; but by a decent and modest conformity to the fashion, equally shuns the triumphant pageantry of an overbearing beauty, or the insolent negligence of a conscious one.

As for those of an inferior rank of beauty, such as are only pretty women, and whose charms result rather from a certain air and "je ne scai quoi" in their whole composition, than from any dignity of figure, or symmetry of features; I allow them greater licences in their ornaments, because the subject, not being of the sublimest kind, may receive some advantages from the elegancy of style, and the variety of images. I therefore permit them to dress up to all the flights and fancies of the Sonnet, the Madrigal, and such like minor compositions. Flavia may serve for a model of this kind: her ornaments are her amusements, not her care: though she shines in all the gay and glittering images of dress, the prettiness of the subject warrants all the wantonness of the fancy; and if she owes them a lustre which (it may be) she would not have without them, she returns them graces they could find no where else.

There is a third sort, who, with a perfect neutrality of face, are neither handsome nor ugly; and who have nothing to recommend them, but a certain smart and genteel turn of little figure, quick and lively. These I cannot indulge in a higher style than the Epigram, which should be neat, clever, and unadorned; the whole to lie in the sting—and where that lies is unnecessary to mention.

Having thus gone through the important article of dress, with relation to the three classes of my country-women who alone can be permitted to dress at all; viz. the handsome, the pretty, and the genteel; I must add, that this privilege is limited by common sense to a certain number of years, beyond which no woman can be any one of the three. I therefore require, that, when turned of thirty, they abate of the vigour of their dress; and that, when turned of forty, they utterly lay aside all thoughts of it. And as an inducement to them so to do, I do most solemnly assure them, that they may make themselves ridiculous, but never desirable, by it. When they are once arrived at the latitude of forty, the propitious gales are over; let them gain the first port, and lay aside their rigging.

I come now to a melancholy subject, and

upon which the freedom of my advice, I fear, will not be kindly taken; but as the cause of common sense is most highly concerned in it, I shall proceed without regard to the consequences. I mean the ugly, and (I am sorry to say it) so numerous a part of my country-women. I must, for their own sakes, treat them with some rigour, to save them not only from the public ridicule, but indignation. Their dress must not rise above plain humble Prose; and any attempts beyond it, amount at best to the Mock-Heroic, and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her, which she will entertain so ill. But if she endeavours by dint of dress to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented; and when a gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain, if she lost head and all by the hand of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women (who may more properly be called a third sex, than a part of the fair one) should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way: they should endeavour to be honest, good-humoured gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field sports, and a cheerful glass; and if they could get into parliament, I should,

for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked how a woman should know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly; I answer, that in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears; and if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity and not the severity of her countenance that prevented them.

There is another sort of ladies, whose daily insults upon common sense call for the strongest correction, and who may most properly be styled old offenders. These are the sexagenary fair-ones, and upwards, who, whether they were handsome or not in the last century, ought at least, in this, to reduce themselves to a decency and gravity of dress suited to their years. These offenders are exceedingly numerous, witness all the public places, where they exhibit whatever art and dress can do to make them completely ridiculous. I have often observed septuagenary great-grandmothers, adorned, as they thought, with all the colours of the rainbow, while in reality they looked more like decayed worms in the midst of their own silks. Nay, I have seen them proudly display withered necks, shrivelled and decayed like their marriage settlements, and which no hand but the cold hand of time

had visited these forty years. The utmost indulgence I can allow here is extreme cleanliness, that they may not offend more senses than the sight; but for the dress, it must be confined to the Elegy and the Tristibus.

What has been said with relation to the fair sex, holds true with relation to the other; only with still greater restrictions; as such irregularities are less pardonable in men than in ladies. A reasonable compliance with the fashion is no disparagement to the best understanding, and an affected singularity would; but an excess beyond what age, rank, and character will justify, is one of the worst signs the body can hang out, and will never tempt people to call in. I see with indulgence the youth of our nation finely bound and gilt on the back, and wish they were lettered into the bargain. I forgive them the unnatural scantiness of their wigs, and the immoderate dimensions of their bags, in consideration that the fashion has prevailed, and that the opposition of a few to it would be the greater affectation of the two. Though, by the way, I very much doubt whether they are all of them gainers by shewing their ears; for it is said that Midas, after a certain accident, was the judicious inventor of long wigs. But then these luxuriancies of fancy must subside, when age and

rank call upon judgment to check its excrescencies and irregularities.

I cannot conclude this paper without an animadversion upon one prevailing folly, of which both sexes are equally guilty, and which is attended with real ill consequences to the nation; I mean that rage of foreign fopperies, by which so considerable a sum of ready money is annually exported out of the kingdom, for things which ought not to be suffered to be imported even gratis. In order therefore to prevent, as far as I am able, this absurd and mischievous practice, I hereby signify, that I will shew a greater indulgence than ordinary to those who only expose themselves in the manufactures of their own country; and that they shall enjoy a connivance, in the nature of a drawback, to those excesses which otherwise I shall not tolerate.

I must add, that if it is so genteel to copy the French even in their weaknesses, I should humbly hope it might be thought still more so, to imitate them where they really deserve imitation, which is in preferring every thing of their own to every thing of other people's. A Frenchman, who happened to be in England at the time of the last total eclipse of the sun, assured the people whom he saw looking at it with attention, that it was not to be compared to a

French eclipse! Would some of our fine women emulate that spirit, and assert (as they might do with much more truth) that the foreign manufactures are not to be compared to the English, such a declaration would be worth two or three hundred thousand pounds a year to the kingdom, and operate more effectually than all the laws made for that purpose. The Roman ladies got the Oppian law, which restrained their dress, repealed, in spite of the unwearied opposition of the elder Cato. I exhort the British ladies to exert their powers to better purposes, and to revive, by their credit, the trade and manufactures of their own country, in spite of the supine negligence of those whose more immediate care it ought to be to cultivate and promote them.

COMMON SENSE, Feb. 26, 1737.

No. XXXVI.

> —For his verse renown'd,
> That sung the deeds of heroes; those who fell,
> Or those who conquer'd, in their country's cause;
> Th' enraptur'd soul inspiring with the thirst
> Of glory won by virtue.
>
> LEONIDAS, l. iv. p. 129.

Sir,

I am an old man, retired from the world, partly out of principle, but more, I fear, from laziness, having sense enough to see that things go ill, honesty enough to wish they went better, but not spirits enough to attempt myself to mend them, nor any great hopes from the activity of those who are engaged on one side or the other. This temper of mind has thrown me deeply into reading, that I may forget the present scene as much as possible; and, as of all kinds of reading the most proper for this purpose is poetry, I make that my chief study; especially Homer, which lies in my hall by the side of the family bible; and, next to that, is most reverenced by myself, my wife, and all my children, whom I breed up in the love and honour of it, as extremely conducing to make them good and worthy men. But that you

may not mistake me, I must tell you that this Homer is neither Barnes's nor Clark's, but Mr. Pope's; for as he makes him speak English full as well as he does his own tongue, and sometimes better, I am partial enough to my own country rather to choose to read him in a translation, which, of all I ever saw in any language, has most the spirit and grace of an original. After Homer, Virgil and Milton are my favourites; and Tasso too, though he pleases me the less, by having borrowed so much from the two former, that half his work is little less than theirs repeated. But the wish of my heart these many years has been, that it would please the muses, for my delight and entertainment, to raise up a genius who would scorn to borrow any thing; but, in the spirit of the ancients, without taking their thoughts, produce another original epic poem.

I say, Sir, this has been my wish; but it was a wish not attended with the least degree of hope: on the contrary, from a contempt of my contemporaries, natural enough to people at my years, I should have been peevish with any body that had told me such a thing could possibly come to pass. In this disposition of mind, I was last week surprised with a new poem called "Leonidas."

I took it up with the strongest prepossessions that could be formed by any man against it. In the first place, I had never heard the author's name; next, they told me he lived in the city, and was a merchant; then, he was a young man of five-and-twenty; and, lastly, it consisted of nine books; which, at first sight, was enough to startle any lazy fellow, as I have before confessed myself to be. And, to tell you the truth, I was the less disposed to like it, from not having seen it before it was in print; for, as I take myself to be a critic of distinction, I was a good deal piqued that the author did not send me his manuscript to peruse, as other authors have done of no small fame.

All these objections created such a prejudice, that I was on the point of returning the Leonidas back again to my bookseller, without so much as having given it the reading; but my wife, who loves a new thing, prevailed upon me to look into it at least, and see the turn of it; which I ventured to do, in full persuasion that I should lay it by at the end of the first book.

The first thing that surprised me was to find I could understand the language it was written in, which, for a writer of blank verse, is a very unusual condescension to his readers: but this

author has found out, that strength of thought and majesty of expression may be reconciled to purity of diction and grammatical exactness, nay, to an ease and simplicity of style; that hard words and affected phrases are no more necessary in this sort of metre, than in rhime; and that if Milton himself had been more sparing of them, he would not indeed have appeared so great a scholar, and therefore, perhaps, might have pleased the ladies less; but he would have been a good deal finer writer, and not have spoiled the style of so many of his successors, who have chosen to imitate him chiefly in this point.

From understanding Leonidas, I quickly came to like it; and the more I read, the more I liked, the more I wondered, the more I found myself delighted, animated, moved; so that indeed I could neither eat nor sleep till I had gone through the nine books, and would have given ten times more than they cost me for nine more.

Since that time, I have been so full of all the beauties and excellent things I met with in it, that, to give some vent, I found it absolutely necessary to write this letter to you; and invite my countrymen, out of the sincerest affection that I bear them, to take part with me in the pleasure of admiring what so justly deserves

their admiration. And in doing this I have yet a farther view; I desire to do them good as well as please them; for never yet was an epic poem wrote with so noble and useful a design; the whole plan and purpose of it being to shew the superiority of freedom over slavery; and how much virtue, public spirit, and the love of liberty, are preferable, both in their nature and effects, to riches, luxury, and the insolence of power.

This great and instructive moral is set forth by an action the most proper to illustrate it of all that ancient or modern history can afford, enforced by the most sublime spirit of poetry, and adorned by all the charms of an active and warm imagination, under the restraint of a cool and sober judgment; and such, I own, is the effect of it on me, that it has got the better of my long habitual indolence, and roused me up to such a zeal for public good, that I could almost turn Spartan at threescore. The same good influence it may have on others too, especially the younger and more warm part of the world; therefore I think the recommending it to the public is a duty that we owe to our country; particularly you, Sir, whose recommendation may have weight.

But it has another special claim to your pro-

tection; for I will venture to say, there never was an epic poem which had so near a relation as this to common sense; the author of it not having allowed himself the liberty (so largely taken by his predecessors) of making excursions beyond the bounds, and out of sight of it, into the airy regions of poetical mythology. There are neither fighting gods nor scolding goddesses, neither miracles nor enchantments, neither monsters nor giants, in his work; but whatsoever human nature can afford, that is most astonishing, marvellous, and sublime.

There is indeed a very fine piece of machinery in the eighth book, where Leonidas, in his sleep, sees his ancestor Hercules, who represents to him, by a prophetic and figurative vision, the future success of the war wherein he dies; which was a necessary art, to shew the reader, as well as the hero himself, that the conclusion of the action would be fortunate. But this is still within the rules of common sense; for a Grecian might dream that he saw and talked with Hercules: but the absurdity would be to suppose that he did it waking.

I am well aware that this sobriety of Mr. Glover, in confining the flights of his fancy to the bounds of reason and of nature, which appears to me to be the highest work of judg-

ment, may be censured by some critics, from the rules of Bossu and Rapin; but I know that those authors have no other foundation for their rules than the practice of Homer and Virgil in this particular; and I dare appeal to every man of sense, whether or no, even in them, he has not found the mythological part the least agreeable, and in many places really disgustful? What Longinus says of Homer is as true when applied to Virgil, and other copiers of both—that they have debased their gods into men, and something worse—for I do not believe there ever was a set of kings at one time together in the world, who made so ill and so capricious a use of their absolute power over mortals, as the set of divinities described by these two poets through the whole course of the Iliad and Æneid. Yet it may be said, in excuse of those absurdities, that they wrote thus at a time when such strange stories were the national faith of Greece and Rome, and therefore more easily swallowed by their readers. But in an age and country free from all superstitions, one who should endeavour to bring back their old tales, or substitute others as idle in the room of them, would gain no credit, I am sure, in any sense: "quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi."

The truth is, it requires a vast genius, and a subject itself great and sublime, to be able to do without these shining follies: the gods and goddesses, the enchantments, and the miracles, come more in aid of the poet than the hero; and to them he is obliged to have recourse when he is distressed for want of matter or invention. But to Mr. Glover their assistance is not necessary; his force is equal to the hardest undertaking, and his hero superior to the gods of other poets.

Another objection that may possibly be made to him is, that his subject is not relative to England. Sir, the defence of a free state against oppressions, is a subject as interesting to us, and which this country ought to take as warm a part in, as any antiquated story that can be found in Geoffry of Monmouth, or Roger Hoveden's Saxon Annals. And since the Conquest, I know but of two reigns which can furnish actions great enough for epic poetry, those of Edward the Third, and Henry the Fifth; but, unfortunately, the exploits of these two kings were directly contrary to the interests of England; and would have undone us, if we had not lost again all that their victories gained for us in France, since we must soon have become a province to it: whereas, the valour of Leonidas

secured the independency of Greece, and made it superior to Persia ever after.

Any later subject (as our civil wars, for instance) would have been liable to a capital objection, which I am very glad Mr. Glover has had the prudence entirely to avoid; viz. the imputation of writing for a party. But, as he has gone so far as Greece to find a story, which will not bear the least suspicion of a parallel to any circumstance or character of these times, I hope all parties will be unanimous in giving his performance the praise that it deserves; since none can say that he meant it against liberty, to inspire a general love of which is the sole aim and intention of this poem.

The other faults that I foresee will be found with it, are rather objections to epic poetry itself, than particular to the merits of Leonidas. One fine gentleman will say, that he hates battles; another will declare his aversion to blank verse; a third will protest that he cannot read such damned hard names: this fine lady will complain it is too grave; a second will swoon at the very notion of a Spartan; and the general topic will be, that it is too long. But all these pretty little criticisms will die in a month or two at most; and all the pretty little critics will become violent admirers

of this book, they do not know how; as they are now violent foes to it, they do not know why!

I make no doubt but by far the greater part of the female world will be early on its side; for their just and natural taste, unspoiled by pedantry, gives them as quick a relish of what is excellent in poetry, as most of us can boast with all our learning: and the sex is shewn to such very great advantage in the two amiable characters of Ariana, and the queen of Lacedæmon; that (considering how ill they have all been used by Virgil, who has not drawn one good woman in his poem) this alone should make them fond of Mr. Glover, were there any need to excite their partiality.

It is impossible, within the bounds of this short paper, for me to point out the beauties of a work, which has so many, and of so different a nature. I will only say in general, that the fire which enlivens every part of it, would be enough to atone for many faults and errors; but that it seems to me to be as equal and correct, as it is spirited, affecting, and sublime.

And it has this particular merit to recommend it, that, though it has quite the air of an epic poem, there is not so much as a single simile in it that is borrowed from any of the ancients; and yet, I believe, there is hardly any poem that

has such a variety of beautiful comparisons: so just a confidence had the author in the extent and rich abundance of his own imagination.

The artful conduct of the principal design; the skill in connecting and adapting every episode to the carrying on and serving that design; the variety of characters, the great care to keep them, and distinguish each from the other by a propriety of thought; all these are excellencies which the best judges will be particularly pleased with in Leonidas. I must observe too, that even those who are not naturally fond of poetry, or any work of fancy, will find in this so much solidity of reason, such good sense, weight of thought, and depth of learning; will see every virtue, public or private, so agreeably and forcibly inculcated, that they may read it with delight and with instruction, though they have no relish for the graces of the verse, the harmony of the numbers, or the charms of the invention.—Upon the whole, Sir, I look upon this poem as one of those few of distinguished worth and excellence, which will be handed down with respect to all posterity, and which, in the long revolution of past centuries, but two or three countries have been able to produce. And I cannot help congratulating my own, that after having in the last age brought forth a

Milton, she has in this produced such poets as we have the happiness to see flourish now together, I mean Mr. Pope, and Mr. Glover. The first of these has no superior, if an equal, in all the various parts of poetry, to which his elegant and extensive genius has applied itself; no, not among the greatest of the ancients: but an epic poem he has not yet given of his own; I mean, distinct from his translations; and certainly, Sir, in that species of writing, it is enough to have given Homer to us, with a force of style not inferior to his own: the bounds of human life are too contracted for a second work so difficult as this; I might add, perhaps, the bounds of human glory. There was therefore a path left clear for Mr. Glover; and to what a height it has carried him, will appear to all who have eyes good enough to reach so far; for your judges of epigrams and songs can see no farther than the bottom of the hill, and both he and Mr. Pope are out of their sight. But it must be owned, that the latter had made the way much less difficult for Mr. Glover to ascend, by smoothing the roughness, and rooting up the thorns and briars which the English Parnassus was encumbered with before; so that if the diction of Leonidas be softer, and the general flow of the numbers more harmonious,

than that of Milton himself, it may in part be ascribed to Mr. Pope, as the great polisher and improver of our verse.

I have not the honour to know either of these gentlemen; but, as they are both men of great and real merit, I make no doubt they wish well to one another; and nothing, I am sure, can be of such advantage to a rising genius as the praise of Mr. Pope.

COMMON SENSE, Apr. 9, 1737.

The Leonidas of Glover was, on its first publication, considered too much in the light of a party poem; the consequence of which was, that for a period it received the most extravagant praise, and then undeservedly experienced an almost utter neglect. It has lately, however, been reprinted in an elegant form; and though not meriting the lavish encomia which were originally bestowed upon it, must be pronounced worthy of descending to posterity, accompanied as it is with more subdued, and therefore more just, applause. The present paper partakes, in some degree, of the enthusiasm of the day, especially where it declares the versification of Glover to be superior to that of Milton! Now, one of the defects of Leonidas is the monotony of its numbers.

No. XXXVII.

In vultu color est sine sanguine; lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis. Nihil est in imagine vivi.
Ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
Congelat, et venæ desistunt posse moveri.
Nec flecti cervix, nec brachia reddere gestus,
Nec pes ire potest; intra quoque viscera saxum est.

OVIDIUS.

Her cheeks still redd'ning, but their colour dead;
Faded her eyes, and fix'd within her head.
No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
But stands congeal'd within her frozen lips.
Stagnate and dull within her purple veins,
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.
Her feet their usual offices refuse,
Her arms and neck their usual gestures lose:
Action and life from ev'ry part are gone,
And e'en her entrails turn'd to solid stone.

CROXALL.

A FRIEND came yesterday evening to visit me, very firm in the belief of that stone city, whereof a certain ambassador has lately given an account to the virtuosi. I told him, that I had read a story somewhat like it in the Arabian Tales formerly, and was mightily surprised to find what had all along been judged a fable should be so easily received for truth; and that too in an age of scepticism, and at the same time when the miracles of Christ himself, which, for many centuries, had been held as unquestioned truths,

were boldly charged with being fabulous! He answered, that the book I mentioned was no objection, but rather might be made an argument in his favour, since it seemed to prove that the author had heard something of this story, though, for want of learning the particulars, he might, perhaps, himself believe it to be a fiction, as all his readers hitherto had done; but that now the matter was cleared up, and would scarce admit a doubt. He began to be so positive, I did not think it proper to dispute with him; and he went on to tell me, that, many ages past, the people of this city (who were all pagans), as a punishment for their sins, had suffered a general petrifaction, in the same manner as Lot's wife did formerly, and still remained in the same place and posture as they were when this judgment fell upon them: that not the human species only, but likewise the animals, the trees, the houses, and the very clothes upon their backs, were turned to stone. That the ambassador had several of these curiosities brought from thence; and, in particular, a dog, which being opened to prevent any cheat or imposition, the heart, the lungs, the blood-vessels, and all the bowels, were found in their exact order and true colour: that he had likewise some of the fruits and plants; and also several pieces of their coin, with

strange characters thereon, not to be understood. He assured me this city is not above fourteen days' journey from Tripoli, but in a sandy desert now; though formerly it was the metropolis of a populous and fruitful country: that the difficulty and danger of coming at it makes it so little known; but, however, several people had been there at different times, who all agree in their account; and that the members of our Royal Society intend to collect a handsome purse among themselves, to be employed in making a full discovery. Withal he told me, that at Tripoli the truth of it was never doubted: that it is generally believed, a time will come when their former state shall be restored; when the stone will, in an instant, soften and be flesh again, the blood flow through its vessels as before, new life return, and all the people go on to finish whatever they were about when first they became statues. But whatever injuries they receive during this petrifaction, by cutting or defacing them, will remain when they live again; and those who are maimed or wounded in such a manner as would be mortal in a living body, at the general thaw will be found dead carcases.

I told my friend, that if the people of Tripoli were of this opinion, I thought, out of common humanity, the government ought to place a

guard, and prevent any body's going thither, lest much mischief, and even murder, might be committed by unthinking people. For example, it would be an irreparable damage to a beautiful lady, when she lives again, to see a deep scar in her forehead, by the scratch of a rustic's stick, while he was awkwardly admiring her in her petrified condition; and how unhappy must others be to find themselves deprived of legs and arms, who have no way of getting a subsistence but by the use of them; nor would others be better satisfied to have the beauty and gracefulness of their persons spoiled and destroyed by blows; not to mention, that every hollow place, every break in any part of the body, must, when they breathe again, be painful gashes and ragged wounds.

My friend was pleased with thinking me brought over to his opinion, and took his leave. He had not long been gone, e'er I went to bed, ruminating on his discourse. I closed my eyes; fancy began to operate, and I dreamed as follows.

I thought myself travelling in search of this strange city, and that I saw it just before me. I found the avenues all guarded: but, applying to the chief commander, I obtained permission to take a view of it, and had an officer appointed

to conduct me, and interpret all its wonders. When we had passed the gates, along the high street I saw every thing that answered the hurry of a great town, but motion. People seemed ready to throng and pass by each other, although they stood stock still. The haste of business appeared in most of them; and people of all ages and conditions expressed in their faces their different cares and manners; which, methought, I observed with the same pleasure as I often have from a window in Cheapside. It is impossible to tell the different postures of the statues: I took notice of two particularly, very earnest, the one speaking, the other attending. He that spoke stroked his beard with one hand; which, as my guide informed me, was to signify the great truth of what he said, according to the custom of that country. Several of the poorer sort were carrying burdens, which they were doomed to labour under till the instantaneous thaw of this hard state, when the blood again will circulate, and they may go unload themselves.

Being desirous to see what was in the houses, we entered one; and I found it fared within doors, as in the streets, and that every thing remained just as the petrifying quality found it; for my guide told me the whole city was metamor-

phosed thus all at once, and did not stiffen by degrees as water hardens into ice. We came into a public room, where a crowd of people was got together, like as at our coffee-houses: here I observed that all the company had cast their eyes on one that stood at the upper end: he was tall, broad-faced, and lusty; his right arm was extended; it seemed as if he was making a great bustle by his talk; and by his habit he was known to be a priest of that country. In his features was an exceeding vehemence; his mouth remained in such a manner open, as when a man is speaking loud and earnest; and he must continue to be the figure of one making a noise, until he shuts it at the general change.

From hence we went through a long alley into an open area. The statues here were not so thick, nor seemed so full of business. A stately building fronted us, of which we took a view. It was the temple of their god. Descending a few steps, we came into a spacious aile, on each side whereof there ran a row of pillars, exceeding beautiful, though very different from any order I had ever seen. At the east end, a square place, into which we went down several more steps, was separated from the res by a partition finely wrought. Here stood

image of their deity, formed of white stone, naked in several parts of the body, and in others gilded and diversely coloured. It had many heads, all of them very frightful, though each seemed to intend something of a human countenance. Its hands I could not number, there were so many of them, and every one held somewhat; this a sword, that a pouring bottle, one a battle-axe, another forked thunder; but all denoting wrath and terror. The temple was full of people standing all upright: their countenances were serene and placid, which I imputed to the music playing at their ceremonies; for I observed the religious officers with their uplifted trumpets and other instruments, in the posture the petrifaction found them.

As we came from the temple, in a bye-corner we saw two persons richly habited, stabbing at each other with a kind of weapon something like the swords of our horse-guards, but longer. The history of their quarrel is not guessed, but the passion against his enemy, and the defence of himself, is wonderful in both. Tradition says, one of them is a person of great merit, which makes people under great concern for him. The weapon of his enemy is now but half way its push, although it touches his belly;

and the fear is, that upon the instant return of life and sensation, it will rush onwards, and go quite through the body. I would have broke the weapons, to put them both out of danger; but my guide informed me, that, as this judgment came on them from above, altering any thing would be impiously to oppose God's will; "and therefore (said he), though you may pity this noble person, yet, if thus you should save his life, I must immediately destroy yours."

In the upper part of the town, that way which leads from the temple, we found but few people, excepting some on the tops of the houses, leaning over a kind of rails, and others looking out of the windows. At the turning of a street we met a funeral; and a father's grief (which, in the picture of Agamemnon following his daughter to be sacrificed, the famous painter, unable to draw, covered with a veil) was here expressed in statuary. The mother and relations of the deceased African maid, whom they surrounded, appeared like real Niobes turned to stone with weeping.

From this place, in a little time we came to the great square before the palace, where I had the pleasure to see a whole troop of horse in stone: every soldier had his particular martial

countenance, and seemed intrepid. Just at the palace gate was a great crowd of statues; and as we made up to them, I observed some foot-soldiers placed as sentinels on every side: one made a compliment with his weapon, which was like a battle-axe; I turned my eyes, and perceived an officer in stone just by. When we came nearer, I found a number raised above the rest, in seats in a circular position: here was the king himself distributing justice, and many learned statues in the law assisting him: his countenance was majestic, but not terrible, and he seemed about the middle part of life. The grandeur of this assembly, and the silence here, struck me with much regard: the Gauls stopt not with greater reverence, when they found the elders of Rome sitting with all the dignity and decorum becoming that august senate. It scarcely ever rains in this country, which made them have an open court.

My curiosity would fain have led me into the king's palace, and the houses of the great men (for to look all over the city I thought would be an endless task); but my guide told me, that in those places many things were doing which it was not proper for me to see. This answer did not, however, satisfy me; and with pressing

him too eagerly I lost my dream, and found I had been no farther than the Minories.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. i. p. 113.

The story in the Arabian Nights, to which this entertaining paper alludes, is in the History of Zobeide, vol. i. p. 264, of Forster's translation. The Arabs, ignorant of the effects of chemical solution and deposition, very generally attributed phenomena of this kind to the operation of magic. Dr. Shaw, in his Travels through Barbary, has recorded some striking instances of this credulity.—"At the distance of some leagues (he relates) to the eastward of Constantia, are the Silent, or Enchanted Baths. They issue from a low ground, surrounded with mountains. Several of the springs have an intense heat, and at a small distance others are comparatively cold, near which are the ruins of some houses, probably erected for the convenience of bathers.

"The steam of those springs is strongly sulphureous, and the heat is so great as to boil a large piece of mutton very tender in fifteen minutes. The rocky ground, over which the water runs for the space of one hundred feet, is in a manner dissolved, or rather calcined by it. These rocks, being originally soft and uniform, the water, by making equal impressions on them all round, has left them in the shape of cones and hemispheres, which being six feet high, and nearly of the same diameter, the Arabs believe to have been the tents of some aboriginal inhabitants, turned into stone.

"Where these rocks contain a mixture of harder matter with their usual chalky substance, and consequently cannot be equally and uniformly dissolved, you are entertained with a confusion of traces and channels, distinguished by the Arabs into camels, horses, and sheep, men, women, and children, whom they suppose to have undergone similar transformation with their tents.

"On riding over this place, it reverberates such a hollow

sound, that we were every moment apprehensive of sinking through it. The ground being thus evidently hollow, it is probable that air, pent up in these caverns, produces that mixture of shrill murmuring, and deep sounds, which, according to the direction of the winds and the agitation of the external air, issue out along with the water. These sounds the Arabs affirm to be the music of the Jenoure, or fairies, who are supposed to take a peculiar delight in this place, and to be the grand agents in all these remarkable appearances." Mavor's Voyages and Travels, vol. xii. p. 91.

No. XXXVIII.

——— Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille velina;
Cuilibet hic fasces dabit, eripietque curule;
Cui volet, importunus ebur, frater, pater, adde;
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque facetas adopta.

HORAT.

The Fabian tribe his interest largely sways;
This the Velinian; there a third, with ease,
Can give or take the honours of the state,
The consul's fasces, and the prætor's seat;
According to their age adopt them all,
And brother, father, most facetious call.

FRANCIS.

HUMAN nature, though every where the same, is so seemingly diversified by the various habits and customs of different countries, and so blended with the early impressions we receive from our education, that they are often confounded together, and mistaken for one another. This makes us look with astonishment upon all customs that are extremely different from our own, and hardly allow those nations to be of the same nature with ourselves, if they are unlike us in their manners; whereas all human actions may be traced up to those two great motives—the pursuit of pleasure, and the avoidance of pain; and, upon strict examination, we shall find that those customs which at first

view seem the most different from our own, have in reality a great analogy with them.

What more particularly suggested this thought to me was, an account which a gentleman, who was lately returned from China, gave, in a company where I happened to be present, of a pleasure held in high esteem and extremely practised by that luxurious nation. He told us, that the tickling of the ears was one of the most exquisite sensations known in China; and that the delight administered to the whole frame, through this organ, could, by an able and skilful tickler, be raised to whatever degree of ecstasy the patient should desire.

The company, struck with this novelty, expressed their surprise, as is usual on such occasions, first by a silly silence, and then by many silly questions. The account too, coming from so far as China, raised both their wonder and their curiosity, much more than if it had come from any European country, and opened a larger field for many impertinent questions. Among others, the gentleman was asked whether the Chinese ears and fingers had the least resemblance to ours; to which having answered in the affirmative, he went on thus :—"I perceive I have excited your curiosity so much by mentioning a custom so unknown to you here, that I believe

it will not be disagreeable if I give you a particular account of it.

"This pleasure, strange as it may seem to you, is in China reckoned almost equal to any that the senses afford. There is not an ear in the whole country untickled; the ticklers have, in their turn, others who tickle them, insomuch that there is a circulation of tickling throughout that vast empire. Or if by chance there be some few unhappy enough not to find business, they comfort themselves at least with self-titillation.

"This profession is one of the most lucrative and considerable ones in China, the most eminent performers being either handsomely requited in money, or still better rewarded by the credit and influence it gives them with the party tickled; insomuch that a man's fortune is made as soon as he gets to be tickler to any considerable mandarine.

"The emperor, as in justice he ought, enjoys this pleasure in its highest perfection, and all the considerable people contend for the honour and advantage of this employment; the person who succeeds the best in it, being always the first favourite, and chief dispenser of his imperial power. The principal mandarines are allowed to try hands upon his majesty's sacred ears; and, according to their dexterity and agi-

lity, commonly rise to the post of first minister. His wives too are admitted to try their skill; and she among them who holds him by the ear, is reckoned to have the surest and most lasting hold. His present imperial majesty's ears, as I am informed, are by no means of a delicate texture, and consequently not quick of sensation, so that it has proved extremely difficult to nick the tone of them; the lightest and finest hands have utterly failed; and many have miscarried, who, from either fear or respect, did not treat the royal ears so roughly as was necessary. He began his reign under the hands of a bungling operator, whom for his clumsiness he soon dismissed: he was afterwards attempted by a more skilful tickler, but he sometimes failed too; and, not being able to hit the humour of his majesty's ears, his own have often suffered for it.

"In this public distress, and while majesty laboured under the privation of auricular joys, the empress, who by long acquaintance and frequent little trials judged pretty well the texture of the royal ear, resolved to undertake it, and succeeded perfectly, by means of a much stronger friction than others durst either attempt, or could imagine would please.

"In the mean time, the skilful mandarine, far from being discouraged by the ill success he had sometimes met with in his attempts upon

the emperor's ears, resolved to make himself amends upon his imperial consort's: he tried, and he prevailed: he tickled her majesty's ear to such perfection, that, as the emperor would trust his ear to none but the empress, she would trust her's to none but this light-fingered mandarine, who by these means attained to unbounded and uncontrolled power, and governed ear by ear.

"But as all the mandarines have their ear-ticklers too, with the same degree of influence over them, and as this mandarin was particularly remarkable for his extreme sensibility in those parts, it is hard to say from what original titillation the imperial power now flows."

The conclusion of the gentleman's story was attended with the usual interjections of wonder and surprise from the company: some called it strange, some odd, and some very comical; and those who thought it the most improbable, I found by their questions were the most desirous to believe it. I observed too, that, while the story lasted, they were most of them trying the experiment upon their own ears, but without any visible effect that I could perceive.

Soon afterwards the company broke up, and I went home; where I could not help reflecting with some degree of wonder at the wonder of the rest, because I could see nothing extraor-

dinary in the power which the ear exercised in China, when I considered the extensive influence of that important organ in Europe. Here, as in China, 'tis the source of both pleasure and power, the manner of applying to it is only different. Here the titillation is vocal, there it is manual, but the effects are the same; and, by the bye, European ears are not always unacquainted neither with manual applications.

To make out the analogy I hinted at between the Chinese and ourselves in this particular, I will offer to my readers some instances of the sensibility and prevalence of the ears of Great Britain.

The British ears seem to be as greedy and sensible of titillation as the Chinese can possibly be, nor is the profession of an ear-tickler here anyways inferior, or less lucrative. These are of three sorts: the private-tickler, the public-tickler, and the self-tickler.

Flattery is of all methods the surest to produce that vibration of the air which affects the auditory nerves with the most exquisite titillation; and according to the thinner or thicker texture of those organs, the flattery must be more or less strong. This is the immediate province of the private-tickler; and his great skill consists in tuning his flattery to the ear of

his patient: it were endless to give instances of the influences and advantages of those artists who excel in this way.

The business of a public-tickler is to modulate his voice, dispose his matter, and enforce his arguments, in such a manner as to excite a pleasing sensation in the ears of a number or assembly of people: this is the most difficult branch of the profession, and that in which the fewest excel; but, to the few who do it, is the most lucrative and the most considerable. The bar has at present few proficients of this sort; the pulpit none; the ladder alone seems not to decline.

I must not here omit one public-tickler of great eminency, and whose titillative faculty must be allowed to be singly confined to the ear; I mean the great Signor Farinelli, to whom such crowds resort for the ecstacy he administers to them through that organ, and who so liberally requite his labours, that if he will but do them the favour to stay two or three years longer, and have two or three benefits more, they will have nothing left but their ears to give him.

The self-tickler is as unhappy as contemptible; for having none of the talents necessary for tickling of others, and consequently not

worth being tickled by others neither, he is reduced to tickle himself, his own ears alone receive titillation from his own efforts. I know an eminent performer of this kind, who, by being nearly related to a skilful public-tickler, would fain set up for business himself; but has met with such repeated discouragements, that he is reduced to the mortifying resource of self-titillation, in which he commits the most horrid excesses.

Besides the proofs above-mentioned of the influence of the ear in this country, many of our most common phrases and expressions (from whence the genius of a people may always be collected) demonstrate that the ear is reckoned the principal and most predominant part of our whole mechanism: as for instance—

To have the ear of one's prince, is understood by every body to mean, having a good share of his authority, if not the whole; which plainly hints how that influence is acquired.

To have the ear of the first minister, is the next, if not an equal advantage. I am therefore not surprised that so considerable a possession should be so frequently attempted, and so eagerly solicited, as we may always observe it is. But I must caution the person who would make his fortune in this way, to confine his at-

tempts strictly to the ear in the singular number; a design upon the ears, in the plural, of a first minister, being for the most part rather difficult and dangerous, however just.

To give ear to a person, implies giving credit, being convinced, and being guided by that person; all this by the success of his endeavours upon that prevailing organ.

To lend an ear is something less, but still intimates a willingness and tendency in the lender, to be prevailed upon by a little more tickling in that part. Thus the lending of an ear is a sure presage of success to a skilful tickler. For example; a person who lends an ear to a minister, seldom fails of putting them both in his power soon afterwards; and when a fine woman lends an ear to a lover, she shews a disposition at least to further and future titillation.

To be deaf, and stop one's ears, are common and known expressions to signify a total refusal and rejection of a person or proposition; in which case I have often observed the manual application to succeed by a strong vellication or vigorous percussion of the outward membranes of the ear. There cannot be a stronger instance of the great value that has always been set upon these parts, than the constant manner

of expressing the utmost and most ardent desire people can have for any thing, by saying they would give their ears for it. A price so great, that it is seldom either paid or required; witness the number of people actually wearing their ears still, who in justice have long since forfeited them.

Over head and ears, would be a manifest pleonasmus (the head being higher than the ears), were not the ears reckoned so much more valuable than all the rest of the head, as to make it a true climax.

It were unnecessary to mention, as farther proofs of the importance and dignity of those organs, that pulling, boxing, or cutting off the ears, are the highest insults that choleric men of honour can either give or receive, which shews that the ear is the seat of honour as well as of pleasure.

The anatomists have discovered, that there is an intimate correspondence between the palm of the hand and the ear; and that a previous application to the hand communicates itself instantly, by the force and velocity of attraction, to the ear, and agreeably prepares that part to receive and admit of titillation. I must say too, that I have known this practised with success upon very considerable persons of both sexes.

Having thus demonstrated, by many instances, that the ear is the most material part in the whole mechanism of our structure; and that it is both the seat and source of honour, power, pleasure, and pain; I cannot conclude without an earnest exhortation to all my country folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to take the utmost care of their ears. Guard your ears, O ye princes! for your power is lodged in your ears. Guard your ears, ye nobles! for your honour lies in your ears. Guard your ears, ye fair! if ye would guard your virtue. And guard your ears, all my fellow-subjects! if you would guard your liberties and properties.

FOG'S JOURNAL, Jan. 24, 1736.

No. XXXIX.

———Curb this cruel curiosity.———
Be touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Glancing an eye of pity.———
The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE always been told, that true bravery, and true good sense, were accompanied with compassion and benevolence; and cannot help being surprised, that a nation so justly famous for the two former virtues, should give any room to have it said they are deficient in the latter. I am afraid, on examination, they will be found to do this but too palpably; else why this stagnation of all pursuits, all avocations, all subjects of discourse, but such as relate to those unhappy persons who either actually have, or are expected to suffer under the hands of the executioner?

Why, when any of those spectacles of horror are exhibited, does the tradesman forsake his

shop, the merchant his counting-house, the physician his patient, the fine lady her toilet, and the man of pleasure his mistress and his bottle? Why is the Exchange, the markets, and even the streets, left empty, by those accustomed to occupy them?

It is not so much to be wondered at, that low people run to make holiday on these mournful occasions, because better cannot be expected from their education and way of life; but for those who boast a superior knowledge of things, are no strangers to the value of life and death, and the tremendous consequences which must inevitably attend the latter: these, methinks, should avoid giving any suspicion that they take pleasure in such dreadful sights; because it would shew a taste miserably depraved, and that they either did not think at all, or thought to very bad purpose.

Oh, but you will answer, those who of late have engrossed the attention of the town, were rebels, a set of wretches who would have subverted your religion and your laws, dethroned the best of kings, turned your parliament out of doors, and, in fine, thrown all things into confusion. Grant them such; the greater their crimes, the greater need had they of heaven's mercy; and I will appeal to yourselves, if it

would not have been more conformable to the principles and duties of that religion you profess, and seem so zealous in preserving, to have shut yourselves up in your closets, and passed those hours in prayers for their immortal welfare, which were taken up in gaping at their fate.

But were there nothing after death remaining, were there no future sense when once the mortal blow was past, is there no pity due to the living relatives of those unhappy persons, who, though innocent, must suffer in their kindred's fate. Few but have a parent, a brother, a sister, a wife, or children, some who have many, who survive to endure the shame of a guilt they are wholly free from themselves: how then can you behold a man, a man perhaps of family and fortune, a man once esteemed among you, dragged to the most ignominious death, without reflecting on the agonies of those dear persons he has left behind? And will not such reflections raise emotions within you to destroy all the satisfaction of gratifying a foolish and unjustifiable curiosity?

Compassion, and a fellow-feeling of the miseries of those of the same species with ourselves, seem natural to the whole creation: those animals, which are looked upon as most contemp-

tible, are not without some share of it; but it is indeed most peculiar to man; as one of your laureats justly expressed it, though perhaps not without some partiality to his own mind.

Compassion proper to mankind appears,
Which nature witness'd when she lent us tears.
Of tender sentiments we only give
This proof, to weep is our prerogative;
To shew, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with our neighbours' woes we sympathize.
Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute at best in human shape.
This natural piety did first refine
Our wit, and rais'd our thoughts to things divine:
This proves our spirit of the gods' descent,
While that of beasts is prone and downward bent:
To them but earth-born life they did dispense;
To us, for mutual aid, celestial sense.

His majesty has been most graciously pleased to grant his pardon to one of the lords taken in Scotland, and to respite the execution of several others of the lower class of those unhappy criminals, who were condemned at the same time they were whom you have seen suffer at Kennington Common; which act of truly royal clemency, I should think, must not only endear him more to all his good and faithful subjects, but also convert the most virulent malcontent, and turn the voice of faction into admiration.

I am astonished, therefore, to find that any one can express the least dissatisfaction at it; nor can account for such a behaviour any other way, than that, expecting a great number of holidays, and consequently fresh matter of discourse for a long time after they were over, is such a disappointment as you cannot brook without chagrin.

Strange, unnatural propensity!—I am loth to say what such a disposition resembles; but what it does not, even the meanest and most illiterate among you is not so ignorant as not to know, how much soever you may attempt to palliate it.

Mercy, you confess yourselves, is the darling attribute of heaven; and if the king, heaven's delegate, and who, it must also be acknowledged, had much more reason to be offended than any of his subjects can pretend to be; if he, I say, discovered an inclination to extend it, I cannot help being of opinion, that it was a presumption, both to heaven and to the king, to urge too much on the side of justice; as by the same parity of reason, it would be equally unjustifiable in any one to entertain a hard thought of his majesty for refusing clemency in some cases. The law, it is true, condemns; but it is the king's undoubted prerogative to save, and is indeed the richest jewel in his crown. The

author of Hudibras was a man of great humour, but his sentiments were always allowed to be extremely just, as well as elegant, whenever he has a mind to be serious: what he delivers on the subject now upon the tapis, are not, I think, less so than any in his poem; for which reason I take the liberty to repeat them.

The laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passions of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict.
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon, than condemn.

I observe, however, and with very great pleasure, that the noble and genteel part of the town are far from being so rigid: many of the former have used their utmost endeavours to excite that compassion which has since been found; and a great number of the latter testify their satisfaction at its being accomplished. It is only your little authors, hackneys for the publishers of newspapers, who by their writings would fain influence the low and unthinking part of their readers, to imagine that his majesty does an in-

jury both to himself and people, in pardoning even any one of those who have been led astray from their duty, however the circumstances which induced them to it either really are, or may have been, represented to him.

These remonstrances, as well as the papers they contribute to the filling up, will soon be buried in oblivion; but if they should have any weight, as I hope they never will, I could wish they might be immortalized to the shame and confusion of the authors; since I can never be brought to believe they write in this manner, inspired by any true affection to his majesty's person or government; but rather that so unseasonable a zeal is calculated to serve purposes, neither for the glory of the one, or true interest of the other.

The number, however, of those who preach this doctrine of severe justice, is but small, to those who are unwarily seduced by it. To them I therefore speak at this time, and should think myself happy if I could prevail on them to see the fallacy of it.

I would not have you imagine, that, because I have mentioned those who have been convicted of high treason, I mean to particularize them as the most proper objects of compassion: no, I abhor, equally with yourselves, a crime of

so black and heinous a nature: it was only as at present they engross the attention of the town (and places were advertised to be let out to such as were desirous of beholding the execution, and were actually hired for that purpose by some persons whom it would better have become to have employed their time and money in a different manner), that I took the liberty of expressing my sentiments of the matter; for, in truth, it is not the fate of the guilty, but the humour of such who testify an impatience and kind of fondness for being eye-witnesses of it, that gives me the most concern. The meanest and most common malefactors, who are condemned every sessions, are yet your fellow-creatures, have the same share in futurity with yourselves; and that depravity of human nature which has brought them to so sad an end, should, methinks, rather excite in you emotions of shame and sorrow, than any of a contrary sort.

It is not therefore this person, nor that crime, be the one never so dangerous, or the other never so detestable, that, according to my way of thinking, can excuse beholding the punishment with any sort of pleasure, or even with indifference. Besides, as I believe there is no one so wholly void of natural affection, as to be a wil-

ling spectator of any of his kindred's fate in this manner, though never so justly incurred; the running to behold that of others, denotes such a selfishness, such an unconcern for every body in whose life or honour you have no immediate interest, as you ought, methinks, to be ashamed of testifying; and would take off great part of the pity all calamities have a right to claim, should any person of this stamp meet with the same incident that one, who took too much delight in such shows, did a few years ago.

A poor labouring man in the west of England had a son, who, when he came to be about eleven or twelve years of age, discovered a quickness of apprehension and ready wit beyond what could be expected in a boy that had never been at any school, and could neither write nor read: the smart answers he gave whenever he was asked any questions, and many things were told of him, made him be taken notice of by a neighbouring gentleman of a good estate, who, when he saw him with his father in the field, would often call to him and talk to him.

This worthy person thought it a pity that a lad of so good a capacity should be brought up to follow the plough; he therefore took him from his father, clothed him in clean, decent

apparel, and had him instructed as far as was necessary for an ordinary tradesman; then sent him to London to a pewterer, of whom he had some knowledge; and soon after, coming up himself to Parliament, bound him apprentice.

The charity was not thrown away: the young man was extremely ingenious at his business, very honest and obliging, and had no other fault than an insatiable curiosity of seeing every thing he found others eager to be spectators of; but his master overlooked this in him, in consideration of his good qualities, and they agreed extremely well the whole time they were together. His apprenticeship being expired, he married a young woman, to whom he had the good fortune to be agreeable: she had a better portion than his circumstances could have given room to hope for; and his patron making a considerable addition to the sum she brought, set him up in a handsome manner; and being so, his honesty, industry, and frugality, soon improved his stock, and in a very few years he became a man of consequence among those of his trade.

Finding himself perfectly at ease, and having a good journeyman whom he could entrust with his business, he began to have a desire of seeing his old father, and the place which had

given him birth, and to take his wife with him on this visit. She was a good sort of woman, and perhaps, like most of her sex, fond of a jaunt into the country, did not oppose his inclination in the least; and the matter being soon agreed upon between them, he hired a horse, mounted her behind him, and set out for Devonshire. I shall pass over the particulars of their journey, as having nothing in it material to my purpose; and only tell you, that when they came within a few miles of the village to which they were going, they saw a great number of people, some riding, others running, towards a road which turned out of that they were in; and on asking the occasion of this unusual concourse, he was told they were going to see the execution of a man who was to be hanged for sheep-stealing.

His natural curiosity for such spectacles would not suffer him to pursue his journey, without gratifying that prevailing passion; and, in spite of all his wife, who would not go with him, could say to hinder him, he left her at the first inn they came to, and following the crowd he saw before him with all the speed he could, till he came to the gallows (which he very well remembered, having, when a boy, seen many a one brought to it), he got thither

almost at the same time with the condemned person: but what was his astonishment, when, no sooner casting his eyes upon him, than he knew him to be his own father! He flung himself off his horse, and, without regarding what became of him, flew to those who had the care of conducting the malefactor, and begged the liberty of speaking to him; which being granted, he made himself known to him, and there passed between them all that could be expected on so mournful an occasion. The son expressed the utmost concern that his father had not acquainted him, by letter, with his misfortune, that he might have come sooner down, in order to endeavour to save him from so shameful an end, if all he had in the world could have done it; and his father answered, that he did not repent his not having done so, because, as he had never any thing to give him, he should not have had any comfort in life, if prolonged by the ruin of so dutiful a child; and that he was only grieved at the disgrace which the crime he suffered for must entail on him. He told him, that it was extreme poverty, and the unwillingness he had of being burdensome to him, as he had a wife and children, which had made him do that in his old age, which in his youth he should have trembled at

the thoughts of; and uttered many other expressions of grief and tenderness, which drew tears from all who were near enough to hear them; till the officers of justice obliging them to break off any further discourse, they embraced and parted. The old man was dragged to his fate; and the young one, struck with horror, fell that instant into violent convulsion fits. The people about him had charity enough to give him what assistance was in their power; and hearing that, in his intervals of reason, he desired to be carried to that inn where he had left his wife, some of them took him up and bore him on their shoulders.

The poor woman was extremely affrighted, as you may suppose, to see her husband in this condition; but on inquiring where, and in what manner they found him, and being informed of the dreadful occasion, fell into agonies little inferior to his. A physician was immediately sent for to them both: the wife was soon upon her legs, but the man lay a long time ill. At length, however, he returned to London, which was all that could be done for him: the sad success of his journey had such an effect upon him that it turned his brain, and he died soon after in a mad-house, leaving a wife and three children, in circumstances very much impaired by

the expenses this misfortune had rendered unavoidable.

How dreadful was the consequence that attended this man's unhappy propensity to make one among the crowd at such spectacles! But though this was an incident which perhaps the generality of those who hurry to see executions have no reason to apprehend, yet there are many others, such as breaking legs or arms, &c. which frequently happen at such times, and are sufficient, one would think, to deter the reasonable part of mankind from going to such places, if, as I said before, human compassion wanted the power to stifle any desire of it.

But, as no considerations of any kind are of weight enough to keep the generality of the common people at least in their own houses, when any of those sights are exhibited to the public, frequent as they are, it cannot be wondered at that foreigners are so apt to accuse this nation of a certain coldness and indifference, if no more, for whatever misfortunes fall to the share of one another.

They take notice that, except the English, there is scarce any nation in the habitable world, who, if they happen to meet one of the same country abroad, will not rejoice at seeing

him, do him all the good offices in their power, and, in fine, treat him in every respect with a brotherly tenderness and affection: whereas some of you have been known to act in direct opposition to the interest of one another, each endeavouring only to ingratiate himself with the people of the country, though to the utter ruin of those of his own, whom chance, business, or adverse fortune, may have brought there.

They go yet farther, and pretend to aver that it is a kind of maxim among you, to lose two friends for the sake of destroying one enemy; and that, notwithstanding your extreme lukewarmness for all that concerns the one, you carry your vehemence against the other to the greatest excess that can be.

How far this may be fact in regard to a few particular persons, I will not take upon me to determine; but what is done by individuals ought not to be a reflection on the whole. It must be owned by all lovers of truth, that in general you have given instances not only of your sincerity, but also of your warmth in friendship, greater than perhaps any nation whatever; and, I am very sure, infinitely more than any have ever been given, even by those who accuse you of the want of it; and that, however violent you may be when provoked,

you have always been found a most fair and generous enemy.

They say too that, even in your most elegant diversions, a sanguinary disposition is discoverable in you; those of the theatre I mean; and, for proof of this assertion, mention several plays, particularly those intitled "The Libertine," and "Titus Andronicus;" both which contain only a series of the most shocking murders from their first to their last acts, and yet seldom fail of being honoured with the most crowded audiences, and numbers frequently turned away for want of room in the house to contain them.

I am ready (notwithstanding this, which cannot be denied) to have so much charity for you as to believe it is rather owing to the names of the authors, some of whom have written many excellent things, than to any liking of these particular pieces, that they either continue to be acted, or to meet with the encouragement which seems to be given them whenever they are so.

It is a certain truth indeed, that, to draw the tender tear, to meliorate nature, and excite soft emotions in the heart, there is no manner of occasion for making the theatre a kind of slaughter-house; the soul is more effectually moved by the representation of some great and

generous action, which unexpectedly averts impending fate, than by seeing it fall with dreadful weight on some unhappy person's head; and it must be acknowledged that those gentlemen, who at present write for the stage, or who have done so for some years past, are sensible of the error their predecessors were guilty of; and, wholly unwilling to encourage a blood-thirsty disposition by dressing destruction in a pleasing shape, avoid as much as possible, in their tragedies, those murdering scenes which with so much reason are complained of in several of the celebrated Shakspeare's, Lee's, Dryden's, and even Otway's plays.

This reformation, so happily begun in the drama, will, it is to be hoped, extend by degrees to other things, till manners in general become unexceptionable, and such as will leave no possibility of a cavil to be made by those, who, jealous and envious of your good qualities, industriously seek to find out some bad ones, in order to make the balance between them turn on the side of the latter. The power of averting their endeavours is lodged entirely in yourselves; and it seems to be merely owing to a want of serious reflection, that you have ever failed to exert it to their confusion and your own glory.

THE PARROT, No. 4.

In the "Compendium of the Times," annexed to this number, and dated Saturday, August 23, 1746, is the following passage relative to the execution of two of the rebel lords :

"Last Monday, the Earl of Kilmarnock and the Lord Balmerino were beheaded on Tower-hill, before the greatest concourse of people that were ever seen together on such an occasion. The former of these lords seemed fearful and irresolute on the approach of death, and got up three or four times from the block, in order to delay the fatal stroke: but the other behaved as he did ever since his sentence, with the greatest intrepidity and cheerfulness; and after reading a paper he took out of his pocket to the people, plucked his clothes off himself, and put on a plaid night-cap, saying, he died a Scotchman; then laid down his head, and immediately bid the executioner do his office; whose hand, I am told, trembled in such a manner, that it was not without three blows the head of that unhappy lord was severed from his body. They were attended by Mr. Foster, a dissenting minister; and the chaplain of the Tower."

No. XL.

——— Nec te quæsiveris extra.
PERSIUS.

Let your own eyes be those with which you see.
DRUMMOND.

HAVING in a former paper set forth the valuable privileges and prerogatives of the Ear, I should be very much wanting to another material part of our composition, if I did not do justice to the Eyes, and shew the influence they either have, or ought to have, in Great Britain.

While the eyes of my countrymen were in a great measure the part that directed, the whole people saw for themselves; seeing was called believing, and was a sense so much trusted to, that the eyes of the body and those of the mind were, in speaking, indifferently made use of for one another; but I am sorry to say, that the case is now greatly altered; and I observe with concern an epidemical blindness, or, at least, a general weakness and distrust of the eyes, scattered over this whole kingdom; from which we may justly apprehend the worst consequences.

This observation must have, no doubt, occurred to all who frequent public places, who,

instead of seeing so many eyes employed, as usual, either in looking at one another, or in viewing attentively the object that brings them there, we find them modestly delegating their faculty to glasses of all sorts and sizes to see for them. I remarked this more particularly at an opera I was at the beginning of this winter, where Polypheme was almost the only person in the house that had two eyes; the rest had but one a-piece, and that a glass one.

As I cannot account for this general decay of our optics from any natural cause, not having observed any alteration in our climate or manner of living considerable enough to have brought so suddenly upon us this universal shortsightedness, I cannot but entertain some suspicions that these pretended helps to the sight are rather deceptions of it, and the inventions of wicked and designing persons, to represent objects in that light, shape, size, and number, in which it is their inclination or interest to have them beheld. I shall communicate to the public the grounds of my suspicion.

The honest plain spectacles and reading-glasses were formerly the refuge only of aged and decayed eyes; they accompanied grey hairs, and in some measure shared their respect; they magnified the object a little; but still they re-

presented it in its true light and figure. Whereas, now, the variety of refinements upon this first useful invention have persuaded the youngest, the strongest, and the finest eyes in the world, out of their faculty, and convinced them that, for the true discerning of objects, they must have recourse to some of these artificial mediums: nay, into such disrepute is the natural sight now fallen, that we may observe, while one eye is employed in the glass, the other is carefully covered with the hand, or painfully shut, not without shocking distortions of the countenance.

It is very well known that there are not above three or four eminent operators for these portable or pocket-eyes, and that they engross that whole business. Now, as these persons are not people of quality (who are always above such infamous and dirty motives), it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may be liable to a pecuniary influence; nor consequently is it improbable, that an administration should think it worth its while, even at a large expense, to secure those few that are to see for the bulk of the whole nation. This surely deserves our attention.

It is most certain, that great numbers of people already see objects in a very different light

from what they were ever seen in before by the naked and undeluded eye; which can only be ascribed to the misrepresentations of some of these artificial mediums, of which I shall enumerate the different kinds that have come to my knowledge.

The looking-glass, which for many ages was the minister and counsellor of the fair sex, has now greatly extended its jurisdiction: every body knows that that glass is backed with quicksilver, to hinder it from being diaphanous; so that it stops the beholder, and presents it again to himself. Here his views centre all in himself, and dear self alone is the object of his contemplations. This kind of glass, I am assured, is now the most common of any, especially among people of distinction; insomuch, that nine in ten of the glasses that we daily see levelled at the public are in reality not diaphanous, but agreeably return the looker to himself, while his attention seems to be employed upon others.

The reflecting telescope has of late gained ground considerably, not only among the ladies, who chiefly view one another through that medium, but has even found its way into the cabinets of princes; in both which cases it suggests reflections to those who before were not apt to make many.

The microscope, or magnifying-glass, is an engine of dangerous consequence, though much in vogue: it swells the minutest object to a most monstrous size; heightens the deformity, and even deforms the beauties, of nature. When the finest hair appears like a tree, and the finest pore like an abyss, what disagreeable misrepresentations may it exhibit, and mutually occasion between the two sexes! Nature has formed all objects for that point of view in which they appear to the naked eye; their perfection lessens in proportion, as they leave that point; and many a Venus would cease to appear one, even to her lover, were she, by the help of a microscope, to be viewed in the ambient clouds of her insensible perspiration. I bar Mrs. Osborne's returning my microscope upon me, since I leave her in quiet possession of the spectacles, and even of the reading-glasses, if she can make use of them.

There is another kind of glass, now in great use, which is the oblique glass, whose tube, levelled in a straight line at one object, receives another in at the side, so that the beholder seems to be looking at one person while another entirely engrosses his attention. This is a notorious engine of treachery and deceit; and yet they say it is for the most part made use of by ministers to their friends, and ladies to their husbands.

The smoked glass, that darkens even the lustre of the sun, must of course throw the blackest dye upon all other objects. This, though the most infernal invention of all, is far from being unpractised; and I know a gentlewoman, who, in order to keep her husband at home, and in her own power, had his whole house glazed with it, so that the poor gentleman shut up his door, and neither went abroad, nor let any body in, for fear of conversing (as he thought) with so many devils.

The dangers that may one day threaten our constitution in general, as well as particular persons, from the variety of these mischievous inventions, are so obvious, that they hardly need be pointed out; however, as my countrymen cannot be too much warned against it, I shall hint at those that terrify me the most.

Suppose we should ever have a short-sighted prince upon the throne, though otherwise just, brave, and wise; who can answer for his glass-grinder? and, consequently, who can tell through what medium, and in what light, he may view the most important objects? or who can answer for the persons that are to take care of his glasses, and present them to him upon occasion? may not they change them, and slip a wrong one upon him, as their interest may require;

and thus magnify, lessen, multiply, deform, or blacken, as they think proper; nay, and by means of the oblique glass above mentioned, shew him even one object for another? Where would the eye of the master be then? where would be that eye divinely deputed to watch over, but shrunk and contracted within the narrow circle of a deceitful tube?

On the other hand, should future parliaments, by arts of a designing minister, with the help of a corrupted glass-grinder, have delusive and perversive glasses slipped upon them, what might they see, or what might they not see?—no body can tell. I am sure every body ought to fear they might possibly behold a numerous standing army in time of a peace, as an inoffensive and pleasing object; nay, as a security to our liberties and properties. They might see our riches increase by new debts, and our trade by high duties; and they might look upon the corrupt surrender of their own power to the crown, as the best protection of the rights of the people. Should this ever happen to be the case, we may be sure it must be by the interposition of some strange medium, since these objects were never viewed in this light by the naked and unassisted eyes of our ancestors.

In this general consideration there is a parti-

cular one that affects me more than all the rest, as the consequence of it would be the worst. There is a body of men, who, by the wisdom and for the happiness of our constitution, make a considerable part of our parliament; all, or at least most of these venerable persons, are, by great age, long study, or a low mortified way of living, reduced to have recourse to glasses. Now, should their mediums be abused, and political translative ones be slipped upon them, what scandal would their innocent but misguided conduct bring upon religion! and what joy would it give, at this time particularly, to the dissenters! such as, I am sure, no true member of our church can think of without horror. I am the more apprehensive of this, from the late revival of an art that flourished with idolatry, and that had expired with it—I mean the staining of glass. That medium, which throws strange and various colours upon all objects, was formerly sacred to our churches; and consequently may, for ought I know, in the intended revival of our true church discipline, be thought a candidate worthy of favour and reception, and so a stained medium be established as the true orthodox and canonical one.

I have found it much easier to point out the mischiefs I apprehend, than the means of

obviating or remedying them, though I have turned it every way in my thoughts.

To have a certain number of persons appointed to examine and license all the glasses that should be used in this kingdom, would be lodging so great a trust in those persons, that the temptations to betray it would be exceedingly great too; and it is to be feared that people of quality would not take the trouble of it; so that Quis custodiat ipsos custodes?

I once thought that a committee of both houses of parliament should be vested with that power; but I immediately laid that aside, for reasons which I am not obliged to communicate to the public.

At last, despairing to find out any legal method that should prove effectual, I resolved to content myself with an earnest exhortation to all my country-folks of whatsoever rank or sex, to see with their own eyes, or not see at all; blindness being preferable to error.

See then with your own eyes, ye princes! though weak or dim, they will still give you a fairer and truer representation of objects than you will ever have by the interposition of any medium whatsoever. Your subjects are placed in the proper point of view for your natural sight; viewing them in that point, you will see

that your happiness consists in theirs, your greatness in their riches, and your power in their affections.

See likewise with your own eyes, ye people! and reject all proffered mediums: view even your princes with your natural sight; the true rays of majesty are friendly to the weakest eye; or if they dazzle and scorch, it is owing to the interposition of burning-glasses; destroy those pernicious mediums, and you will be pleased with the sight of one another.

In short, let the natural eyes retrieve their credit, and resume their power; we shall then see things as they really are, which must end in the confusion of those whose hopes and interests are founded upon misrepresentations and deceit.

FOG'S JOURNAL, April 10, 1736.

No. XLI.

Quæ virtus, et quanta boni, sit vivere parvo,
Discite.———
———Vides ut pallidus omnis
Cœna desurgat dubia!——
———Grandes rhombi, patinæque,
Grande ferunt cum damno dedecus.

HORAT.

What and how great the virtue, friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty give,
Come learn with me.———
Behold how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers puzzled with varieties!
Behold what infamy and ruin rise
From a large dish where the large turbot lies!



As I am naturally blest with a robust and healthy constitution, which I have taken care to preserve by regularity and temperance, I scarce knew what pain or sickness mean, any otherwise than by the complaints of others; and though I am far advanced in life, enjoy my strength, my appetite, and all my senses, perfect and entire, without finding any considerable difference in myself, but that happy one of being now able to control my passions, and keep them under the command of reason, much easier than in my youth. I am troubled with no distemper; my pulse beats free and even, my

sleep is quiet and refreshing; and from this bodily good habit results a constant serenity and calm of mind, that places me above the power of spleen or accident to discompose and ruffle. This account of myself is intended to shew my readers the happy effects of sobriety and moderation, without which it is impossible to enjoy what only a wise man would think worth living for, viz. a healthful body, and a contented easy mind.

I had writ thus far, and was meditating in my elbow chair on the monstrous folly of those who sacrifice health, fortune, reputation, reason, and oftentimes life itself, to luxury and riot; when, on a sudden, I was overcome with sleep, and dreamed as follows.—Methought I found myself in a magnificent and grand apartment: the floors were inlaid with various figures, the cielings finely painted, and the carved cornishes gilded over with the utmost expense and art. But all this seemed nothing, compared with the pictures of inestimable value, the beautiful tapestry, and stately looking-glasses, with an extravagance of gold, and velvet, and embroidery, of which the costly furniture was composed. I passed from room to room, adorned with equal but different magnificence, where innumerable wax candles, that hung in crystal branches,

diffused an artificial day: till, following a sound of voices, I entered one much larger than the rest, in the midst whereof about a dozen people of both sexes were seated round a table, covered with great variety of the choicest dainties. The company was so much engaged, that, without being taken notice of, I placed myself on a sofa in one corner of the room; and putting on my philosophic spectacles, which see through all disguises, began to make my observations. The master of the feast, to whom this sumptuous house belonged, sat at the bottom of the table, with a countenance full of mirth and gaiety: but I soon perceived that it was all affected, and that he sighed inwardly with heaviness and discontent, nor found any relish in those delights he seemed to enjoy. Those at table with him were people he had not the least regard for; but, notwithstanding, frequently entertained in this expensive manner, through vanity and ostentation, to make himself be thought immensely rich; though at the same time I discovered, by looking a little closer, that his estate was deeply mortgaged, and he had taken up money even to defray the charges of this night's banquet. His guests, one and all, were rather amused than pleased: while with flattering speeches, and much ceremonious

complaisance, they indulged the pride of their entertainer, inwardly they despised and ridiculed his foolish extravagance; for, notwithstanding his great secrecy, every body knew he much outlived his income, and must soon become miserable and contemptible. The second course was just come in, which consisted of rarities purchased at vast prices, and so cooked up that I could not tell the name of any one dish: some looked as if the cook, to save the teeth a trouble, had chewed the meat beforehand; and others seemed a complication of all tastes together, more like a vomit brought up from the stomach overcharged, than any thing designed for food. Upon examining the whole curiously, I perceived that all the elements had been ransacked to furnish out their respective delicates, which were thus artificially disguised. But I was most surprised at finding every sort of distemper incident to mankind concealed in one or other of the dishes, and all of them together mixed in some: here a fever was tossed up in a delicious fricassee; there, an apoplexy appeared in a high ragout; a pleurisy stood smoking at the upper end of the table, and a surfeit at the bottom: in one of the intermesses, head-ache was dressed out with rich perfumes and spices; and in another, mortal sick-

ness lay covered over with marrow and strong gravy: cholic, jaundice, palsy, dropsy, spleen, and consumption, were placed against each other: scurvy in great abundance seasoned all the sauces; with everywhere a plenteous mixture of restlessness, discontent, pains, aches, and running sores. When the dessert came on, the same distempers again appeared in different forms. After which, the cloth was taken away, and the table covered with bottles of champaigne and burgundy; which my spectacles discovered to contain large quantities of the gout, stone, and rheumatism, together with seeds of many other diseases. Whilst I was considering the scene before me, the company, on a sudden, appeared more fit for an hospital than an entertainment: some roared out with agonies of pain; others seemed sick almost to death; some meagre, shrivelled, and decrepit; some puffed up like bladders; and some full of putrid sores and ulcers. The master of the feast himself was languid, pale, and helpless, fainting often, and like one expiring: when, immediately, a mixed multitude of poulterers, fishmongers, pastry-cooks, confectioners, vintners, upholsterers, coach-makers, milliners, tailors, and tradesmen of all sorts, entered in a tumultuous manner, with much noise and clamour; and, seizing the

sick man, by main force hurried him away to prison. The costly furniture was torn down and cast in heaps, and all was ruin and disorder. —When, in an instant, the whole vanished, and a pleasant country appeared before me, where people, whose ruddy countenances discovered health, were singing merrily to their labour. It seemed the middle of wheat harvest, for some were reaping, others binding up the sheaves, and others carting it away. I stood, methought, to look at them with great delight; till, leaving off their work, they joined together in rustic dances, whilst a supper was preparing for them. After entertaining themselves some time with this wholesome exercise, one, who appeared somewhat superior to the rest, approached me, and, with a smiling countenance, desired me to go with them to a thatched cottage that he shewed me at a little distance. I accepted the invitation, and found a table covered with homely, but clean and wholesome plenty. There were joints, both boiled and roasted, which they sat down to with lusty appetites; and a large plumb-pudding crowned the board. They had no such thing as wine, but well-brewed ale went round in wooden canns; and, in compliment to me, the honest farmer brought forth a bottle of choice cyder, which his own orchard had

produced. I took an opportunity of putting on my spectacles, that I might discover truth from falsehood; and, to my great satisfaction, found in all the dishes hearty nourishment, sound health, and quiet sleep. Their merriment also, upon the strictest examination, appeared sincere and unaffected, coming directly from the heart, which, tormented by no avaricious cares or anxious thoughts, enjoyed that real peace and true content the rich and great in vain seek after. In short, I was charmed with that simplicity and honesty I found among them. The farmer, who had employed them, entertained them with a friendly welcome, and they regarded him with thankfulness and esteem; but void of those forms and professions that are so often made use of, and so often put in practice, by those who call themselves polite.

I was contemplating the felicity of these happy people, when a loud knocking at the door waked me.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. ii. p. 140.

No. XLII.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend:
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

POPE.

BOOKSELLERS are the best judges whether poetry is a thriving branch of trade; and authors, whether they find a Mecænas to reward their studies: but this the whole age is sensible of, that there never were more adventurers to Parnassus than at present; and all who have taste and candour must acknowledge several late performances have a legitimate title to their applause. Not to mention the works of our arch-poet, who is celebrated by every pen as well as his own; we have been obliged with an excellent Essay on Human Nature, by Lord Paget; several miscellaneous pieces, by Mr. Lyttleton; the Chace, by Mr. Somerville; the Economy of Love, by an ingenious Physician; Leonidas, and London, by Mr. Glover; Grisselda, by Mr. Ogle; a canto of Spenser's Fairy Queen, by Mr. W——; and, within these few days, the Ruins of Rome, by a Gentleman, who, together with all those first mentioned, has only to communicate his name, to render it immortal.

This is one of those poems that is founded on a subject that carries inspiration along with it:

Lo! the resistless theme, imperial Rome,
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap!——

And it requires no great courage to say, never author did his subject nobler justice.—If the image is sublime, the language is equal, and the measure everywhere accommodated to both.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk,
Immense along the waste, minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense leviathan
The finny brood, when, near Ierne's shore,
Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island-length appears
Above the foamy flood.——

The last line but one errs in quantity, by being a syllable too long; and the last line of the following passage is equally defective, by being a syllable too short.

—— The clefted domes
Tremble to ev'ry wind. The pilgrim oft,
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
The voice of time-disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd,

Puny critics may, if they please, cavil with these liberties; but they are such as only a mas-

terly hand is capable of; and demand not excuse, but applause.

Neither is his method inferior to his diction or versification. He sets out with the morning.

——— The solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins, in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, ———
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference!

And, from the top of the Palatine hill, points out to us every relict that art and antiquity have conspired to render sacred and venerable. Nor is the scene itself more romantically beautiful than he has painted it.

Hence, over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse
Among the sleeky pebbles; agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient-jasper; pleas'd I move along:
And vases boss'd, and huge, inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep, empty tombs;
And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green; and wide-embow'ring shades
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers:
A solemn wilderness!—With error sweet
I wind the lingering step, where'er the path

Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made. ——

Thus far the imagery is general; a sort of a beautiful chaos is spread before us, but no principal figure appears to fix the attention, come forward to the eye, and preside among such a variety of attractive objects. He goes on—

—— While on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts: sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar, raptured with the charm of rule,
And boundless fame: impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes up-cast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see;
Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right
In evil days; of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd
His out-stretched hand he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And Eloquence arrays him. ——

And Eloquence arrays him.—Never was a more vigorous expression used, or more happily suited to the figure on which it is bestowed! But, in a poem so starred all over with beauty as this, the prolixity of writing tires under the impatience of giving to each individual its pro-

portion of praise; and it must suffice to observe, that, after an august review of all the grand antiquities to be seen from the eminence whence the magnificent prospect is taken, the poet breaks out into the following charming transition—

——— So revolves the scene:
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust: behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away—
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell.
And, at its base (from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street), yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),
There is a kindly mood of Melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.—
How musical, when all devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
With winds and tempest sweeps his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!

With this noble and majestic image the poet draws towards the close of his day's survey—

Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible, great round, between yon towers,
As thro' two shady cliffs.——

And now, after the Aqueducts, the Capitol, the Pantheon, the Amphitheatre, the Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Peace, Trajan's Column, and the like miracles of human genius, had successively challenged our admiration; would one think the lowly mansion of Virgil could either keep up the spirit of the poem, or the attention of the reader: but let the picture speak for itself.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement: a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters thro' the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew:
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Fram'd the celestial song; or social walk'd
With Horace, and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspired,
Could throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind!

How happily is this passage touched! He does not felicitate Virgil on the honour of being intimate with the ruler of the world: but the ruler of the world for his good sense in descending to be intimate with Virgil.—The breaks that follow, partake of the same delicacy and greatness of mind:

——— Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the muses! ——
But now —— another age, alas! is ours ——
—— Enough! —— the plaint disdain!

The poet, with admirable judgment, having left the ruins of the temple of Romulus and Remus, for his farewell notice, takes the hint from thence to present us with an epitome of the rise, progress, and declension of the Roman greatness, which will bear twenty readings, and every time with greater pleasure than the last.—The whole is too long to transcribe. But it would be unpardonable to pass over the following illustrious passage in silence:

——— The Roman arms
Triumph'd, till fame was silent to their foes.
And now the world, unrivall'd, they enjoy'd
In proud security.—The crested helm,
The plated greave and corslet hung unbrac'd:
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends;
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor, in lustiness of heart,
Laughs at the winter storm and summer beam,
Superior to their rage. Enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens ev'ry pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry bowers they seek
(As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves),
Or cool nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseate air with fond expense:
Through silver channels glide the fragrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down
Melodious murmuring: while luxury,
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.
  Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumbered wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity! and seek the splendid bribe;
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around,
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles. Whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines, with incense fum'd,
To slake patrician thirst; for these their rights,
In the vile streets, they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck

Stretch'd to the yoke? They come! the market throngs;
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state: and lo!
Didius, vile us'rer! * through the croud he mounts!
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.——
—— O Britons! O my countrymen! beware!
Gird! Gird your hearts! the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.

To conclude: if such superior, such commanding beauties cannot awake the curiosity or excite the gratitude of the age, let no man, for the future, put his trust in the Muses, or flatter himself that merit is the road to reputation. The hints of acknowledgement, scattered up and down this paper, are a free-will offering; and owe their rise neither to friendship, flattery, nor interest. The Champion is an utter stranger even to the name of the author of "The Ruins of Rome," and praises him merely because he deserves it: he is both the admirer and friend of genius, however discountenanced, or obscure; nor waits for the fashion to prompt his panegyric; and though not of the illustrious society for the encouragement of learning, would make it his highest glory to assist the endeavours of all

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

who labour, as well as he, either to instruct, delight, or polish mankind.

CHAMPION, March 8, 1739-40. Vol. i. p. 340.

The "Ruins of Rome," though a poem of great descriptive merit, must be classed among the numerous productions in verse, which have been neglected by caprice or bad taste. Notwithstanding the praise of the Champion, notwithstanding the felicity of the subject, this highly-finished piece, with the exception of a slight notice from Dr. Johnson, and from Hervey in his Meditations, was almost forgotten, when John Scott, in his Critical Essays, published in 1785, recalled the attention of the public to its beauties by a minute and well-executed critique.

No. XLIII.

> The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
> Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
> Our understanding traces them in vain.
>
> ADDISON'S CATO.

It was the complaint of Alphonsus, that God might have ordered many things better in the creation of the world than he has done; but the answer of St. Augustin was as just as the censure was profane.—If we complain of defect in the works of the creation, it is because we do not understand them in their proper spheres and uses. Though this complaint of the philosopher, and the answer of the divine, were concerning the system of the creation, yet there are too many persons, who, concerning the accidents of life, shew the discontented temper of the first, and deserve the reproof of the latter. As nothing is more foolish, nothing can be more unjust than the dissatisfaction which is shewn at those distributions which Providence has made: for it is not in the power of human nature to know what would prove really beneficial or detrimental; what would produce them a sincere joy, or plunge them into the deepest misery.

There is an excellent reflection, which an ancient philosopher has made on this subject: If all the misfortunes of all the men in the world were crowded together in one heap, and then every man out of this heap were to take but an equal share, he believed that every man would rather resume his own, than, after a proportionable rate, take what should then fall to him.

These cursory thoughts were occasioned by a letter I have just now received and read, in which my correspondent describes in a very lively manner, the unhappiness he labours under, in having a near relation of so dissatisfied a temper, as to be often censuring the disposition of Providence; the letter is of too private a nature to appear in public, yet I shall comply with the earnest request made in it, to shew, that though the determinations of Divine Providence are past human comprehension, they are most just; and when most censured, are best ordered for our happiness and welfare.

Arguments and examples on this subject are almost infinite; I shall therefore make use of a parable which Dr. H. More has told in his Divine Dialogues; it may make a deeper impression than the closest reasoning, and, while it strikes the fancy, convince the judgment.

The story runs thus:—

A certain hermit, not well satisfied with the administration of this world and its affairs, and the divers occurrences of Divine Providence in relation to it, resolved to quit his cell and travel abroad to view the course of things, and make what observations he could, whereby to form a judgment of what disturbed him. He had not gone above half a day's journey before he was overtaken by a young stranger, who came up to him, and joined company with him, who soon insinuated himself into the hermit's affections, that he thought himself happy in having so soon met with so agreeable a companion. As their journey lay the same way, they agreed to eat and lodge always at one house, wheresoever they came: they travelled some few days before the hermit took notice of any thing that occurred worthy his observation: but at length he could not but be concerned to see, that at a house where they were very kindly and generously entertained, his fellow-traveller, with whom in this time he had contracted an endearing friendship, at his departure stole a gold cup, and took it away with him. The hermit was astonished that his friend, whom he thought a devout Christian, should be guilty of theft and ingratitude, where he had received such particular obligations: he was, however,

resolved to see what his behaviour would be at other places before he inquired into it. At night they came to a house of as ill accommodation as the other was good, and where the owner was a man of so morose and inhospitable a temper, that they were a long time denied admittance, and, when received, were treated with the utmost surliness and brutality. Yet such was the different carriage of the young traveller to the morose host, that in the morning he rewarded his inhumanity with his gold cup, which he left behind him in one of the windows. The hermit was not less surprised at this sight than the former, and could not fathom the mystery of so unequal a procedure: yet he still took no notice either of one action or the other. The next night they by agreement returned to the house from whence the cup was taken. They were treated as courteously as before, but the return for it was more shocking and astonishing; for, at their leaving the place, the hermit saw his companion privately strangle a little child as it lay in the cradle, the only child of the family, and in whom all the temporal happiness of both father and mother were centred. Notwithstanding this last action, he prevailed with himself to contain himself another day; and at night they came to a house of the

best entertainment they had met with yet, the master of it doing every thing, not only to accommodate them, but to divert them, and make their stay pleasant. In the morning, as the way they were to go was intricate, he sent a faithful servant, for whom he had the greatest esteem for his fidelity, to conduct them. Thus they travelled for a while, till, coming to a bridge, which crossed a deep and rapid stream, the young traveller, on a sudden, laid violent hands on the servant, and threw him over into the water and drowned him. Upon this the hermit could contain no longer, but charged his companion with ingratitude, theft, and murder: he enlarged on the heinousness of his crimes in the barbarous requitals he had made his benefactors, and concluded, he was resolved to leave so vile and wicked a companion, return to his cell, and confine himself there for ever, rather than converse with mankind, who committed such crimes without remorse of conscience. —But now behold as strange a sight of another kind! the young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the hermit, putting off his mortal disguise, appeared to him in the form and lustre of an angel of God, telling him he was sent to ease his mind of the perplexity and doubts he had so long laboured under, as to the Divine Provi-

dence.—What you have seen, said he, seems astonishing and unaccountable; but, in reality, nothing could be more just and equitable; which, for want of your right understanding, has been so great an offence to you. To prove this, know, that the first man from whom the cup was taken, had the best compensation made for his kindnesses, the cup having occasioned great mischiefs while he had it: he is, indeed, courteous and hospitable, but has one great failing, which tarnishes those good deeds, that is, an inclination to drink more than becomes him; and especially when this cup was brought out: therefore, the best office I could do was to remove this temptation, that he might be brought to a better government of himself. When I had taken away this snare, I left it with the morose inhospitable man, as a means of his destruction, that by it he might fall into intemperance, diseases, and even death itself; for there is an enchantment in this cup, that whosoever possesses it will be in danger of being bewitched by it. But perhaps you think nothing can be said for my strangling the little innocent babe in the cradle, and in a place where I had been so civilly entertained. Know then, that this was done in great mercy to the parents, and no real hurt to the child, who is now in hap-

piness in heaven. This gentleman and his wife had hitherto lived in great reputation for their piety, justice, sobriety, and other Christian virtues: but, above all, their charity was eminent; divers of their sick and indigent neighbours owing their subsistence, next under God, to their munificence; but since the birth of this child, their minds have degenerated into a love of this world; they were no longer charitable, but their whole thoughts have been employed how to enrich themselves and leave a great fortune to this infant and its posterity. Hence I took this momentary life from the body of the child, that the souls of the parents might live for ever: and I appeal to you if this was not the greatest act of kindness and friendship to them.—There remains one action more to defend, my destroying the servant of a gentleman, who had used me so extraordinary civil, and who professed a great esteem for his fidelity: but this was the most faithful instance of gratitude I could shew to one who used me so kindly; for this servant was in fact a rogue, and had entered into a conspiracy to rob and kill his master.—Now know, "that Divine Providence is just, and the ways of God are not as your ways, nor his thoughts as your thoughts; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher

than your ways, and his thoughts than your thoughts."—At these words he vanished, leaving the good man to meditate on what had passed, and the reasons given for it; who hereupon, transported with joy and amazement, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had delivered him from his anxiety about the ways of Divine Providence: satisfied as to the wisdom of God's dealings, and those unseen reasons for them which surpass all human conception, he returned with cheerfulness to his cell, and spent the residue of his life in piety and peace.

UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, vol. iv. p. 185.

This story, upon which Parnell has founded his exquisite poem, entitled "The Hermit," occurs in the Latin "Gesta Romanorum," an analysis of which is prefixed to Warton's History of English Poetry; it is also inserted in Howell's Letters, and in Sir Philip Herbert's Conceptions; but the conduct of the tale has been much improved by More, whose arrangement of the incidents is copied by the poet. The author of the Universal Spectator, however, having omitted the admirable reflections which More has given us in illustration of the moral of this fable, I shall beg leave to add them. "The affairs of this world," remarks the Doctor, "are like a curious, but intricately contrived comedy; and we cannot judge of the tendency of what is past, or acting at present, before the entrance of the last act, which shall bring in Righteousness in triumph; who, though she hath abided many a brunt, and has been very cruelly and despitefully used hitherto in the world, yet, at last, according to our desires, we

shall see the knight overcome the giant. For what is the reason we are so much pleased with the reading romances, and the fictions of the poets, but that here, as Aristotle says, things are set down as they should be; but in the true history hitherto of the world, things are recorded indeed as they are; but it is but a testimony, that they have not been as they should be? wherefore, in the upshot of all, when we shall see that come to pass, that so mightily pleases us in the reading the most ingenious plays and heroic poems, that long afflicted virtue at last comes to the crown, the mouth of all unbelievers must be for ever stopped. And for my own part, I doubt not but it will so come to pass in the close of the world. But impatiently to call for vengeance upon every enormity before that time, is rudely to overturn the stage before the entrance into the fifth act, out of ignorance of the plot of the comedy; and to prevent the solemnity of the general judgment by mere paltry and particular executions." Par. i. p. 235, Dial. 2. edit. Lond. 1668, 12mo.

No. XLIV.

Some have been beaten, till they know
What wood the cudgel's of, by the blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel, whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

BUTLER.

WHEN I took upon me this province of a public writer, I was resolved, to the best of my poor capacity, to make this paper entertaining as well as instructive to my readers; in order to which, I judged it would be absolutely necessary, not to dwell too long upon the same subject. Man, as well as woman, delights in variety, and the mind, as well as the palate, must have change of diet. The Quicquid agunt homines, is indeed a large field for wit and satire to exercise themselves upon; but often of late when I had chose my subject, and sat down with design of communicating my thoughts upon it, I found, upon recollection, that I had been anticipated by some other authors who had lived before me.

The Spectator, of moral and facetious memory, reformed the periwigs, the canes, and the sword-knots of the fops; nay, he tripped up their red heels, if I may be allowed that ex-

pression. As to the fair sex, he handled them from head to foot; not a part about a fine lady was left untouched. In a word, whenever I take up the Spectator, I am ready every minute to break out into the same exclamation that a poet of Gascoigny uttered upon reading over a beautiful ode of Horace. "D—n these ancients (says he), they have stolen all my fine thoughts."

Writers of such universal talents, may draw something that is useful and entertaining from the most barren subjects in nature. The Spectator, before mentioned, has been very learned upon dancing. We have had writers, of but a second or third class in fame, who have had their excellences: a baronet of North-Britain has published a large quarto upon the Art of Fencing; and a baronet of Worcestershire has obliged the world with a treatise of immense erudition upon the Gymnastic Science, or the Art of Wrestling.

But no people come up to the Germans, in their indefatigable industry for searching antiquity. What immense volumes of ancient learning have they rescued from cobwebs and oblivion! How have they worked through the rust of time, to make discoveries for the improvement of mankind! And with what infinite

labour have they collected the valuable fragments scattered in different authors, upon subjects of high importance to the learned world!

I myself have seen a history written by one of the German Literati, intitled "De Veterum Lucernis et Candelabris;—Of the Lamps and Candlesticks of the Ancients." It is certain we should be groping in the dark in search of many things belonging to antiquity, had they not held lights to us. Another, who was as bright a genius as the former, was twenty years in compiling a treatise "De Chirothecis et Ocreis;—Upon Gloves and Boots."

I have been credibly informed by travellers, that there is a large folio manuscript in the Elector Palatine's library, "De Miseriis Ambulantium;—On the Misery of Walking on Foot;" in which there is a physical dissertation upon corns. There are several volumes "De Veterum Cultellis et Furcis;—Of the Knives and Forks of the Ancients," written by one Vanderhackle, enriched with cuts; an art that has contributed very much to illustrate German wit. What need I mention the great Bamboozlebergius, who has made a collection "De Mendaciis Antiquorum;—Of the Lies of the Ancients;" which work, we hear, is shortly to be printed here for the improvement and edification of the

youth of this kingdom, a certain great man having taken upon him to patronise it; so that I hope every person in employment will be obliged to subscribe, under pain of being cashiered.

I have likewise been informed, that there has been for several years in the public library at Ratisbon, a most curious manuscript "De Colophis et Calcationibus Veterum;—Of the Kicks and Cuffs of the Ancients;" written by the learned Vanhoofius; and that a copy of this work was some years ago transmitted into England, to be laid up in the Royal Library of St. James's; that it has been carefully revised and collated by the learned Dr. B——y, who has amended an error in the title, for he has proved that the substantive Colophis, must have been an interpolation of the transcriber; and of consequence the true reading is "De Calcationibus Veterum," which he translates thus, "Of the Kicks on the A—— of the Ancients." This shews how learning must have suffered through the ignorance of transcribers, were it not for the accuracy of such judicious critics.

To confess the plain truth, I had a design of writing something upon this subject myself, and have already been at no small pains in looking over the Cotton and Bodleian libraries. I don't

know but it will be very well worth while to take a journey to Rome, on purpose to consult that of the Vatican; but I am a little too much confined at present. I therefore beg the assistance of the learned of both our universities, and hope they will be so good to communicate whatever discoveries they may have made upon this subject, in the course of their reading; and as I should be glad to enrich this paper with the choicest flowers of antiquity, I intend to publish them here. It is a subject, well handled, that must give great satisfaction to the curious; nay, I could wish the world was but well informed of some late truths concerning kicking: I fancy it would contribute towards curing the spleen of the whole nation.

The stage is the representation of the world, and certainly a man may know the humours and inclinations of the people, by what is liked or disliked upon the stage; and I have often observed a kicking to be the most diverting scene in a modern comedy. We have had several poets of our own nation who have succeeded very well this way. There is a kicking betwixt Sir Harry Wildair, and Alderman Smuggler, in the comedy called the "Trip to the Jubilee;" which is allowed by the ablest critics to be a master-piece of good writing:

there is also a kicking in the "Old Bachelor," and another in the "Squire of Alsatia," which are excellently well penned.

Of all the comedians who have appeared upon the stage within my memory, no one has taken a kicking with so much humour as our present most excellent Laureat, and I am informed his son does not fall much short of him in this excellence; I am very glad of it, for as I have a kindness for the young man, I hope to see him as well kicked as his father was before him.

Hitherto, indeed, these kickings have been only the support and ornament of the comic scene: I wish with all my heart some poet of a sublime genius would venture to write a kicking in a tragedy. I am very well persuaded, if an author was to introduce a king kicking a first minister, it would have a very good effect. Such an incident must certainly give great pleasure to the audience, and contribute very much to the success of the play.

But to come nearer to my present purpose:—I have taken no small pains in examining authors, to find out when this custom of kicking first began in the world. I am sorry the writers of history have not been a little more par-

ticular in a matter of so great importance to mankind.

Some of the Roman emperors, as Nero, Domitian, and Caligula, were given to kicking: so indeed was our Henry the Eighth; he made nothing of kicking the House of Commons. There is a box on the ear recorded of Queen Elizabeth; it was a sudden sally of jealous love; it was but a kind of aigre douceur; and it does not appear that it was the fashion of her court. The action of kicking might be thought a little too robust for the delicacy of her sex, it might have exposed the royal legs, et cetera, to the sneers of the young fellows of the court, therefore she modestly turned it into a box on the ear.

As no man can account how fashions rise and fall, who knows but the practice of kicking upon every trifling occasion may become a fashion in this kingdom. One of the greatest wits of our nation has placed the seat of honour in a certain part of the body that I don't well know how to describe. It is the part which we must not name in well-bred company, yet happy is the fair maid who shall rise with that part uppermost in a morning; good luck shall attend her, her lover shall be kind, and all the wishes of that day shall be crowned with suc-

cess: but if I must describe it still plainer, it is the part where school-boys are punished for false concords, and for playing truant. If it should, I say, become a fashion, you would see a fellow at court, who had just received a most gracious kick on that part, return as proud as a citizen from being knighted; and why may not the honour of knighthood be conferred this way, as well as by the sword? And, indeed, why might not all titles be conferred this way.

And again, if you should happen to see a crowd of slaves running to the levee of some court favourite in a morning, and any body should ask how comes this man to be so courted or so followed, the natural answer would be, he has lately been kicked into preferment.

It might be turned to excellent use towards carrying on the designs of ministers of state, in case they should happen to be pursuing measures apparently destructive of the liberties of their country; for in this case, they must for their own safety, be obliged to bribe the representatives of the people; and as they would certainly bribe with the people's money, not with their own, and as I should think it a very right thing to save the public money, I should for that reason humbly propose, that kicking might be introduced into public business, instead of

bribing; I don't doubt but it might answer all the same purposes; for I am firmly of opinion, that whoever will take a bribe will take a kicking.

I believe some examples may be brought where it has been made use of with success; men, I say, have been kicked as well as bribed into measures against their country, and therefore it is not at all improbable but it may some time or other become a method of carrying on state affairs. If we should live to see that day, young princes, instead of riding, fencing, and dancing, would have proper masters provided to instruct them in kicking; and as he that undertook to eat a sword, began by eating a dagger, so a young adept should begin by kicking his hat, before he was put to kick a man.

As to the young nobility and gentry, instead of wasting their youth in studying to understand Horace and Virgil, they might be instructed to take a kicking with a good grace; by which means you would see a polite nobility, a valiant gentry, a most pious dignified clergy, and a court that would be a constellation of the most illustrious personages in the kingdom.

There is a court of honour in all the countries of Europe: in France, the mareschals or

generals preside in it; in England, the judge of the court of honour, is hereditary in the family of the first duke in the kingdom. I should think that the ceremonial of kicking a man into a title, or a great employment, might be settled by the judges of these courts of honour. If I might be worthy of advising in matters of so high a nature, I should think it would be too great a fatigue for the prince himself to kick the whole court, especially in countries where the court is numerous; I should therefore be of opinion, that nobody should have the honour of being kicked by the sovereign, except the first minister, the principal secretaries of state, the president of his councils, and some few others, the great officers of the crown; but these might kick those next in employment under them, who might kick the next; and so it might gradually descend, that there should not be a man in any employment in the kingdom but what might be kicked.

It is not yet indeed become a custom in any court of Europe; the more is the pity; for I think it would be a truly royal exercise for a prince to divert himself with kicking two or three of his ministers every morning; it would contribute to the preservation of his own health, as well as to mending the manners of his court;

and I believe it would become a fashion some where or other, were it not that the young nobility of all nations travel to France, and are apt to retain impressions of what they see there. The barbarity of a French education will not suffer a gentleman to take a kick from any person, be he never so great, without some terrible consequences; but I hope we in this nation may live to get the better of such prejudices, which may have this good consequence, it may introduce an eloquence and politeness of manners not known in the world, except amongst the ancient Goths and modern Hottentots.

I may say without vanity, that we are not such barbarians, but there may be found amongst us some great men, who can pocket up a kick or a cuff, with as good an air as they could a bribe; and as to those splendid exagitations of choler, which are apt to break out into rogue and rascal, I am credibly informed some very stately persons are so used to them, they receive them with the same countenance, as "Sir, I kiss your hands." This shews we are well disposed for a reformation of manners; yet I fear it will not grow into general imitation, unless the court should set the example, which I am afraid will not happen; but if we should

live to see that day, the place-men must of course all fall into it; and I think it would be pleasant enough, when a great employment became vacant, to see a parcel of impudent fellows in lace and embroidery, pressing and elbowing to be kicked.

If the common people, who are not fond of new fashions at their first rise, should discover any dislike of coming into it, why might not the standing army be employed to kick the whole nation?

COMMON-SENSE, June 11, 1737.

No. XLV.

Lætus in præsens animus; quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

HORAT.

He who would happy live to-day
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come;
For come they will, or soon, or late,
Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
By Heaven's eternal doom.

HASTINGS.

HAVING for several days amused myself with reading over that celebrated humourist of antiquity, Lucian; I fell one evening into a sort of reverie, which had all the extravagance, though void of the wit and poignancy, of that celebrated author. 'Twas not one of the frolics of fancy in sleep, but the pure result of the imagination, heated with what I had read, and busying itself with erecting a thousand new edifices, on the same ideal foundation.

Methought (for a man may dream with his eyes open), the Jupiter of the ancients was again the deity in fashion, and again disposed to familiarise himself to men, by admitting prayers, conferences, or even expostulations:

methought, I saw him descend in that awful, but yet conversible figure, in which Homer has described him, and it may be supposed that Phidias represented him; his brow unclouded, his eye benign, and every muscle sweetened with smiles of condescension and complacency, like the god of nature, and parent of the universe: his terrors all laid by, his thunder sleeping; not the judge, but the friend of man.

Methought likewise, that by a sign from him, the earth lost its rotund figure, and, as Milton aptly expresses it, immediately stretched itself into longitude, becoming an immeasurable plain, hardly to be comprehended by human eyes, though viewed from the remotest of the stars, and to be distinctly surveyed by none but Jove alone. On this were assembled all the nations of the world, of all complexions, manners, and religions; through the midst of whom two different, nay opposite beings, continually hurried to and fro, present at births, and following to the grave, traversing all the stages of life, the bud of infancy, the bloom of youth, the full-blown flower of manhood, and the decay of age; mixing with society, visiting solitudes, equally intimate with the great and the vulgar, and, alike serving and governing the whole human system. These were sisters and twins,

produced from the same parent, and brought forth at the same moment; but totally unlike, and seeming at perpetual variance with each other. The eldest had the face of a Gorgon, held a whip of scorpions in her right hand, and a vessel of gall in her left; with each of which she inflicted plagues and miseries wherever she came: she was felt before she was seen; cries of horror attended her approach; groans and agonies declared her presence, and tears remained even after her departure. The younger, on the contrary, had a face like Hebe, the smiles of Venus, the voice of a Syren, and all the allurements of all the Graces. Ease, joy, and ecstasy were ever in her train; the prayers, vows, and wishes of the universe were offered solely to her; courting her presence with blandishments, hailing her arrival, and soliciting her residence. A glance of her eye revived the poor, comforted the mourner, and let in a dawn of hope on the broken-hearted. In a word, power, pomp, riches, and luxury of all sorts, were coveted only for her sake: she gave them their value, and when she refused her blessing, they instantly changed their very natures, and became corrosives, that, like the vulture of Prometheus, preyed on the very heart of the possessor. The names of these two potent

principles, were Pleasure and Pain; through every climate, under all dispensations, in all ages, alike the terror and desire of mortals!

These therefore, it may be easily imagined, were the most interesting figures in the various scene before me; nor, in spite of the presence of the thunderer, could I help acknowledging their importance, or being sensible of their power. At length Mercury, by command, gave out a proclamation, that Jupiter, being continually importuned with a great variety of impertinent prayers, was come down to grant his creatures a general boon, willing them to put up their petition, and to render it as comprehensible as possible; since the god was in good humour, and would give his fiat to whatever they should agree to ask, without putting them to any expense in sacrifices, or fees to his priests.

A universal burst of applause succeeded to this gracious declaration, and immediately the assembly divided itself into parties and cabals, to consider how to make the wisest use of the golden opportunity. Soon after which, as if one soul had governed that huge body, all eyes were turned on Pain, now, as usual, busy in mischiefs, and teaching them what to ask, by what they suffered. "Pain! Pain is the uni-

versal evil!" exclaimed the voice of the whole earth; "rid us of that; we ask no more! 'Tis she has defeated the benign purposes of heaven, blended herself with the whole product of nature, corrupted the very elements we are formed of, and made life itself a curse. Whereas, once removed, the heavens will be all sunshine, and star-light; the ocean will smooth itself into calms, and earth convert itself into a new elysium. Rid us of Pain then, almighty Jupiter! In that one complicated curse, is contained all we would deprecate! all we would avoid!

As soon as their petition was preferred, the god was seen to smile; and giving his assent, by the majestic nod of acceptance and favour, Pain instantly disappeared, and the whole assembly, which was the moment before agitated like the tumultuous billows of the ocean, remained fixed and motionless as statues: not a limb, not a tongue, not an eye was moved. Actions begun, sentences half uttered, thoughts in embrio, all remained suspended: a dead calm seemed to benumb and stupify the whole creation. Pleasure appeared now to be connected by secret, and till then invisible ties to her sister Pain; and when one was removed, the other was compelled to follow. These, then, were manifestly the weights to the machine;

and, of course, were no sooner taken off, but all the wheels stood still. As there was nothing to shun, there was nothing to desire; conscious and unconscious beings were both reduced to the same level; and if animal life remained for a while after, it was owing to the impulse formerly given it, and would lessen every moment till it stopped for ever.

When this surprising, but affecting scene had taken place, methought the god, as sufficiently diverted with the folly of his votaries, by a second signal, introduced the two sisters again; at whose appearance the vast wheel of life renewed its former office; and the late clamourous petitioners seemed more abashed at their error, than pleased to have it removed: which the god foreknowing, explained himself thus:— "Children! I do not blame your mistake, since I foresaw it was inevitable: neither do I insult you with my power and wisdom, at the expense of my goodness or justice. You are all my creatures; of course equal in my esteem, and I have exactly proportioned your pleasures to your pains. You cannot reproach sleeping matter for being incapable of pleasure, since it is equally free from pain; neither could matter, if endued with voice, insult your pain, since it is recompensed with an equal sense of pleasure.

Framed as you are, pain and pleasure must both enter at the same door; and that you so are framed, is a proof you are framed aright."

At these words, Jupiter and his herald disappeared, the scene changed, and I found the world, at my return, just as I left it.

CHAMPION, vol. i. p. 200. Jan. 19, 1739-40.

No. XLVI.

Simulacra eorum,
Quorum, morte obitâ, tellus amplectitur ossa.
LUCRETIUS.

The spectres pale
Of those whose bones the tomb has long embrac'd.
GOOD.

THE number of those, who, to serve some private end, have racked their invention to impose on others, is small, when compared with those who are themselves imposed upon by the force of their own imagination: there are people of so timid a nature, that they take every shadow, which the moon makes by her shine on distant objects, for a ghost: I know one, who in other things wants not courage, yet happening to pass, after sun-set, through a church-yard in the country, was so terrified with the sight of an old yew-tree that grew there, that he fell into a fit, which he might never have recovered from, had not some people who knew him chanced to come the same way, and seeing him lie there, applied proper means to bring him to himself. The first use he made of speech, was to tell them he had seen the apparition of his eldest brother, who had died about a year be-

fore; that he nodded his head at him, and spread his arms as though he wanted to embrace him. On his pointing to the place where he fancied he saw the ghost, they presently guessed the truth; but though they endeavoured to make him sensible of it, and alleged how great a probability there was that his eyes might be deceived, by the form in which the tree was cut, yet either the difference of the attitude he now was in, or the beams of the moon playing less direct upon it than before, it appeared not the same to him it had done, and he could not be prevailed upon for a great while to believe, that he had not in reality seen a spirit.

It is certain that the reflection which the moon makes, or even a twilight, without the assistance of that planet, on objects, at some times, gives them an apppearance very different to what they have in reality, and a person of the best sense and resolution may at first sight be a little startled; but in such a case, I think one should call reason to one's aid, and consider how many accidents may possibly occasion such a deception of the visual ray, before one concludes the shade is a visitor from the other world.

Between seven and eight years ago, when the

royal vault in King Henry's chapel was opened for the interment of her late majesty, Westminster-Abbey was a place of great resort, some flocking thither out of curiosity, others to indulge their more solemn meditations: by the former of these motives it was, that five or six gentlemen, who dined together at a tavern, were drawn to visit that famous repository of the titled dead. As they looked down the steep descent, by which so many monarchs had been carried to their last resting-place on earth, one cried "It is hellish dark;" another stopped his nostrils, and exclaimed against the noisome vapour that ascended from it:—all had their different sayings; but as it is natural for such spectacles to excite some moral reflections, even in the most gay and giddy, they all returned with countenances more serious than those with which they had entered.

Having agreed, however, to pass the evening together, they all went back to the same place where they had dined, and the conversation turning on a future state, apparitions, and such like topics; one among them who was a perfect infidel in these matters, especially as to spirits becoming visible, took upon him to rally the others, who seemed rather inclinable to the contrary way of thinking.

As it is much easier to deny than it is to prove, especially when those who maintain the negative will not admit, as valid, any testimony which can be brought in contradiction to their own opinion, he singly held out against all they had to allege; at length, to end the contest, they proposed him a wager of twenty guineas, that, as great a hero as he pretended or really imagined himself, he had not courage enough to go alone, at midnight, into the vault they had been seeing that day: this he readily accepted, and was very merry on getting such a sum with so much ease.

The money on both sides was deposited in the hands of the man of the house, and one of the vergers of the abbey sent for, whom they engaged for a piece of gold, to attend the adventurous gentleman to the gate of the cathedral, then shut him in, and wait his return.

Every thing being thus settled, the clock no sooner struck twelve than they all set out together; those who had laid the wager being resolved not to be imposed upon by his tampering with the verger: as they passed along, another scruple arose, which was, that though they saw him enter the church, how they should be convinced he went as far as the vault; but he instantly removed it, by pulling out a pen-

knife he had in his pocket; "This," he said, "I will stick into the earth, and leave it there; and if you do not find it in the inside of the vault, I will own the wager lost." These words left them nothing to suspect, and they agreed to wait at the door his coming out, beginning now to believe he had no less resolution than he had pretended.

It is possible the opinion they had was no more than justice; but whatever stock of courage he had on his first entrance into that antique and reverend pile, he no sooner found himself shut into it alone, than, as he afterwards confessed, he found a kind of shuddering all over him, which he was sensible proceeded from something more than the coolness of the night.

Every step he took was echoed by the hollow ground; and though it was not altogether dark, the verger having left a lamp burning just before the door that led to the chapel, otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have found the place, yet did the faint glimmering it gave, rather add to than diminish the solemn horrors of every thing around.

He passed on, however, but protested, that had not the shame of being laughed at prevented him, he would have forfeited more than twice the sum he had staked, to have been out again.

At length, sometimes groping his way, and sometimes directed by the distant lamp, he reached the entrance of the vault; his inward tremor increased; yet, determined not to be overpowered by it, he descended, and being come to the last stair, stooped forward, and stuck his penknife with his whole force into the earth; but as he was rising, in order to turn back and quit that dreadful place, he felt something, as he thought, suddenly catch hold of him, and pluck him forward. The apprehensions he before was in, made an easy way for surprise and terror to seize all his faculties; he lost in one instant every thing that could support him, and fell into a swoon, with his head in the vault, and part of his body on the stairs.

Till after one, his friends waited with some degree of patience, though they thought he stayed much longer in that habitation of the dead than they could imagine a living man would choose to do; but finding he came not then, began to fear some accident might have befallen him, as indeed there had, though they were far from suspecting of what kind; but there being many windings and intricate turnings among the tombs, it seemed probable he might have mistook his way, and be unable to find it again through those recesses.

They debated among themselves what they should do in the affair; the verger, they found, though accustomed to the place, did not care to go alone, therefore they resolved to accompany him, and accordingly, preceded by a torch which a footman of one of the company had with him, went into the abbey, calling as they went, as loud as they could; thinking, that wherever he might be wandered, he could not but hear their voices.

No answer, however, being returned, they moved on till they came to the stairs of the vault, where looking down, they soon perceived in what posture he lay, and the condition he was in: they immediately ran down to him, rubbed his temples, unbuttoned his clothes, and did every thing they could think on to bring him to himself, but all in vain; and they were obliged to take him up and carry him between two, till they got out of the abbey, when, the air coming fresh upon his face, he recovered of himself.

After two or three deep groans, "Heaven help me," "Lord have mercy upon me," cried he: these words, and others of the like nature, very much surprised them; but imagining he was not yet perfectly come to his senses, they forbore saying any thing to him till they had

got him into the tavern, where having placed him in a chair by the fireside, they began to ask him how he did, and how he came to have been so much disordered; on which, he acquainted them with the apprehensions he was seized with immediately after he had left them, and how, having stuck his penknife into the floor of the vault, according to the agreement, he was about to return with all the haste he could, when something plucked him forward into the vault; but added, that he had neither seen nor heard any thing but what his reason might easily account for, and should have come back with the same sentiments he went, had not this unforeseen hand convinced him of the injustice of his belief.

While he was making his narrative, one of the company saw the penknife sticking through the fore lappet of his coat; on which, presently conjecturing the truth, and finding how deeply affected his friend was by his mistake, as indeed were all the rest, not doubting but his return had been impeded by a supernatural hand, he plucked out the knife before them, and cried out, "Here is the mystery discovered; in the attitude of stooping to stick this into the ground, it happened, as you see, to pass through the coat; and on your attempting to rise, the terror

you were in magnified this little obstruction, into an imaginary impossibility of withdrawing yourself, and had an effect on your senses, before reason had any time to operate.

FEMALE SPECTATOR, vol. ii. p. 244.

That the tales of ghosts and apparitions, of haunted houses, &c. &c. may, if a proper inquiry be instituted, almost certainly be traced to a clear and natural cause, there is every reason, from accumulated experience, to believe. The book, however, from which we have taken this striking proof of the effects of an alarmed imagination, is inclined to place confidence in some modern details of immaterial agency; but the story of the mistresses of Charles and James the second, which the Female Spectator has brought forward as worthy of belief, is greatly too trifling and inefficient to merit a moment's credence. The two following narratives, which are vouched as facts, and are curious instances of the developement of what at first seemed altogether supernatural, will probably amuse the reader.

"Some few years since, before ghosts and spectres were properly introduced among us, by means of the pantomimes and novels of the day, a gentleman of a philosophical turn of mind, who was hardy enough to deny the existence of any thing supernatural, happened to pay a visit at an old house in Gloucestershire, whose unfortunate owner had just become a bankrupt, with a view to offer such assistance and consolation as he could bestow; when, on one rainy dull evening in the month of March, the family being seated by the kitchen fire-side, the conversation turned on supernatural appearances. The philosopher was endeavouring to convince his auditors of the folly and absurdity of such opinions, with rather an unbecoming levity, when the wife left the party, and went up stairs; but had hardly quitted the kitchen three minutes, before a dreadful noise was heard, mingled with

the most horrid screams. The poor maid changed countenance, and her red hair stood erect in every direction; the husband trembled in his chair, and the philosopher began to look serious. At last the husband rose from his seat, and ascended the stairs in search of his wife, when a second dreadful scream was heard; the maid mustered resolution to follow her master, and a third scream ensued. The philosopher, who was not quite at ease, now thought it high time for him to set out in search of a cause; when, arriving at the landing-place, he found the maid in a fit; the master lying flat, with his face upon the floor, which was stained with blood; and on advancing a little farther, the mistress in nearly the same condition. To her the philosopher paid immediate attention; and, finding she had only swooned away, brought her in his arms down stairs, and placed her on the floor of the kitchen; the pump was at hand, and he had the presence of mind to run to it, to get some water in a glass; but what was his astonishment, when he found that he pumped only copious streams of blood! which extraordinary appearance, joined to the other circumstances, made the unbeliever tremble in every limb; a sudden perspiration overspread the surface of his skin; and the supernatural possessed his imagination in all its true colours of dread and horror. Again and again he repeated his efforts, and again and again threw away the loathsome contents of the glass.

"Had the story stopped here, what would not superstition have made of it! but the philosopher, who was still pumping, now found the colour grow paler, and at last pure water filled the vessel. Overjoyed at this observation, he threw the limpid stream in the face of the mistress, whose recovery was assisted by the appearance of her husband and Betty.

"The mystery, when explained, turned out to be simply this: the good housewife, when she knew that a docket had been struck against her husband, had taken care to conceal some of her choice cherry-brandy, from the rapacious gripe of the messenger to the commissioners of bankrupts, on some

shelves in a closet up stairs; which also contained, agreeable to the ancient architecture of the building, the trunk of the pump below; and, in trying to move the jars to get at a drop for the party at the kitchen fire, the shelf gave way with a tremendous crash, the jars were broken into a hundred pieces, the rich juice descended in torrents down the trunk of the pump, and filled with its ruby current the sucker beneath; and this was the self-same fluid, which the philosopher, in his fright, had so madly thrown away. The wife had swooned at the accident; the husband in his haste had fallen on his nose, which ran with blood; and the maid's legs in her hurry, coming in contact with her fallen master's ribs, she, like 'vaulting ambition,' overleaped herself, and fell on the other side.

"Often has this story been told, by one who knew the philosopher, with great effect, till the last act or denouement; when disappointment was mostly visible in the looks of his auditors, at finding there was actually nothing supernatural in the affair, and no ghost."

BREWER'S HOURS OF LEISURE, p. 61. et seq.

"AT a town in the west of England, was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Ruben's academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant.

"The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

"About midnight (the time, by long prescription, appropriated for the walking of spectres), the door opened, and the

form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair—there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to convince all present of the reality of the vision; at length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living—went out, and then shut the door after him.

"After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, 'If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived.'

"The company, by degrees, recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home.

"In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

"It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for, in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact attested by three and twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

"Years rolled on—the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever.

"One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay on her mind—'Do not you remember Mr. * * *, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse,

The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return, I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was he himself who had been in the club room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

JACKSON'S FOUR AGES, p. 224. et seq.

No. XLVII.

Of lovers' sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine;
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Than this.

SPENSER.

JEFFERY RUDEL, a young nobleman of Provence, was one of the handsomest and most polite persons of the age he lived in. King Richard the first, of England, who for his undaunted spirit was surnamed Cœur de Lyon, having passed some part of his youth in Provence, became exceedingly intimate with him; and when he came to the crown, sent to entreat he would not forget their former friendship so far as not to make him a visit. Jeffery Rudel accepted the invitation, came over, and was the first that revived poetry in England, after it had lain dormant several hundred years. There are verses of his composing still extant in the hands of some of the ancient nobility and gentry of this kingdom; and Mr. Rymer tells us, that there are many more in the library of the grand Duke of Tuscany.

When King Richard made his crusade in the Holy Land, this Jeffery went with him, and proved himself no less a hero in the time of battle, than he was a courtier in the time of peace. He was a prisoner with that prince in Germany, when on his return from fighting the battles of Christ, he was seized by the treacherous Duke of Austria, and detained three whole years, for so exorbitant a ransom, as scarce the whole wealth of England could discharge; an obligation to the House of Austria which many ages had cause to remember! but time erases all things, and we are a forgiving people. This however is not to the purpose of my history: the present descendant of that family will doubtless make atonement for all injuries offered to us by her predecessors, as well as amply recompense the favours she in person has received.

Liberty at last regained, he came not with the king of England, but passed into Bretagne, the inheritance of prince Geoffry, brother to Cœur de Lyon, and who was father to that unhappy Arthur, who lost his life in the usurpation of his uncle John. There did he hear such wonders of the beauty, wit, learning, and virtue of the countess of Tripoly, that he became more

truly enamoured of her character, than is common in our days for men to be with the most perfect original, that nature ever framed, or art improved.

Neither his friendship for prince Geoffry, nor the persuasions of the nobility of Bretagne, by whom he was extremely respected and beloved, could prevail on him to stay any longer there. He hired a vessel, and with the first fair wind set sail for Tripoly.

But though his passion made him thus obstinately bent to forsake all that besides was dear to him in the world, and run such hazards for the sight of the beloved object, yet his good sense sometimes remonstrated to him, that the adventure he undertook had in it something romantic; and the uncertainty how he might be received on his arrival, filled him with the most terrible agitations.

To alleviate the melancholy he was in during his long voyage, he poured out the overflowings of his soul, in many odes and sonnets; but as they were all in the Provençal tongue, I forbear to transcribe them; only, to shew in what manner the poets of those days wrote, will give my readers one, as I find it translated into English by Mr. Rymer.

I.

Sad and heavy should I part,
But for this love so far away!
Not knowing what my ways may thwart,
My native land so far away.

II.

Thou that of all things Maker art,
And form'st this love so far away,
Give body strength, then shan't I start
From seeing her so far away.

III.

How true a love to pure desert,
Is love to her so far away.
Eas'd once, a thousand times I smart,
Whilst, ah! she is so far away.

IV.

None other love, none other dart
I feel, but hers so far away,
But fairer never touch'd an heart,
Than her's that came so far away.

My author says, that never voyage was more unprosperous; that they had great storms, which obliged them, more than once to put into port to refit, and sometimes were so becalmed that the ship could not make any way, but seemed almost motionless: but their worst misfortune was, they were attacked by two Turkish gallies, which but for the extraordinary valour and con-

duct of Jeffery Rudel, had made them all prisoners. He received, however, several wounds, the anguish of which joined to his other fatigues, and the more severe anxiety of his mind, threw him into a languishing distemper, which every moment threatened dissolution.

They met by accident with a ship bound for the southern part of France; which being so near his own country, he was very much persuaded by the commander to go on board him, and turn back: he alleged to him, that in the condition he then was, nothing could be more improper than to prosecute his intentions; that probably his native air might be of service to him; and that when he was recovered, he might again set out for Tripoly, with more probability of success.

But all this, though highly reasonable, had no effect. The weak and decayed situation of his body had no influence over his mind; which, being wholly taken up with the perfections of the beautiful countess, made him resolute to proceed, whatever should be the consequence.

In fine, he continued his voyage, and, no ill accidents afterwards intervening, arrived safe at his so-much-wished-for port. When he was told, as he lay in his cabin, that they had dropped anchor, and were in view of the towers of

Tripoly, he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, giving thanks that, after all his sufferings, he had the happiness, at last, of breathing the same air with that admirable lady he had come so far in search of.

One, who was less a lover than he was, would have thought this a poor compensation, when, with all the efforts he made, he found himself unable to rise out of his bed; but he received much more than he expected, or indeed had reason to do. The countess, being informed who was in the vessel, and the motive which had brought him there, as well as the condition to which he was reduced, had gratitude and compassion enough to come and visit him, ardently wishing that this condescension might restore him to that health he had lost for her sake: but, alas! he was too far gone; inexorable death triumphed over the purest love that ever was. His eyes were closed, as those about him thought, for ever, but suddenly opened, on his hearing she was there; she took him by the hand, and, in the sweetest accents, told him she was pierced to the heart to think so worthy a man should have exposed himself to such innumerable dangers. "All, all," cried he, eagerly gazing on her, as though he would carry her

image with him to the other world, "all my sufferings, in beholding you, are overpaid." He concluded this expression with a fervent kiss on her hand, and in that action expired.

So rare an example of an unfeigned affection must have necessarily affected any woman of a generous soul; but it made so deep an impression on that of this amiable countess, that she lamented his loss as of a lover who had long been dear to her. She devoted all that tenderness to his memory, which had he lived had rendered him the happiest of mankind. She had his body conveyed on shore, and buried in the most sumptuous manner, and erected for him a tomb of porphyry and jasper, intermixed with an epitaph in Arabic verse;—had all his sonnets and odes curiously copied over in *letters of gold; and after she had done all she could think on to perpetuate his name, she took a vow of chastity, founded a monastery, of which she herself was abbess, and endowed it with her whole fortune.

FEMALE SPECTATOR, vol. ii. p. 312.

*

This narrative, singular and extravagant as it may appear, there is every reason to suppose is founded upon fact. It is recorded as such by Nostradamus, and by M. de Sainte Palaye and the Abbé Millot, in their Histoire Litteraire des

Troubadours; and by those who are familiar with the manners of chivalry, and with the history of the ancient Provençal poets, it will not be considered as an overcharged picture of the gallantry and fashion of that romantic period. Jeffrey Rudel has been celebrated by Petrarch.

A MORNING PIECE.

BRISK Chanticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light:
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.
Strong Labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.
First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly dress'd
In her cleanly home-spun vest.

The abbey-bells in wakening rounds
 The warning peal had given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
 Her morning hymn to Heaven.

STUDENT, vol. i. p. 274.

I have omitted the eighteen subsequent lines of this poem, as being much inferior to their predecessors. Smart, the author of this beautiful imagery, communicated several poetical pieces to the Student, of which I have inserted in this place and in No. 67, a portion of two hymns.

END OF VOL. I.

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GENERAL INDEX.

END OF GENERAL INDEX.